

A P I C - N I C .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE AMERICAN IN PARIS,' 'FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM LONDON,' ETC.

A PLEASANT morning three months ago, a gentleman was seen bending his way through Chestnut-street, then veering off for the north-western regions of the city; conducting a lad of about six years with the right hand, and carrying on the left arm a basket—a couple of claret-bottles just exhibiting their slender necks over its margin. He had on a green coat, a white hat, unmentionables of a blue lilac, and a snowy dimity vest reflected the azure hues of its lining upon his cheeks. His form was robust, complexion rosy, and a volume of fair straight hair hung like the scutched flax upon his broad shoulders. The boy was tight belted in a blouse, and stuck out at the tail like a funnel. His face had the oval form of an egg, the bigger end down, and his pair of little eyes were blinking in their sockets in the anticipation of a day of pleasure. At the same time was seen, about fifty paces distant, a lady gradually dropping into the rear as she approached Chestnut-street, apparently not wishing to be noticed upon a polite promenade as appertaining to so scurvy a caravan. A gauze of attenuated and transparent meshes concealed her bosom as a mist; otherwise she was habited richly in silks, a little awry perhaps from some irregularity in the folds of her petticoat; but in natural beauty she exceeded the common endowments of her sex. Her eyes were gray like Minerva's and Bonaparte's, and her hair of a glossy brown gathered itself into ten thousand spontaneous curls upon eye-brows gracefully arched. Her nose was straight as the arrow, and her upper lip the exact image of Cupid's bow. In other respects her style was the luxuriant—in fashionable phrase, *embonpoint*; that is, her shapes were founded on facts; facts authentic, historical, demonstrable as geometry; and not indebted for contours and developements to the villanous ingenuity of Madame Cantello and 'her successors;' reminding the writer of this memoir of his more primitive days, and his uncottoned sweet-hearts of the Juniata.

Such was Mrs. Stripe, for so the lady was named, as I have since discovered; she having been united in second marriage with Mr. Richard Stripe, school-master of the classical department. It had been her husband's pleasure, to which after some opposition and the usual entreaties she had consented, to spend the first day of May, it being a holiday, his wife's birth-day, and the sweetest day of spring, in mounting declivities, walking in the solitude of valleys, listening to the warbling of birds, in a *pic-nic* with his 'soul's dearest half' and little Chip, (her son by the former marriage,) and other innocent recreations of the country; and upon this errand they had set out just as the sun was peering over the vertex of Beck's shot-tower in Southwark. From the events of this day, its mishaps and enjoyments, with some casual adventures, and the usual number of digressions and conversations, I have

made up, dear Editor, the subject of the present communication. For the convenience of readers who may not like to take the whole at once, it is divided as you will see into chapters, as follows.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE WALK UPON CHESTNUT-STREET

— ‘Where alone our fashionable fair
Can form some slight acquaintance with fresh air.’

‘Your servant!’ said with great affability Mr. Bustleton. ‘How is the wife and the little ones?—how is all the family?’ And he passed on like Pontius when he asked ‘what was truth,’ without waiting an answer. A man of business—a note to pay at three—quick! He was out of sight; and Dick’s bow wasted itself in empty air just opposite the United States’ Bank, and he walked on, musing upon the fragility of banks and wooden pavements, till he reached Fifth-street. How beautiful are these English lindens! If but continued from river to river, Chestnut had been the queen of streets, and this alone had honored and beautified the city—at the expense only of pushing the lower section fifty yards upon Southwark. Here Mr. Cade, Mr. Straw, Mr. Kettle, the scene-shifters, the patriots, the politicians, and all those who, at a moment’s warning, are ready to die for their country, were huddled under the shade; and Dick read the city, county, and state offices in large caligraphic letters overhead; the *Mayor’s, Recorder’s, Prothonotary’s, Commissioners.* ‘Happy republic!’ thought he, ‘that stands in spite of the rats that are nibbling its timbers; *suapte vi stat;*’ and he stood still awhile, the right foot in advance. Lawyers with green bags, one carrying briefs, another his breeches to the tailor, were going in and out.

Dick had been cast in a suit lately, and hated all lawyers; so he set to cursing them in the dead languages—the Latin is so expressive! He called them ‘*Fori tintinnabula,*’ cow-bells of the court; ‘*Accipitres auri;*’ ‘*Pecuniarum hamiolæ;*’ ‘*Harpagones Curiae;*’ ‘*Rabulæ forenses, qui licitum latrocinium exercent;*’ ‘*Damnifici linguis, nisi funibus argenteis vincias.*’ Paid to talk, paid to hold their tongues; sowing law-suits, reaping fees. Equity, it occurred to him, must be, by the rule of opposites, from *equus*, a horse, for she do n’t ride—‘*Lacrymosa mora claudicans;*’ and then he hobbled on, moved by the classic sounds, through the midst of that public hedge of constables, sheriffs, politicians and pick-pockets, embroidering the front of the old State-house, and the numerous pot-houses on the right, where sits apart, in great enjoyment of his mug of ale and his Virginia or Oronoco, the ‘loafer,’ watching the smoke as it curls slowly to the heaven of his divan, without knowing the existence of such things upon the earth; ‘on diviner things intent;’ and then he quoted what he thought the finest of Virgil’s lines:

‘*Sic tandem Euboicis Cumarum illabitur oris.*’

fancying he saw the vessel scud through the briny surge; and he arrived in a fast walk at the theatre. What a huddle of fashionables in grim moustaches, waiters, cab-drivers, and blackguards, about the hotels! Strange! how many of our republican youth pique themselves upon this kind of gentility! The crowd thickens here toward five, when you will see them pick their teeth with an air of contented satisfaction, as if they had dined.

Heavens! the exquisite creature! Who can she be! Such a girl, in French and even English customs, would venture upon this street only with her *bonne* or grandmother; our republican walks out, as you see, in all her independent and unguarded loveliness, not afraid of the Decemvirs. Dick made none of these reflections; I made them for him, which is the same thing; but he read over the play-bill, and out hopped, in his imagination, Fanny Elssler, undressed to the quick, skipping, flitting, pirouetting, sommersetting; and he stood, a leg at full stretch in the rear, and arms in a swimming posture; then, cased in her Cracovienne panoply, she rattled her castanets, and Dick snapped his fingers and cut a caper. The basket dropped, and Chip fell in the gutter.

‘Hold your tongue, you little botheration!’

‘I’ll tell mother! — so I will!’

‘Tell the d — I! Who cares?’

A silk gown rustled by, and Dick quailed. It was however not Mrs. Stripe, and he breathed again.

It was a Miss and Mister of the fashionable cut, who passing in front discovered, she her waist squeezed to an isthmus between two continents, and he an inch of snowy cambric peeping from his pocket, and a bud and two leaves, twined by the fingers of the Graces, at his button-hole. ‘Pon honor, Me-e-m . . .’ But here an equipage, screaming on its axle-tree, with two stately negroes in the rear, and at six feet from the wheels two pot-bellied nags, looking like two rats in the family-way, drew up at the ‘Washington.’ ‘A great senator from the ‘Old Dominion!’’ Every body stared, and Dick, with the basket and Chip, stared; and three omnibusses and two funerals intervening, the street was choked up, and a part only of the conversation reached Mr. Stripe’s ears.

. . . ‘Seen much?’ said the lady — casting an eye upon the play-bill, then on the beau — ‘much of Miss Elssler?’

‘Yes, Mem, a good deal. She was supremely beautiful last night in the Sylphide, was she not? I say last night, for I believe you ——’

‘Ye — yes, Sir . . . on the second tier!’ (And she honored the young gentleman with a blush.) . . . Pa took a box up’ . . . Think of modest sixteen, that scarce can garter up its own stockings in America, looking on, before company, at Fanny’s . . . gymnastics! And the blush died away just opposite Godey’s.

‘You have access, Mem, to the ‘Lady’s Book?’ It is published here.’

The lady assented.

‘May I ask you, Mem, have you not read the ‘Land far Away,’ by ‘Flora of Pheladelphia?’ And a delightful little tract by ‘Amelia of

Louisville!' . . . 'Wonder who she is?' Then he thought the writings of the modern Magazines superior to Addison's, generally speaking. Many of them were indeed equal to the most ornate and elaborate compositions of antiquity. He could point out for example, in the last-named production, a description of the most irresistible pathos. Here he changed the bud and two leaves to another button-hole, being just over the place where young gentlemen put their hands upon their hearts, and continued :

'May I ask also, Miss Grace, being on the subject of letters, have you not perhaps read a work recently issued from the British press, entitled 'Flowers of Loveliness?' Eminently beautiful!'

'Very!' said Miss Grace; and then she eyed her beautiful self, reflected in one of Mrs. Tyndale's China pots. ('Tea-pots.')

Here dropped in an acquaintance, with whiskers that scorched the sun: who doffed his hat, and making a bow with appropriate jut, stood bending his affability toward the lady; to which she, her head a little upon one shoulder, and with a sort of dyingness of expression, replied. A person calling himself Smith, or some such a name, at the same time took Dick by the button-hole, and all came to a stand. Little Chip, who in the back-ground stood grinning upward like a small steel-trap, had his share in the general effect. Smith descanted upon the passing world. He is soured with mankind, and glad of an opportunity of railing at them, whatever be the medium of communication. Mrs. Stripe, who had just stepped into Charles Martel's, that great perfumer of the Merovingian race, to . . . was to be waited for.

'That personage on the empty side of the street, so stately, was a year ago rich: he had wit then to be retailed about town, and men set their judgments by his, as their watches by the regulator; watched as he escaped through the back-door the crowd of friends, to obtain a bow, and went home and told their wives and children. But alas! how many bad speculations have fallen upon our great houses since a twelve-month! The money's gone; now, as you see, he walks incommoded by no friendly importunities. The swallows have migrated.

'That old lady? I knew her a fashionable *belle*. As she passed, hats kissed the pavement, and heads turned easily on their hinges. How light, how airy her step! scarce it made a dent upon the down; so halt and tottering now! She coquetted, flirted, played, sang, flattered in the quadrille, languished in the waltz. Pretty accomplishments enough, Mr. Stripe, at seventeen; but ladies, especially American ladies, are not always seventeen!

'The young gentleman in ringlets? He is of the sea; troubled a good deal with woman being enamoured of him. A plague on being too handsome! . . . Foppery requires a population thick-settled and refined. How expect it, your Yankees squatting at the rate of eighty-seven to a square mile?

'Those are spirited horses; the equipage tasteful; does infinite honor to the coach-maker. The owner is rich to a million; trading on three ideas; with just arithmetic enough to keep the nick-sticks of his baker. He dines sumptuously, and has the fashionable diseases. He thinks his gout is hereditary; his wife's mother had it before him.

‘This one is rich of his father’s knavery. ‘Happy the son whose father goes to h—l!’ I forget who made this profane speech. But he gives sumptuous suppers and brings out the wine fizzed and cobwebbed from the innermost cellar. Who dares say he is not the completest gentleman of the town?’

‘Stand aside! It is orator Puff. He delivers speeches, and makes the democracy laugh at the town-meetings. He is a useful man in politics, who gets others together in squads. Cato said long ago it was easier to drive the whole flock than a single sheep. He is useful also who has the knack of conferring greatness on others. The American plan is, you know, a great man being wanting, to get him up for the occasion, as the French *modistes* get up a woman into fashionable shapes. They want only the legs and arms of the right length.

‘Your opinion of this pair of pretty girls; good samples of the American *belle*. Complexion delicate, figure dainty, air graceful, and street dress fit for Milton’s or Ariosto’s Paradise, or Armidas’ gardens. Was the gem made to sparkle and the worm to spin, and the sex not designed to be decked?’

‘The next in view is a man of first respectability. He puts out his money on good security, is regular at prayers; loves heaven for the respectability it confers. He expresses himself cautiously, and with the most enigmatic grace imaginable, on all subjects upon which public opinion is undecided; nor is he content with mere domestic authority. He has his opinions by the Great Western, and his wife her frocks *via* Havre. Take care to have your opinions in the fashion, Mr. Stripe; you can get them ready made, as other articles of dress; with this difference only, that the coat is not accommodated to the wearer, but the wearer to the coat.

‘Alas, human Greatness! Her household gods are shattered; her hearth . . . a . . .’

Suddenly the Signior Charivari ground an air of Mozart upon his organ, which cut off a fine philosophical sentiment somewhere about the middle. Dick brightened into a fine frenzy, and little Chip jumped out of his shoes at the monkey in regimentals, and left moralizing Smith to reflect upon the difference between monkeys and philosophers. The strain at length died away, and the world again passed by. The rumbling and ponderous omnibus and clattering cab, rattling and bumping high upon the rough ribs of Chestnut-street, passed on; and Mr. Webster, and the aquatic Prince de Joinville, and ‘Black Sall’ with a prisoner for the ‘Lock-Up,’ and Fanny Elssler, who capered last night to fifteen hundred at her benefit; and Mrs. Wood, who tuned her throat to Bellini’s Norma at five hundred a night; and Mr. Praymore, laden with ten years’ Greek, awaiting ‘a call’ of five hundred per annum; and Mrs. Stripe came out aromatic from Charles Martel’s perfumery. Dick again, with his basket and Chip, delivering himself to his solitary reflections, and walking now fast and now slow; now presenting his august visage to the firmament, and now his eyes downward in leaden community with the ground; journeyed onward.

Not to disturb him, we will go back a few steps, if the reader please, to Mrs. Stripe, who had been overtaken at the outset by Mr. Ketchup,

the interesting foreigner, just arrived in the city. He designs to make a book upon our manners, and had just stepped out this fine morning to see upon Chestnut-street,

‘That microcosm on stilts,
Y’clept the great world;’

and he overtook Mrs. Stripe.

‘My heavens! I was just saying to myself, ‘Who is this elegant woman alone upon the walk?’ I am not surprised . . .’

‘Oh, Sir!’

‘Word of honor! . . . If you will allow me, I will go before the mayor and swear you are the prettiest woman (and there are some delicious ones) upon Chestnut-street.’

‘Oh! . . .’

Then other compliments succeeded, which called the lady a shepherdess, a turtle-dove, the nymph Egeria, the Queen of Jove, or any other goddess that came uppermost, for a whole square; ending in a general conversation, of which a part only was audible for the noise; the rest for the gods.

‘Husbands! I have little sympathy with them any where, and least of all here. I resolved in the outset to hold no intercourse with them. They are unusually cunning, speculating, and unrefined; indeed the only gentlemen I have met in America are the Cherokees. . . . But I assure you, (tenderly to Mrs. Snipe,) I take a very cordial interest in their better halves. (*Bitter*, he would like to have said, but did not.) Your Chestnut-street is looking gay and beautiful to-day. I am fond of elegant streets. There is an utility as well as delight in them. One feels for the time being a genteel disgust at low life. If shabby, one shrinks instinctively into some less elegant resort. It is a feeling natural even to the lower animals. The peacock, they say, in moulting time hides and waits in secret till his plumage is restored. Do you not like them too?’

‘Peacocks! I can’t say I do. If there was nothing but me and them in the world, I guess the world would soon come to an end!’ Mrs. Stripe looked beautiful; nonsense could not spoil her.

Here followed descriptions of fine European streets; of promenades in Regent-street in the long English twilight; of the Boulevard Italien and ices at Tortoni’s; and what every one knows of the beautiful French gardens; of the ‘King’s,’ so wild and romantic; the Luxembourg, so serene and philosophic; of the Tuilleries so gay and elegant; and so unceremonious and so unburdened of all etiquette, the Champs Elysées. Pity William Penn could not have spared a hundred or two of acres! But it would have been a prodigal waste of his State of Pennsylvania!

Mrs. Stripe said she had read all about the ‘Place Louis McKinsy,’ or some such a name,* last night in the Magazine, and the ‘Obstacle of Luxor.’

* Miss STRIPE should have consulted Mrs. RAMBOTHOM’S Letters. It was the ‘Place LOUIS QUINCY,’ named after a French King who died of a sore-throat! — ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'A capital engraving this, Ma'am. Let us see. A scripture-piece, I think. Joseph and his . . . Eh?'

'Joseph and the Pharisees. Yes, I guess it is,' replied Mrs. Stripe; but she could not say for certain; 'she had n't much bibolical learning.'

'But only look, Sir, at this statute, with the fiddle! What a queer crooked man it is! Did you ever see! *Peggi!* . . . what do you call him? . . .

'*Tickets for Norma?*' 'Suppose we go, Ma'am?' (sings) '*Do I not prove thee, how much I love thee?*' '*Perish lonely, and bless thee with my latest breath!*' '*Oh dread reflection!*' and Mrs. Stripe looked into the mirror.

'Seen it, I suppose?'

'Yes. It's quite equal they say to any thing in the old countries.' And now she hugged the gentleman's arm closely. Mrs. Stripe is of an affectionate turn of mind, when she takes a liking; I mean that tender, purring kind of affection which rubs itself against you. He, intent with a glass examining prints of hounds and whippers-in at Melton, bending forward and one leg retro-ceding to preserve the equilibrium, while a little rogue, hawking news, pulls out slyly his snowy handkerchief. '*Pheladelpy Paul Pry!*'

'Get out! you little noisy vagabond! It is known, Ma'am, in London that these hawkers, getting while young into vagrant habits, become unsettled as gypsies, and as disqualified for honest pursuits. This little chap will at last steal, I have no doubt. Do n't you think so, Ma'am?'

Mrs. Stripe with great presence of mind, and a reasonable concern for the morals of the community, replied: 'Yes!'

And then the walk was resumed. 'About Norma. I ask your pardon. The scenery and choruses are well enough. The mere mechanical part is easily attainable in all countries; but the combination of musical talent of all kinds in the Parisian and London theatres . . .'

'Oh, it must be nice!'

'Mrs. Wood and her husband . . .'

'As for me, I do n't like her a bit. She gets into such stormy fits about nothing; she's so fussy; she's so . . . so obstetrical.'

'And then the Italian orchestra! every instrument so balanced, each to its nicest proportion, to the infinitesimal of a note. And the fulness and variety of vocal talent! One hears, indeed, Mrs. Wood with pleasure; but in a comparison with Grisi, Malibran, and the rest, who would think of Mrs. Wood? And how to match Lablache as bass, in any country? He is a cataract of voice, putting to silence the fury of a hundred instruments; and then the silver-wired voice of Tambourini, like the chiming of distant bells! As for Rubini, Madam, there is no object of comparison. I consider him as *unique*.'

'Oh dear!' said the lady.

'But we have not taken ices together. Indeed I wo'n't suffer a refusal.'

'But my husband . . . He wo'n't know . . .'

'All the better!'

'Oh, Sir, he'll be so angry! . . .'

'One look of that sweet face will please him again.'

'Oh dear! you have put me in such a frustration! I feel quite historical!'

'The ices will restore us. Here they are. Mrs. Parkinson would have taken it very ill . . . This is vanilla; this, lemon. (They eat.)'

'It must be confessed you are the prettiest woman in this new world. England, alas! I bid thee adieu. I shall see thee no more; nor friends, nor native home!'

'Why, what does make you look so sad, Sir? What makes you say so?'

'While I was yet a child, Madam, a prophetic old woman, the nurse, said, putting her hand upon my head: 'This boy will not fall a victim to the cholic, or the measles, or the whooping-cough. He will not die of drowning, or hanging, or any of the natural accidents of humanity. Some pretty woman ——' And here she paused; she meant some pretty woman of Chestnut-street; 'will bring him to an end.' Madam, I see my destinies are about to be accomplished.'

Two drops stood glistening in Mrs. Stripe's large gray eyes, and the spoon rested in the untasted cream. Mrs. Stripe's bump of benevolence was large. She pitied the unhappy English gentleman from her heart; she hoped no ill would befall him; she was sorry he had ever seen her. . . . And then they took a glass of maraschino.

They walked now pensively at the side of each other, for a square and more, without saying a word; Mrs. Stripe just stealing a glance at Mr. Ketchup, and Mr. Ketchup at Mrs. Stripe. A sigh now and then struggling into being was smothered by modesty; till at length Mr. Ketchup opened his mouth with the following remarkable words:

'Madam! . . .'

Mrs. Stripe looked up tenderly, and again they fell into the same speechless eloquence of looks; and it was not till their sensations began to flow in a shallower current that they recovered that noisy faculty we denominate speech. This occurred about the corner of Eleventh-street.

'One could not long object to the 'splendid misery' of living in one of these sumptuous palaces.'

Mrs. Stripe only replied, 'they were the most costive houses in the city.'

All at once Mr. Ketchup recollected he had an engagement. 'Bless me! How time gallops away in your company, Madam! At four I will see you again.'

'The rock overlooking the dam. Do n't forget, Sir.'

'In the mean time, dear Stripe!' and he held her by the hand — 'a little corner of your heart! However little, I will think it much. Good bye! All the rural divinities watch over you till four. Good bye!'

'I declare, these foreigners, they are *so* polite! He's the completest gentleman!' Again he kissed the ends of his fingers a hundred yards off, and the corner of Twelfth-street rudely interposed between Mrs.

Stripe and Mr. Ketchup. The latter just stopped a moment to make an entry in his memorandum book :

'*American Women*. — Prettiest in the world; but ungrammatical. Mrs. Malaprop, etc. . . . faithful . . . want of temptation. Husbands . . . notes to pay . . . unexpert. Women more easily . . . etc., etc.

Meanwhile Mr. Richard Stripe, who had walked on wrapped up in his meditations, was seen looking over his left shoulder several times, and finally waking up to the terrifying certainty that Mrs. Stripe was missing. He stared, hesitated, stopped; then ran half a mile to the west, thinking she had gone ahead, and then as far east, dragging Little Chip, *non æquis passibus*; when he discovered Madam issuing from Parkinson's, accompanied, as the reader is aware, and in a more than usual glow from the warmth of her feelings and the maraschino. He resumed his walk, not without certain conjugal apprehensions at seeing the stranger's gallant attentions to his wife; and he jerked up his legs under the excitement of his feelings and walked quicker.* But just as he had whipped his rage up into a fury, he stumbled luckily upon a woman begging, with a baby, her little stock in trade, and let off the stream of his ill-humor upon her: 'Get out of the way! you bundle of rags, fit only to set up a paper-mill! What business have you with children, not able to maintain them?' (He gave her slyly a shilling.) And then he relapsed into reflection. There is something sedative and purifying in the exercise of the charitable affections. 'Strange! that women are more prolific the more they are poor, as if beggars were a provision of nature! They breed the more they are beaten. They cuff the wenches in Georgia . . . If it had been a man, not a penny would he have gotten from me; (or *got*; both are good grammar.) But these women, even in their rags, have I know not what power over us. D—n them! But I am resolved (he stopped, and then walked on) that no woman shall rule me! There's Mrs. Klink, who brought her husband so much money, and has such a name for faithfulness and housekeeping, and all that, and stays always at home; stays to scold her husband and beat the children, and has no more domestic virtues all the while than a cuckoo. If she was *my* wife, by —! I'd shake her out of her . . .'

The truth is, when alone, Dick really felt the most magnanimous dispositions, and worked himself often into fits of desperate resolution. At these times he would fight duels, rout armies, save ladies from ruin, and do a hundred other things that were impracticable. He would make a fist under Mrs. Stripe's nose; chafe the tigress in its den; pluck the grave justice from the bench and wring his beard; he would bend down Christ-Church steeple to the earth with his little finger.

'By the Lord,' he exclaimed, 'I'd shake her out of her petticoats!' Then he gave a convulsive jerk to little Chip, (of Chippendale,) who screamed aloud; and perceiving the mother at his heels, he felt a chill run through his blood. 'Come along, Chippy! What a sweet little boy it is! We shall have a fine day, love, for our pic-nic.'

* Nor by a man's skull only are the mental affections distinguished, but also by the calves of his legs. *Nota bene*: The same remark is made by the historian of Cataline.

‘Fine days have furnished many a fool’s head with conversation,’ replied the dame. ‘Let me see you dare to drag that child again in that manner! Come, my pet, *I’ll* protect you;’ and she kissed away the tears from the blubbering boy. ‘He may dupe a novice; but your mother is not to be noosed by such a shallow simpleton. He has been used to taking woodcock upon his Blue Mountains. I wonder, since he was so quick in learning rudeness from the bear, he had not learned a little cunning from the fox.’

Dick, who could have borne any thing else but a slur upon the Blue Mountains, rallying his forces by an extraordinary effort, replied: ‘There are people born at the Blue Mountains old enough, I guess, to be their own masters.’

‘People who are their own masters have often fools for their scholars.’

‘No more a fool . . . ’

‘Hold your tongue! . . . Ah, Mr. Cunningham, how do you do? We are just going over, my love and I, and our dear little boy, upon the hill to spend the day. It is a delightful little spot as there is about the city; a great deal of shade, fine turpentine walks, and the beautiful perpendicular declivities that overhang the dam . . . ’

‘A quarter each,’ said the driver, which Madam, the purse-bearer on such occasions, having paid, they disappeared in one of the new cabs rapidly toward Fair Mount. But this brings me to the end of my first chapter.

EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S.—No. 5.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

"We knocked at your door last evening, and were greeted with the inhospitable 'not at home.'"

"And you are here now just in time to welcome us home, my dear friends. We have this moment alighted from a ride to Montville."

"But what could induce you to ride in the woods, where there was nothing to be seen or heard."

"Why in truth, we are not quite tired of each other yet, and can enjoy a ride when there is little to be seen, as well now, as 'when life was young ten years ago.' Then the scenery was beautifully varied and picturesque; that I will not describe to you, as you must view it yourselves, to judge of its beauty. But our paramount object was to visit Barrett, the solitaire. We thought it little to our credit to live within thirty miles of a *real hermit*, and a *real cave*, and know them only by report."

"And you have really seen the recluse? Let us hear about him, do."

"You will not find the account so interesting as you anticipate. That his reason is a little clouded I cannot doubt. No man with a brain untouched by accident or disease would be a voluntary lifelong exile from all social comforts or domestic happiness, passing fifty years with no one to protect, love, live for, and labour for; without one heart to share in all his purposes and pursuits, his joys and sorrows. I love nature as well as any man; I love her in all her simple graces, and yet more dearly in her majestic beauty; the face of nature is ever fair, but happy human faces are fairer still. I acknowledge, for I have felt, the music, the melody, of her thousand voices; but can they touch the heart like the tones of confiding love, of devoted affection, those tones, which seem the echo of our purest and sweetest thoughts? I have held communion too with nature in her holiest temples, but I soon yearned for communion with a kindred mind, a twin spirit, a human soul."

"Why, solitude is sweeter certainly, if we have only some one to whom we can whisper, 'how sweet is solitude.'"

"Do you know the cause of this man's seclusion?"

"Not fully. Some tale there is of jealousy; he left his bride at the altar."

"Did he receive you cordially?"

"Yes. We had found some acres of the finest blackberries, far from any dwelling or clearing, and I had lined and filled my hat for want of a basket. We met an old man with a long beard, a woollen cap, garments made of cloth indeed, but so strange and awkward, as though the sleeves were used for

pants, and the pants covered the arms. As he would not sell me a new basket he carried, I gave him my blackberries, and he invited us home. The cave is more comfortable than I supposed a cave could be, and seems originally designed for a habitation. It is not very lofty, but there is a natural aperture in the top, and as Barrett has constructed a rough chimney of stones below it, there is no smoke to incommode one. It is a more inviting abode from having two apartments, the back one needing nothing but a door to make it perfectly secure from all intrusion. Having ranged these woods twenty years before another white man had entered them, he has collected many singular and curious articles; but nothing in the cave seemed to combine so much beauty and comfort as the covering of his bed, the counterpane. The outside was made of the skins of the heads and necks of wild ducks, and other large birds, dressed with the plumage on, joined very neatly, and lined with furs."

"How is the cavern situated?"

"Romantically enough, in the side of a rocky hill, the whole face of which is covered with some wild vine, surrounded by a variety of trees, and on the margin of a beautiful pond. On this pond floated a large raft of logs, perhaps half an acre in extent, which had all been covered with earth, and formed the hermit's garden. A flourishing and fertile garden it was too, and as firm to the tread as the solid earth. That ground produces vegetables enough to supply a man with food, independent of the chase. The old misanthrope did not speak to Mrs. Darley at all, not replying when she addressed him. I thought he looked on rather contemptuously as I lifted her over a wet spot, so I carried her on to the chaise, giving him at the same time a look he could not misunderstand."

"How long have you been married?" said he.

"Seven years."

"I guess women are better than they used to be," was his only reply.

"On taking our leave we rode down to Union, enjoying a most lovely landscape all the way, particularly as we came within view of Seven-tree pond and its environs. The Methodist denomination were holding a field-meeting in the neighbourhood, and as neither of us had ever attended one, I turned our horse's head in that direction. After walking a short distance through the wood we entered upon the camp ground. It was a smooth, even slope, with a growth of tall rock-maples about four feet apart, smooth stems, not a branch within twenty feet from the ground, and no un-

dergrowth, not a stick or a shrub for ten acres round."

"A noble colonnade!"

"The congregation, of four or five thousand people, were seated upon benches beneath the trees, protected from the sun by that leafy roof, which seemed almost to touch the sky. At the foot of the slope was a semicircle of white tents, and between these and the benches stood a platform, upon smooth sawn stumps, supporting a rude desk and seats. On this platform, which had an awning, the ministers were seated, and an aged man was then concluding his discourse. He turned as he closed to a young clergyman who had just arrived, and said, 'We should like a word of exhortation from our young brother.' The man looked heated, and weary, and unprepared, but as he rose to speak a single dead leaf, the harbinger of autumn, floated along before the eyes of the multitude, and settled slowly on the book before him.

"'For we all do fade as a leaf,' he began in a rich, clear voice. 'Frail emblem of mortality, thy summer of life is over, thy greenness and glory are gone, thy decay is at hand,' and, as he swept it upon the ground, 'dust thou art, and unto dust must thou return. And is not the same sentence passed upon each one of us, my friends? Is it true that we all do perish as the grass, and wither as the green herb? Must the beaming eyes, the active limbs, I view around me, so full of life, must they too, in a few short years, crumble to clay? It is the law of God, the lot of nature. Decay and death have reigned over all men that have gone before, and they will subdue all that shall come after us; but, blessed be God, the death of the body may be the life of the soul, a happy, a glorious, an everlasting life. Yes, the dust shall return to the earth as it was, *but the spirit shall return to God who gave it*; then,

'Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If Heaven shall recompense our pains,
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.'

"This ready way of improving a simple occurrence of the moment fixed the attention of the audience, while the speaker drew a beautiful picture of happiness beyond the grave, so vivid, so winning,

that I believe every one was ready to exclaim with him, 'When may I die; when may I live for ever.' But he paused not there; he pointed out the only sure path to this blessed state, and at the conclusion poured forth a petition so full of reverence, humility, love, and faith, so evidently from the heart, that it could not fail to reach the heart, and as soon as the deep amen resounded through those woods we moved silently away, fearing something would be done to mar the holy beauty and sublimity of the scene. When out of sight and hearing of the crowd of worshippers, we sat down under an oak which looked venerable enough to have sheltered the Abnakis or Penobscots. I believe we were too much impressed with the scene to speak, but after a time my wife repeated, in her own low tones, that beautiful hymn of Bryant's, beginning

'The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.'

The descriptive part of that hymn was an exact delineation of the place, even to the oak over our heads, and a soothing and suitable continuation of the worship. If I ever felt true devotion it was then, on that day. The petition in the concluding lines would ill accord with the noise and disorder accompanying any field-meeting I have witnessed.

'And, to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.'

"You are the last man I should have suspected of countenancing such an infringement of propriety as a camp-meeting. Let me describe to you some scenes at a field-meeting last year, if indeed I can repeat what I feel to be blasphemy."

"Oh no, do not," said Mrs. D. "The scene we witnessed needs no heightening by contrast, and I wish to retain that impression of simple earnest devotion. Give us one of your pleasant songs, rather, and on to-morrow evening I promise you some music that will please even your taste, fastidious as it is."

Original.

FLORA LESTER;

OR, SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

PART II.

A NEW HOME.

In a beautiful villa, not far from a populous city, but so embowered in trees and shrubbery, as to be quite secluded from the passing crowd,—with a lawn reaching down to the very brink of the noble Hudson, and flower-beds, rich with Flora's treasures, offering their incense to the careless winds,—resided one of Fortune's most distinguished favorites. Mr. Wyndham had inherited his estate, and a liberal education had taught him the true method of enjoying it, while his choice of a wife had been equally judicious both as respected character and fortune. Mrs. Wyndham was not handsome enough to be a belle, nor rich enough to be considered a great heiress, but she was pretty, amiable, well-informed and independent. They had been married some twelve years, and the uninterrupted harmony in which they lived, proved that each was fully sensible of the other's value. Three children, two lovely daughters, and a fine spirited boy, now occupied their thoughts, and natural anxiety of parental love made them dread the moment when those unsullied minds should be subjected to the influences of a school. The well-spring of knowledge is ever pure, but the stream becomes polluted in its course, and the young lip, as it bends to drink the wave, too often imbibes a deadly poison instead of the healthful draught. Mrs. Wyndham, therefore, resolved to employ a governess at home, being well assured that the retirement in which they lived afforded every facility for training her children to intellectual pursuits.

It was the evening of an excessively warm day in mid-summer when Mr. Wyndham's light wagon turned into the carriage drive which wound up to his door, and, as he flung the reins to his servant, he handed out a tall delicate looking woman, whose deep mourning dress formed an almost startling contrast to the marble whiteness of her complexion. "It is the governess;" whispered the children, involuntarily retreating within the porch. "It is the governess," thought Mrs. Wyndham, as with instinctive kindness she advanced to meet the pallid, wearied looking creature who stood hesitatingly on the gravel walk. In a few minutes the bonnet, with its heavy veil was flung aside,*—the coolest seat was arranged, an Indian fan was offered, a glass of iced lemonade was handed, and all that benevolence could suggest was put in requisition to contribute to the comfort of the shrinking governess.

"You will not think of beginning your duties until next week, my dear Madam," said Mrs. Wyndham, after she had succeeded in making the now-comer feel somewhat re-assured. "My children are spoiled pots, they obey the rule of love and I mean that they shall learn to know and love you before you attempt the task of instruction. "Come here, Eloise," and with a smile

the fond mother drew forward the blushing child, who, ensconced behind her mother's chair had been timidly gazing at the strange lady. "My little Alfred will also be your charge for the next year or two," continued Mrs. Wyndham, "and though Ada is still too young to become a regular pupil, she will probably claim a little of your attention. Ah, here comes Bertha; I was just about sending for you, my dear." The child drew near, and as the governess imprinted a kiss on her pale cheek, an indefinable emotion agitated her. There was an expression in the full dark eyes of the little girl so like to those which had once left their light within her soul, that the lady started as she caught their gaze. Blushing at the attention she had excited, the timid Bertha slowly withdrew, and as soon as she was out of hearing, Mrs. Wyndham said:

"May I beg you to, my dear Madam, to take especial pains with the culture of that sweet child. She is the only daughter of one of my husband's dearest friends; an insidious disease is destroying her health and distorting her delicate frame, and I am desirous that her parents should find in her mental graces some solace for her bodily deformity. Yet I have but little hope ever of this; she has heretofore been exceedingly backward in acquiring knowledge; she is timid, distrustful of herself and rather dull of intellect, but there never was a sweeter temper or more amiable character in childhood than that of Bertha Woodford."

A slight sound less a cry than a moan, burst from the lips of the governess, and the next moment she was lying in a swoon at the feet of Mrs. Wyndham.

"It must be the heat," said that kind-hearted woman, as she called loudly for assistance. The children and servants came hurrying in with all the useless confusion so common on such occasions, and Mrs. Wyndham, notwithstanding her benevolence, could not help thinking that a habit of fainting was rather inconvenient in a governess. But the first words of the reviving lady were those of apology, and her tearful eye offered a powerful appeal to the feelings of all present. Mrs. Wyndham accompanied her to her apartment, insisted on aiding her to undress, and smoothed her pillow with the hand of sympathy ere she left her to the solitude so necessary to her excited feelings.

Flora Lester (for the pale governess was no other than the once idolized belle,) was grateful for all this kindness, but she needed rest and quiet, and when she laid her aching head upon the pillow her heart was filled with the deepest wretchedness. Tell me not of the sorrows of later life;—they may wear deep furrows in the brow, and imprint ineffaceable scars upon the heart,—they may waste away the very life, but they come not upon us with the sudden and irresistible and crushing power of a *first* heart-sorrow. The first pang of wounded affection is never forgotten,—that early blight of youthful feeling is ever to be found amid the green hopes of the future,—the shadow of that first grief dims every after pleasure, and deepens every after sorrow. We recur to it in every period of life; if gifted with many blessings, we remember it as the one dark spot over which our feet once trod;—if doomed to many afflictions we recall

it as the starting-point in our journey of sorrows. Let our fortunes be what they may, the heart must often sit solitary amid the ruins of its earliest hopes. Alas! it too often happens that the treasure which should have lasted us through life has been wasted upon the adornment of those fairy fanes of 'youth's delighted hours,' and we find, when too late, that the affections have no second mine of fine gold.

It was in vain that Flora Lester reasoned with herself on her own folly,—in vain she reproached herself for thus weakly yielding to her emotions. "Why," said she, mentally, "why should I be so moved by the sight of that fair child? I have long since learned to think of Horace Woodford as the husband of another, and have repressed every regret which once agitated my bosom. Why then am I thus overcome? Alas! it is but the one drop which was wanting to make my full cup of sorrow to overflow,—the one feather whose added weight has broken the strength of the over-laden camel. It needed but this to make me feel my utter desolation." But she had acquired new strength for sorrow, and had learned to conceal if she could not conquer her impulses of feelings. When, on the following day, she appeared at the breakfast table in a neat morning dress, with her luxuriant hair plainly braided and hidden under a simple cap, few could have suspected that such unmitigated wretchedness was veiled by her placid smile.

BERTHA.

Mrs. Wyndham was charmed with Flora's elegant manners, and warmly interested in her past sorrows. She knew enough of her misfortunes to be sensible that one cast down from such estate should be dealt with tenderly, and if mere kindness could have healed the wounds of fate Flora might have forgotten the painful past in the enjoyment of present good-fortune. The children were affectionate and easily controlled by gentle persuasion, so that her duties were light and pleasant, while the respect with which she was treated by the parents placed her upon the footing of a friend rather than a hireling in the family. But still Flora felt as if she were destined to be haunted by the images of by-gone days. The dark, deep eyes of Bertha, so like those of her father, were ever present to her thought, shedding a melancholy radiance on the pictures long enshrined in memory's darkened cell.

Bertha Woodford was one of those shy, reserved, yet warm-hearted children, who are so easily checked by a word of reproof, or incited by a look of kindness. Her fragile health debarred her from the ordinary sports of childhood, and, young as she was, (for she had scarcely numbered her sixth summer,) she had become silent, melancholy and imaginative. Sometimes she would attempt to join in the amusements of her little companions, and for a few minutes, her musical laugh would ring out merrily amid their joyful sports; but a sense of weakness would suddenly overpower her, and fatigued and unhappy she would return to her usual reclining posture in her easy chair. A disense of the spine, that most insidious and cruel of all the ills to which humanity

is subjected, had been gradually developing itself ever since Bertha was an infant. Mrs. Woodford was ordered by her physicians to travel for several years, and it was soon discovered that the nature of Bertha's malady rendered the fatigues of locomotion a serious injury to the child. The father, thus called upon to make a decision between the health of his wife and child, was utterly at a loss what to do until the kindness of Mrs. Wyndham relieved him from his embarrassment. Mr. Wyndham had been the intimate friend of Horace Woodford, and when they met in Europe, it was proposed that the suffering child should visit America in the care of Mrs. Wyndham. The offer was gladly and gratefully accepted, and Bertha had now been for more than two years, the inmate of that happy family. She loved her aunt, (as she always styled Mrs. Wyndham,) and she was fondly attached to the children, but she often felt lonely and unhappy. The confiding frankness with which her little cousins ran to their indulgent mother, the caresses lavished upon them, the earnest sympathy which their slightest sufferings excited, all made Bertha sensible of the contrast which her condition afforded. Kindness, and tenderness she had always experienced at the hands of Mrs. Wyndham, but the shy temper of the timid child was not easily comprehended by the proud and happy mother of healthy and joyous little ones. She wished Bertha to be made as comfortable as her painful situation would allow, she procured good nurses and the best of medical skill for the alleviation of her physical sufferings, but she could not enter into the lonely and isolated feelings of the young invalid. She was as sympathizing as circumstances would allow, but she could not penetrate the reserve of Bertha's character so far as to discover the morbid sensibility which pined for the loving look and the voice of deep affection.

The misfortunes of the pale and sad-looking governess, whose mourning dress, and deep dejection had early excited the curiosity of the children, awakened the warmest interest in the little girl, whose feelings had been prematurely developed by suffering. When the lessons of the day were over, and the pupils, ran out, to vent, in a game of romps, the exuberance of their animal spirits, the timid Bertha would creep softly to the secluded little music room, and for hours she would sit listening to the sounds awakened by Miss Lester's hand, as the young governess now cultivated, from a sense of duty, the talents which had once been only the adornments of her affluence. Absorbed in her own melancholy reflections, it was some days before Flora noticed the patient child, in the remote and darkened corner where she usually seated herself. But she needed no new impulse to awaken her warmest interest in the child of Horace Woodford, and from the moment when Flora learned to read Bertha's true character, the bond of sympathy became a secret link between their hearts. Bertha had hitherto been considered rather obtuse in intellect and incapable of much mental exertion; for her timid nature had been subjected to those petty mortifications from servants and attendants

which so often act with benumbing power upon the expanding faculties. Her frequent attacks of illness interrupted her attempts at study, and at six years of age the child was utterly ignorant of the very rudiments of knowledge. But Miss Lester possessed the art of arousing her dormant energies. Under her instructions, Bertha improved rapidly, and hope and cheerfulness soon lighted up the pale face of the desponding child. Nor was Flora insensible to the pleasure which the consciousness of being useful always imparts. The affection of the sensitive child afforded her a new motive for exertion, and her loneliness of heart gradually gave place to a deep and tender interest in her present duties.

Mrs. Wyndham gladly resigned Bertha entirely to the care of Miss Lester. The restless nights which the child had often passed in pain, silently endured because she dreaded the impatient chidings of her hired attendant, were now spent in the apartment of the gentle governess. Her patient watchfulness, her close observation of Bertha's malady, her judicious application of the alleviating remedies prescribed by medical skill, the influence which enabled her to combat the child's listlessness and languor, the daily exercise of body and mind, which she induced by her affectionate persuasions and enforced by her example,—all were of essential service to the young sufferer. She became even as a mother to the child of him who had once been the object of her fondest affection, and in the society of Bertha, the bereaved Flora found a solace for past griefs and present privations.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

Time passed on, and the bonds which knit Flora Lester to the friends among whom she lived, seemed daily to strengthen. Mrs. Wyndham possessed one of those noble characters which even prosperity cannot spoil. She had a kind word, a gentle thought, an impulse of sympathy for every one, and her feelings towards the governess had warmed into actual friendship. There was something so lady-like in Flora's manner, so much of the sweetness of subdued sorrow in her voice, and her face wore such an expression of placid, pensive softness, that it was impossible to look upon her with indifference.

"I never saw Miss Lester in the days of her prosperity," said Mrs. Wyndham to her husband, one day, "but I am sure she never was more lovely than she is now. I sometimes drop my book or my needle-work, and gaze at her, unseen, as she bends over the harp, or sits at the piano, until my heart grows full and my eyes are suffused with tears. Her pale sweet face, the slight bend of her still fine figure and the deep pathos of her exquisite voice, awaken a train of feelings half pleasing, half melancholy. She seems to be like an impersonation of resignation. If I were a painter I should desire no finer model for a picture of subdued sorrow, and yet in a picture her greatest charm,—her low and touching voice, would be lost. How much she must have suffered before the pride of which I used to hear so much, could be thus subdued."

"Flora Lester was always superior to her companions

in society," was the reply. "Society made her a belle but nature had made her a high-minded and gifted woman. I knew her but slightly yet circumstances made me acquainted with many noble traits in her character, for he, from whom my information was derived studied her closely with the deep interest of affection."

"Ah, who was that, pray?" asked Mrs. Wyndham, with a true woman's interest in a love tale.

"Did you never hear Horace Woodford speak of Miss Lester?"

"Never."

"He was a strange fellow and had some romantic notions about the delicate reserve which ought to characterize true affection; but to me, who had been his friend from boyhood, he came for counsel and sympathy. He was passionately attached to Miss Lester, yet he feared lest the incense of adulation should have tarnished the idol of his dreams, he dreaded lest she should be spoiled by the flatteries of society, and while his whole heart was devoted to her, he yet hesitated to make known to her his sentiments."

"Was not that rather inconsistent with such deep affection?"

"Not in such a man as Horace Woodford. He had peculiar, indeed, almost Utopian ideas of a perfect household. He looked far into the future, and believed a heavy responsibility rested upon the man who gave an unworthy mother to his children. He fancied that the propensities and tendencies of the character were always maternal inheritances, and he dreaded lest the errors of a profligate child should be traceable hereafter, to the same dispositions, only less developed, in the mother. It was, perhaps, a fanciful theory, but he was a firm believer in it, as all men are in their own speculations, and therefore he lingered and watched, and studied the captivating belle, long after she had flung her charms around him."

"His caution seemed not unnecessary, for his studies led to no very satisfactory result."

"Woodford is as fallible as most of us; he had nearly satisfied himself that there was a mine of fine gold hidden beneath the strata of wilfulness, caprice and pride in Miss Lester's character, when some little pique, some foolish jealousy, some lovers' quarrel, decided the whole affair. Like all shy and sensitive people, Horace was easily wounded in his self-love, and she inflicted upon him some mortification which he could not forgive. I never heard the particulars of the story, except from ill-natured gossip, and therefore I never gave credence to them. He went to Europe immediately afterwards, and there married, as you know, a young West-Indian, who fell in love with him because he saved her from drowning in the Rhine. I believe he was actuated solely by a wish to spare the gentle and fragile girl, the sufferings, which, he too well knew, were the result of an unfortunate attachment. She seemed rapidly sinking into the grave, when they were married, as he told me, and he could hardly have hoped to preserve her life so long. However, he watches over her with pitying tenderness,

which she returns with a fond and child-like tenderness, but she is not the woman to excite his deep interest."

"You have solved a mystery for me, husband; when we met in Switzerland, I really wondered what could have induced your intellectual and gifted friend to marry such a weak, childish little creature as Mrs. Woodford appeared to be."

"I suppose your feminine taste for romance will enable you to appreciate his past disappointment, and present self-devotion?" said Mr. Wyndham, smiling; "for my own part, I should doubt Mrs. Woodford's capability for any very strong affection. She seems to look up to her husband with a sort of infantile dependence, very flattering to him, and very agreeable to her, since it ties him closely to her side, and ensures her his undivided attention. But I have little faith in the nature of any mother who could part with an only child as easily and cheerfully as she relinquished Bertha. I believe her to be one of those weak, indolent, selfish valetudinarians, who like to get rid of trouble, and seek to become the chief object of interest to all around them. Her affections centre in herself, and she loves Horace because he ministers to her comfort."

"You are as uncharitable as a woman, husband; you would have thought me ill-natured if I had made such assertions."

"Perhaps I should, for women are too apt to observe their own sex through the medium of prejudice, but men are always prepossessed in favor of women, and therefore, when we judge hardly of you, there is generally good reason for it."

The very evening after this conversation, letters from Europe were placed in the hands of Mr. Wyndham. One was sealed with black, and with the feeling of self-reproach, which all experience when suddenly reminded of the censure we have bestowed upon those who have now passed away from praise or blame, he read the tidings of Mrs. Woodford's death. Horace wrote sadly and despondingly for his spirits were broken by anxiety and protracted watchfulness. He dwelt with melancholy fondness on the idea of his invalid child, and expressed his intention of speedily returning to his native land, in order to devote his future life to her happiness. Bertha listened to the fatal news with deep but not unconsolable grief. She had left her mother at so early an age, that she could scarcely be expected to retain a very vivid recollection of maternal fondness. Indeed, she could remember nothing except a pale, delicate woman, always wrapped in shawls, and propped up by pillows, who could not bear the slightest noise, and in whose apartments she was rarely allowed to enter. Still, Bertha wept over the severance of so holy a tie, and when she beheld her young companions daily receiving a thousand evidences of maternal affection, she mourned the loss for the mother than for the want of a mother's love.

But Bertha found solace in the kindness and sympathy of Miss Lester, and upon her bosom she wept away the keenness of her regrets, without dreaming of the tumult of feeling which had been awakened in that

long-suffering heart. The image of Horace Woodford, free from every tie—of Horace Woodford, the father of the sweet child, who had become so very dear to her, rose before the mental vision of the still beautiful governess, as she soothed the childish grief of the little orphan. In vain she reproached herself with selfishness and want of feeling. Reason enabled her to subdue the half-formed wish, ere it became a hope, but still the fancy would return, and it required long and painful discipline, ere Flora could check the impulses which she could not condemn. Yet the strength of character, and the accurate perception of duty, which are the fruits of suffering, were not wanting to Flora. She did not weakly indulge the wild vagaries of fancy, until they became blended with anticipations of future happiness. She reflected upon the painful past, she recalled the days of her prosperity, she thought of the wayward wastefulness with which she had dissolved the real pearl of affection in the acrid cup of angry passions. Her blighted youth, her faded beauty, her altered fortunes, her lowly station, were not forgotten, and the humility which she had learned from adversity, reproached her for the presumption of her vague imaginations.

THE RETURN.

It was some six months after the news of Mrs. Woodford's death, when Bertha was thrown into a state of nervous agitation by the daily expectation of her father's return. Flora found it no easy task to listen with apparent calmness to the child's pleasant anticipations, and her assurances of the pleasure which her father would find, in learning all the kindness of her governess.

"I can run almost as fast as Eloise, and I have had none of those dreadful pains for a year past, and I can write almost as well as Alfred, and can play on the piano better than any one in the house, excepting you; oh, how glad papa will be! how much happier than if he had found me such a poor little lame and stupid creature as I was when you first came here."

Bertha was not disappointed. Her father, taught by his own despondency, had expected to see a crippled and helpless invalid, and tears of joy burst from his eyes as the child sprang into his arms, with her cheek flushed with joy, and her eyes sparkling with animation. He was never tired of hearing the praise of "our dear good madam," as the children were in the habit of calling their governess, and Mrs. Wyndham, who had a romantic scheme of her own about the affair, put no check upon Bertha's fervent expressions of gratitude.

"But who is this dear good old lady to whom I am so much indebted?" said the grateful parent, after he had listened to the child's story again and again; "I should like to see her, and thank her for her invaluable kindness."

Bertha laughed, her own glad musical laugh, as she drew her father into the music-room. "Come, papa, let me show you the dear old lady," said she, while her

little face was brimful of mirth at the idea of her father's thinking Miss Lester an old woman. Mr. Woodford mechanically followed where Bertha led, and the next moment he stood, agitated and excited, in the presence of Flora Lester.

What were the emotions of both it would be vain to attempt describing, but the artless joy of Bertha served to divert their painful embarrassment. Mr. Woodford expressed his gratitude warmly and earnestly, though a consciousness of unforgotten tenderness gave a tremulous sadness to his tone; while Flora, agitated, and almost alarmed at her own emotion, stood breathless and blushing before him. Long, long did that image haunt the memory of the widowed lover. He had remembered Flora Lester as the brilliant votary of fashion—the richly-dressed belle, with jewels sparkling in her hair, and a face as beautiful as spring sunshine. Even as we recall some familiar scene in nature, not clad in the sombre hue of twilight, but gilded with the rich hue of glorious sunshine, so his recollection of Flora had been full of brightness. He had never before thought of her, except as the star of some bright sphere, yet now his heart was full of new images of loveliness. The delicate and touching beauty of that saddened face, the fragile form attired in its dusky dress, the luxuriant hair hidden beneath a close cap, and the whole appearance giving evidence that sorrow had been a less merciful devastator than time, awakened a train of feeling which was more dangerous to his peace than all his former admiration of her loveliness. Had his early affection faded by slow decay, or been utterly crushed by Flora's disdain, her altered beauty would never have enkindled a new flame amid the ashes of his extinguished passion. But time had long since brought reflection, and the more he thought on his precipitancy, the more he was disposed to blame himself. Pride, however, still remained his unconquerable master, and even while he scarcely exonerated Flora, he yet travelled from place to place, in the hope of effacing early recollections by new impressions. Yielding himself to despondent recklessness, he married, because he could not bear to fling thorns in the pathway of one who seemed approaching the valley of the shadow of death, and from that time he had carefully avoided all recurrence to past events. But when wearied with the petty exactions, the minute vexations, the trifling objects of interest, which marked the daily existence of his invalid wife, whom sickness had made selfish, the remembrance of the high-minded, beautiful, and noble-hearted Flora, whose only errors had been those of a lofty and impetuous nature, rose before him as a reproachful spectre of the past.

It needed no effort of ingenuity on the part of Mrs. Wyndham to excite the interest of the parent in all that concerned the welfare of his child. He listened to her details of Flora's attentive kindness, he observed Bertha's affectionate reliance on Flora's judgment; he marked their daily intercourse, characterized by tenderness on the one hand, and the utmost devotion of childish love on the other, until he was persuaded that the happiness of his darling child, no less than his own, was in the

keeping of the gentle governess. But this was no time to express such emotions, and placing a guard over every look and word Horace Woodford found himself her daily companion, drawing solace and peace from her presence, yet hiding in his heart of hearts, the wishes which were fast ripening into hopes.

More than a year elapsed after his return ere he ventured to breathe his confession in the ear of the blushing Flora, but he was scarcely prepared for the reply which awaited him.

"No, Mr. Woodford," said Flora, "had you returned to me while fortune still showered her favors upon me and my life was one of prosperity and happiness, I could have forgotten all my pride, and sued for forgiveness of my past folly while I would gladly have devoted myself to your future happiness. But I cannot suffer you to wed me in poverty and humility. The world will say that the poor governess has joyfully accepted what the rich heiress contemned, and for your own sake Horace Woodford, I may not become your wife."

"The world, Flora," exclaimed Woodford, mournfully, "has not the opinion of the world cost us too much already? Was it not for that paltry price you bartered my happiness and your own when you yielded to the impulses of pride and scorned a true heart for the sake of the evil tongue of one of the world's votaries? Alas! why should we now heed the idle gossip of society? Let the sacrifice of wasted youth and fresh feelings be sufficient offerings on the shrine of that Moloch. Our life has hitherto been an uneasy dream, let us now frame for ourselves a peaceful reality. Nay, turn not away, dearest Flora; if you care not for my happiness, pause for the sake of that sweet and delicate child whose health and life depend on your cares. Even now she loves you better than her natural parent, and can you deprive her of the source of all her enjoyments?"

Why should I prolong the tale by repeating the thousand arguments which love framed and to which love listened. All the sophistries of pride were silenced by the dictates of affection, and Flora was at last persuaded to study true happiness rather than idle opinion. On a certain fine spring morning an unusual degree of excitement prevailed in Mrs. Wyndham's usually quiet household. Carriages were waiting in the broad gravel walk, every body was in gala dress, and the children seemed brimful of some mighty secret. But the mystery was speedily unravelled. Never had Miss Lester looked more lovely even in her most brilliant days than on this eventful morning, when attired in a dress of simple white, with her dark hair freed from its long imprisonment, and bound in that graceful knot which is so classical and so utterly unsuited to any but the most symmetrical features. She wore not a single ornament, not even an orange blossom betrayed the meaning of her unwonted attire, but the tale was all told when the joyful Bertha threw herself into her arms exclaiming, "Oh, I am so happy, for now you are my own dear mamma, and I may always love you better than any one in the world."

Brooklyn, L. I.

FLORINE.

"Oh! desolate is now the home thy beauty made so fair,
And cheerless is the lonely heart which mourns thine absence
there;

Yet though unknown its sorrows be, its sufferings unseen,
The hope, the light of life, are gone; they died with thee, Florine."

In the cemetery of *Pere La Chaise*, in an obscure corner, there stands a plain monument surmounted by an urn, on which is inscribed the name FLORINE. Every morning, on my accustomed visit to this beautiful dwelling of the dead, I was certain to find a fresh garland of *immortelle* wreathed around the urn, and the choicest flowers of the season scattered upon the turf; yet early as my visit might be, I could never encounter the individual who so faithfully performed this act of devotion. One day I happened to fall in company with one of the keepers of the cemetery, and in the course of our conversation inquired of him who was the tenant of that tomb. "Alas! sir," said he—"there is a melancholy story connected with those ashes, and but that I fear I would be tedious, I would willingly narrate it to you."

"By no means," said I—"I am fond of melancholy stories—you will greatly oblige me by your recital."

"Come this way, then," said he—"where we may not be interrupted,"—and leading me a little distance from the path, and seating ourselves upon a tombstone he spoke nearly as follows:

"On the entry of the Allied forces into Paris, in 1815, a young English lady arrived at the Hotel Delorme. She was without any attendant—could scarcely speak a word of French, and appeared to be suffering from great mental agitation. From her singular appearance, and being alone, some delicacy was felt at receiving her. But having sent for the *Maitresse d'Hotel*, and explained to her the purport of the business which had brought her to Paris, namely, to endeavor to discover her lover and betrothed, a young officer in the 12th Hussars, of whom she had heard no tidings since his departure to join the army. The good lady at once entered into her feelings, listened with kindness to her story, and promised her every assistance within her power; in short, their interview ended with an agreement that on the following day they should together endeavor to obtain some clue to the object of the young lady's affections.

As early as decorum would admit of on the following morning, they accordingly sallied forth. Those who have never beheld a city in the hands of a triumphant enemy, can conjecture nothing so singularly exciting and picturesque, and perhaps never was the strength and brilliancy of war more gorgeously displayed than when the Parisian capital was in the possession of the Allied Powers. Warriors of every nation were there assembled, the bold and ferocious looking Cossack—the hardy Russian—the warlike Austrian—the gay and gallant Italian,—the proud and fearless Prussian—the stern and

thoughtful German—the frank Swede and Norwegian—the dogged Dane, and the victorious and unconquerable Englishman; all were promiscuously scattered, throughout the city, guarding it with lynx-eyed vigilance lest the Usurper might disavow his abdication, and by some sudden *ruse*, again bid defiance to his conquerors.

Through the greater part of these warlike bodies had the two females passed, when suddenly the brilliant costume of the 12th Hussars caught the eye of the young lady. "Ah!" she exclaimed—"he is not there," and fell almost fainting upon the shoulder of her companion.

"Who is not there?" inquired the matron.

"He that I told you of last evening—my betrothed, Augustus De Ruthven,"—at the same time a soldier of the troop galloped past them. He was instantly recognized by her. "Hector!"—she ejaculated. In a moment he brought his courser to a stand.

The soldier appeared paralyzed at her presence, he raised his helmet deferentially, and in a voice of astonishment exclaimed, "Miss De Vere!"

"Yes, yes," she replied, "my good Hector, where is Augustus?"

The soldier's head sunk upon his breast, and he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Killed?" said the female.

"It is but too true, madam, on the field of Mont St. Jean."

"Take me hence! Take me hence!" said she, in a deep and solemn voice. At the same moment a wild and rigid look settled on her countenance, and a laugh of thrilling sound burst from her bosom.

The *Maitresse d'Hotel* complied with her request; but from that moment reason had fled its empire. All that humanity could effect to recover her was resorted to, but in vain; in three days from this occurrence, she had ceased to exist, and was borne to the grave by the hands of strangers.

"And was naught ever heard of Augustus?" asked I.

"Oh! yes, sir," said my informant, "it happened that he had been but severely wounded when left for dead upon the field. By those employed to bury the slain, he was discovered, and carried to a neighboring house, where, by degrees he recovered and returned to Paris, to learn the fatal tidings of his love, and it is he who at the earliest dawn of every day, comes thus, to offer his devotions and scatter flowers upon her grave."

On further inquiry, I learned that Augustus, after the restoration of peace, had retired from the service and settled in the precincts of Paris, a broken-hearted, melancholy man. The tomb he had erected to the memory of *Florine*, as well as to cover his own ashes, when it should please the Almighty to call him hence.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

R. M.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

FRANK KIRKLAND;

OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

In Two Parts.—Part Second.

BY JOHN MOFFAT.

When man was driven from the bowers of Eden, happiness, the companion of innocence, accompanied him not in his journeyings through the vale. "The world was all before him where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide." From the Mosaic history of the Creation, which all the sceptics in the world cannot prove untrue, to the satisfaction of any man of sane intellect and mature years, we learn, that in consequence of his disobedience, the earth was to bring forth "thorns and thistles;" and man, who was made but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory, honour, and dignity, was doomed to earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow," till his dust mingled with its original dust, and the spirit returned to God who gave it. Mere pomp, and the gaudy trappings of earthly grandeur, aided by sumptuous fare, delicious wines, music's spirit-stirring strains, and all the etceteras which wealth can purchase, cannot satisfy the desires of the immortal mind after happiness. The voluptuary often turns with loathing and disgust from the gaudy banquet, and is ready to endorse the experience of Solomon the wise—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The majority of mankind, however, seems to think that *bliss* nestles somewhere on this low terrene, and even may be found in *this, that, and the other thing*, and each sapient Nimrod hunts after it as inclination leads, or interest drives. Fancy lends its aid in this matter too, and under its influence, frail, erring man is tossed about like a feather in the wind, or a frail bark on the tremulous ocean. But man, on his pathway through life, must grapple with stern realities, and if, through the prostitution of time and talent, to pursuits below his dignity, as an intelligent, a rational being, he feels bitterness of spirit, there is a balm in Gilead, and a Physician there.

In such cases the world promises much, but it is still bankrupt in performance. This, however strange it may seem, only makes its devotees hang on more closely, till repeated disappointments produces either reformation, insanity, or misanthropy. Yet virtuous habits, which secure to mortals the greatest share of content and peace, compatible with their present and future well-being, are daily sacrificed at the unhallowed shrine of ambition, without compunction or remorse.

The goodness of God, which should lead to repentance, is still amply manifested toward his rational offspring. He is yet merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great compassion. He causeth his sun to rise and shine on the just, and on the unjust, and sends rain and fruitful seasons to fill his people's hearts with joy and gladness. Every step we take through the wide hall of nature, brings us in contact with fresh manifestations of his bounteous care, and unwearied beneficence. The deep blue sea, whether reposing in stillness, or heaving its billows in terrific grandeur, speak forth his wonder-working hand, and myriads of its finny inhabitants are subservient to the use of man. The moon from her throne—the sky—and the countless stars that spangle the vault of night, proclaim his power, and sound his lasting praise. Then why should man be so recreant to his own eternal interest, as to withhold his little tribute of adoration, praise, and love.—"God so loved the world as to give his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have everlasting life." The man who despises this boon, however dignified his station, or however splendid his talents, is "poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked," in comparison with the lowest cotter on God's footstool, who has bowed to the sceptre of Immanuel, by obedience, and laid up treasures in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break not through nor steal." The death of the latter shall be peace; but alas, for the former. He lives without God, and without hope in the world.

Passion urges him earthward, 'rest of trust,
 In joyless union, wedded with the dust,
 Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower.

Is part second to be a sermon? No, courteous reader, the above remarks are necessary to my purpose, and I have quoted a text or two, for thy special benefit, before returning to Frank Kirkland, whom we left parting with his steady, staunch, and tried friend—the widow. By the aid of her counsels, and by observing a few simple rules in the regulation of his conduct, he had economized time, which had been devoted to mental improvement, with a view to future usefulness. His early habits and pursuits were the antipodes to the busy, bustling scenes of the warehouse and the store, but all impediments were eventually surmounted by patient industry and perseverance—the native resources of a vigorous mind. Honesty and integrity confer dignity on any station, it matters not how humble it may be; and these attributes of his character were duly appreciated, for he had been raised from a very subordinate situation, to one of trust and emolument.

This brings us to that critical period of Frank's life, when the strength and solidity of early instilled precepts were to be experimentally tested, by coming into contact with good and evil, in various shapes, forms, and modifications. The comfort of the future depends much upon healthy action when *launching out*, which forms an important epoch in each individual's history. Choice, duty, and necessity, combine to lead him beyond the previously circumscribed circle in which, in the green days of his joyous existence, he sheltered beneath the wing of parental care and solicitude, when incapable of estimating the depth and fervor of a mother's love, or a father's provident care and anxiety. He must forego the converse of the domestic circle, to hold communion with the world, to depend upon his own exertions and resources for present subsistence and a future settlement; to succeed in any, or all of these undertakings, great circumspection and diligence is necessary.

At all events, while virtue predominates, the relative duties of life are performed from a deep and abiding sense of future responsibility; whatever may be the issue of one's efforts, he can look into the sanctuary of the heart, without the dread of encountering the accusations of an awakened conscience. Opposing circumstances are dreaded by man, yet, strange as it may seem, these often promote his best interest. They rouse and call into operation the energies of his nature, and stimulate him to industry and activity, and when the head and hands are both kept busy, the feet find little latitude on the broad and beaten path of folly.

Prosperity and ease are sighed after as the palladium of human felicity, yet these, through all of the past, have strewn the shores of time with myriads of victims—and are likely to do so, till human nature is completely changed.

Time is an invaluable blessing, and when properly applied, secures to man the unfading joys of eternity. Virtue is a celestial treasure, the brightest jewel in the crown of human glory. It imparts to him who bends to its authority, and practices its precepts, however high or however humble his station may be, power to subdue and reign over his own passions, an achievement which will be of more account on the day of doom, than the brightest conquests of the most illustrious Caesar that ever lived.

By poring and dreaming over the overwrought, wire-drawn, and unnatural fiction of romance, time is not only spent unprofitably, but prostituted to the very worst of purposes. The foundations of virtue are thus sapped at the very outset of life. Habits of industry and activity, give way to languid

sensibility, peevishness, discontent, and love of novelty. The common occurrences of our every-day world, are not accordant with such a state of mind; and hence, vain amusements, exhibitions, games and feats are sought after for gratification, and as "fowls of a feather always flock together," it is more than probable that the converse at such gatherings will not be either instructive or edifying. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," says the apostle to the Gentiles. Under such baleful influence, the whole head becomes sick, the whole heart faint, till the whole man—soul, body and spirit—exhibits a sad picture of our fallen and degraded nature.

Frank's prospects at the commencement of his career were very flattering, and the future was, to fancy's eye, full of hope and promise. Earth, arrayed in the robes of summer, seemed beautiful, indeed, and no cloud appeared on the horizon. Under such circumstances the grave *homilies* of age and experience, about the deceitfulness of the world, the seductive and debasing blandishments of pleasure, the uncertainty of life, and consequently of all things terrestrial, and so on, generally meet with a cold reception, if listened to at all. Man, to learn effectually, must feel; and when one suffers punishment for his folly, it will be well for him, if he turns from that which is evil to do good.

The native goodness of Frank's heart, and his contracted knowledge of mankind, led him to confide too much in the hypocritical professions of some, whose real character *older heads* would have detected and exposed, without violating that charity which *thinketh no evil*. A few of this stamp, by smooth words and fair speeches, about the beauty of virtue, morality, integrity and honor, *wormed* their way into Frank's affections, and led him insensibly astray, till he had frequently overleaped the barriers of virtue, to trespass on forbidden ground. Strictly speaking, he was not a "man of pleasure, nor a votary of Bacchus," but in his aberrations he had dallied in the bowers of the former, and offered a little incense at the shrine of the latter. Such desires, if not checked soon, attain the mastery over man's nature, and impart to it the stamp of perdition.

Fortunately, Frank paused in time to consider what he was, and what he was likely to become, by continuing on in his present career of thoughtless folly. He had squandered money, and sacrificed time, in seeking pleasure—to lose content—and in gratifying gross sensual appetites, which, like the grave, still cried, give, give, it is not enough. The legitimate results of such things were the pity and contempt of the wise and the good, and the consequent loss of character, credit, and reputation with society. Struck by such

momentous considerations, he resolved forthwith to act with cautious circumspection, and accordingly declined an invitation given by some of his late associates to attend a party, where fun, feast and gay carousal were expected to "drive dull care away." Impertunity and flattery changed not his fixed resolve; and ridicule—which taxed him with becoming *righteous overmuch*, by having drunk in the pious preachings of an old lady—the widow—was also ineffectual. Such conduct was said to be unphilosophical, nay, ridiculous, in a young person, inasmuch as it unfitted him for enjoying the sports, pleasures, and pastimes suited to his nature, and hence men of erudition, and possessing minds of the *strongest calibre*, had rejected and denounced religion, as being too narrow and contracted for "exalted reason, and the dignity of human nature."

From Frank's late experience, such sophistry was altogether powerless; and regarding the *say so's* of great men about religion, he took them at full value as opinions, but reserved to himself the right of searching, acting and judging in a matter of such momentous import, both in time and in eternity. But as ingratitude had no place in his heart, he could not, without feelings of pain, listen to, nor longer keep company with, those who stigmatized his best earthly friend, to whom we now gladly turn.

The protracted indisposition, and decease, of the respected individual, who solicited the fostering care of the widow in Maryland, and the pressing entreaties of the survivors, had prolonged her stay beyond all previous calculation. By chance, or otherwise, she came in contact with a family from the "auld sod," who gained a livelihood from cultivating the soil, remote from the hum, bustle, and snares of the crowded city.

A young lady belonging to this family, accompanied the widow to Philadelphia, for the ostensible purpose of visiting another sister, who was married to a citizen of Princeton, (N. J.) On her return from that quarter, it was agreed that the young lady was to partake of Mrs. Heatherton's hospitality, and see the *wonders* of nature, art, and beauty of this far-famed city.

When one who has been conspicuous for virtue, deviates from the *straight line*, a hundred eyes are on him, and plenty of tongues are ready to trumpet forth the dereliction. The *tailleurs and busy bodies* were at it, and bright ideas followed each other in rank and file, at double quick rate.

"I wonder what the Scotch lady will think of her sober, pious, innocent, now," said one.

"Aye," rejoined another, "smooth water runs deep, but he never deceived me; I still

thought that same chap had a roguish twinkle in his eye."

Miss Dounder Flaxbotham, a spinster of Celtic origin, thought it most proper to discuss matters appertaining to *this matter* with Mrs. Heatherton in *propria personæ*. As old maidens, generally speaking, are more above board, and less fond of ceremony than young maids, Miss Dounder thus began—

"Nae doubt ye'll be surprised and vex'd too, at Frank's conduct; nay, woman, I could nae hae believed that ane puttin' forth such fair blossoms, should bear sic' unhallowed fruit, or let the evil one gain such mastery over him. Gude keep us a' frae skaith. Wha kens but he may hae deluded some weak trusting creature, who has not wit enough to keep the artfu' worthless race at bay."

The widow vainly attempted to bring her to the point, by stating charges which she could substantiate against her friend, but she only commenced a new crusade against the "lords of creation." On being informed that such conduct was highly indecorous in one come to her time o' day, she left, in high dudgeon.

There is a majesty and native dignity in the easy bearing of virtue, which more forcibly than words reproves the transgressor. Frank experienced this as his eye met the widow's, after a cordial salutation, and was abashed and silent. The cautious matron soon guessed the workings of his mind, and tapping him gently on the shoulder, said, "a groat for thy thought."

"Thou shalt have it free of charge, mother," said Frank;—"I was only thinking on the folly of nian, as it is daily exhibited in seeking happiness where the Almighty has not placed it, and how much real enjoyment he loses in pursuing vain chimeras, by not exercising proper habits of reflection.

"Right glad am I, that thou art thus employed. Man is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made, gifted with reason, and many mental properties susceptible of high improvement. He enters this world and commences his pilgrimage to the grave, from which he must rise to inconceivable joy, or to anguish unutterable. Through the avenues of sense, he receives ideas from external nature in endless variety, and from innumerable sources. Attention, without which nothing praise-worthy can be accomplished, is indispensably necessary to improvement. Knowledge comes thus through sensation, or perception by the senses, and reflection is defined as the 'act of looking back, reading, and comparing the records of memory.' By the proper exercise of these powers, aided and enlightened by divine truth, man's nature receives the highest polish it is capable

of, in this imperfect state. If the noble powers which the Creator has lavished on man, be perverted, and misapplied to ignoble purposes, the fault lies with the recipient, and awful will be his responsibility, when the angel of Judgment swears that time shall be no longer."

Frank nodded assent, and she proceeded—"In the prime of youth and vigor, it is not fitting that man should be alone. Hast thou never thought seriously of choosing a partner from among the daughters of men? One who would sooth thy sorrows, and share thy cares, caution thee against the snares of life, and strengthen thee to overcome its temptations, and the glistening baubles that lure the soul from the love and practice of good; and nourish, and minister to thy comfort in sickness, and rejoice with thee in health, would be worth the wooing and winning. What thinkest thou?"

"Just as thou hast thought and spoken, mother," replied Frank. "But where is such an one to be found. I see one in my dreams by night, and fancy pictures by day a lovely, young, amiable being, capable of effecting all you speak of; but when I would grasp at the substance, the shadow itself vanishes, leaving behind those traces, which makes the 'heart know its own bitterness.'"

"It is as I suspected, then; your heart was engaged at an early period of life, and you remain faithful to love's first impressions?"

"Yes."

"And have you used any means to ascertain whether the object of your affection lives—where she lives—and if she entertains kindred sentiments toward you?"

"I have repeatedly wrote to the home of her childhood, under the idea that she might still be there, but have received no kind-response."

"Nor an unkind one, either, I suspect? Well, Frank, thou hast not so much 'spunk' as I credited thee for. Why dost thou not, like a true knight, set out in quest of the mistress of thy affections?"

"I have, from my situation, and the force of circumstances, been kept from revisiting my father land; but now, when opportunity offers, I will embrace it and —"

"Hold, Frank, roam not from home to seek thy joy."

"What would'st thou have me do, then?"

"Why, exercise patience a little longer. My late visit to Maryland brought me alongside of a sweet young maiden, who might perchance realize thy dreams."

"Be not too sanguine of this. How should a maiden of whom I know nothing, supply the place of one I know, and esteem for more substantial qualities than mere beauty, which

she must also possess, if I am not sadly out of my reckoning?"

"Thou must learn the 'whys' and the 'wherefores,' and likewise a part of the history of my young friend, frae her ain sweet lips, who, take my word for it, is baith 'gude an' bonnie,' for a' the world sic' another as your mither was when wedded to your father of excellent memory. Aye, Frank, her hair's like the 'lint tap,'* and her e'e o' bonnie blue, beaming from an open, intelligent countenance, with an easy, unaffected air of simple innocence, and sweet sensibility, tell more eloquently than words, that virtue dwells within. Her form, which is faultless, is just as it was cast at first in nature's mould, and her step so light as not to skait the gowan† on the flowery lea. Now, Frank, I have drawn you a faint picture, and as I am not guilty of tantalizing, I shall in a few days confront you with the original."

Pshaw! I *cannot* describe the thrilling, throbbing, blissful emotions, that heave, with tumultuous delight and joyful surprise, in the breasts of two ardently devoted to each other, when meeting in a most unexpected manner after a long and tedious separation, enhanced by ignorance of each other's location.

Nannie Gordon's parents had left, a few months after the young adventurer had quitted his native shore, and consequently had not received the love epistles of her admirer. Her fidelity to early impressions was as marked as his, and her devotion, of course, had in it more of the characteristic purity of "woman's love." Mutual explanations, and gentle chidings about things that none but lovers know, gave place to warmer sentiments, and in due time Nannie Gordon, the widow's "braw queen," became Mrs. Kirkland, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. They have long since retired from Philadelphia to the western part of the State of Pennsylvania; not to roll in affluence, ease, and indolence, but to train up a family, not to be pests of society, but honorable members thereof, when called forth to act their parts in the great drama of life. Pooh—a very easy matter this. Not so easy as you imagine, my pretty, light-hearted, smooth-browed, smiling-faced juvenile; and though it might now be a difficult matter to reason you out of your opinion, perchance time may teach you its fallacy by and by. In point of fact, the majority of mankind think wrong on this subject, else their reflections have not a salutary influence on their practice.

Folly is naturally bound up in children, and to counteract the natural effects of this, requires the greatest promptitude, watchful-

* Flax top.

† Flower of the wild Daisy,

ness, care and circumspection. By his knowledge, the skilful physician has in the treatment of diseases a decided superiority over the bungling quack, who has never made medicine nor the human frame, so wonderfully contrived and so skilfully formed, his study. Those who go to work aright in the training of children, must, of necessity, pay a supreme regard to first principles. These are, of course, simple; but are they, on this account, less efficient? No, verily—the experience of the past amply attests their efficacy. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,” says Solomon; and reason and common sense say, if you mean to raise a solid superstructure, take heed how you lay the foundation thereof. Man in the present state, is a pilgrim to eternity; and that system of education which gives him the highest elevation, physically, morally, and mentally, deserves the supreme regard of all rational creatures. To ask then for the good way and to walk therein, by throwing defective systems to the moles and bats, is therefore the incumbent duty of all who rightly appreciate the present and future welfare of their offspring. As Pope says—“Just as the tree is bent the twig’s inclined.” God and nature have assigned mothers an important share in the education of our race. In order, however, to fill this sphere properly, it is necessary that the fair sex should receive a proper education.

Nannie Gordon had received a decent share of her mother’s attention with regard to the formation of her mind, when she was but a tiny girl. Early impressions take deep root, and are never entirely eradicated. Nannie’s early lessons were all on the side of piety and virtue, and these were enforced by a blameless walk and behavior, on the part of her preceptress. Such conduct could not fail in producing beneficial results on the sweet innocent creature, who is now the affectionate wife of the hero of the foregoing story. As such, she has given pleasing evidence of the soundness of Mrs. Heatherton’s judgment in the high estimation she formed of her virtues on their first acquaintance. Mrs. Kirkland is now the blooming queen of a happy domestic circle, every member of which yields her the willing homage of the heart’s best affections. While the widow sojourned in the low vale, she was an occasional visitor at Frank’s, in order to see how her “braw chield” and his bonnie wife, and a’ the bits o’ blithe bairns were getting on, but she has now lain down where the weary find rest. Her memory is embalmed in the recollection of many a survivor; but in none so vividly as in the heart of Frank, who now delights in telling over the leading incidents

of his life, and the deep and undeserved interest she took in his welfare, watching over him when he was an alien and a wanderer in a strange land, till he rose to notice and importance in society. “Look there,” (he will say on such an occasion,) pointing to his lovely wife, and no-less lovely children, “to the native goodness of her heart I am indebted for these, and all the other blessings which under Providence I possess. Verily, True Friendship is known by its fruits—in contradistinction to all else that goes under that name!”

Penns’ Grove, Del. Co., Pa.

Original.

GERTRUDE COURTENAYE;
OR, THE HEIRESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I have too much believed mine own suspicion."
Winter's Tale.

THE father of Gertrude Courtenaye, shrewd, calculating and crafty, but, withal, honorable in his dealings and refined in his manners, had slowly amassed an immense fortune, which he was just preparing to enjoy, when a lingering and mortal illness warned him to think of the long-neglected interests of another world. Sordid to the last, however, his great anxiety was for the welfare of his only child, and strangely enough did his thoughts of approaching death blend themselves with his fears for her future condition. While he strove to detach his affections from the things of earth, he yet labored to awake in her mind a deep interest to the vain pursuits in which his life had been wasted. To him the possession of wealth had seemed the very acme of happiness, and now the chief bitterness of death was to be found in his dread lest his hoarded gains should become the prey of those harpies to whom has been given the significant name of 'fortune-hunters.' Gertrude was scarcely eighteen, when she was thus called to attend her father's dying bed. She had been deprived of her mother in infancy, and the grief which overwhelmed her, when thus anticipating the loss of her only parent, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to the impressions made by his latest words.

"Your path through life is beset with snares, my child," said the anxious father to his daughter, as she was one day watching beside him. "You have wealth—that most coveted of earthly things—and you will be wooed by the flattering tongue of many an eager suitor. But remember, Gertrude, that nature has denied you the gift which is a woman's peculiar dower. The talisman which alone can bind the heart of man—the beauty which fixes the wandering eye, and charms the roving fancy, has not fallen to your lot, my daughter; and they, who come with honied words, will seek the *heiress*, rather than the *woman*."

A pang thrilled through the heart of the weeping girl as she listened to these words. She doubted them not: for her father's voice had ever been to her as the oracle of truth, but she shrunk from the thought that all her warm affections were given but to be blighted, because they were unaccompanied by personal beauty.

"I am sorry to distress you, Gertrude," said the father, "but I would put you on your guard against the insidious coils which surround the young and unprotected heiress. I would teach you to look beneath the mask which society ever wears; to penetrate the veil which hides the hideous form of selfishness. There is no such thing as disinterested affection in this sordid world, my daughter; all our best feelings are but the result of a refinement of selfishness."

"Father, surely my mother was not beautiful," said Gertrude, timidly.

"No, Gertrude; at your age your mother was what

you now are—a gentle girl, with soft eyes and placid brow, but with no charms to attract the gaze or win the admiration of men."

"Yet you loved her, father?"

A flush crossed the pale cheek of the invalid as he replied:

"You are right, my daughter—I did love her, but not until years had made her tenderness necessary to my daily comforts, and her gentle affection an essential ingredient in life's mingled cup. You look surprised, Gertrude, but I speak the words of truth. My early days were marked by misfortune, and men are apt to increase in selfishness when the very bread they eat is only to be won by daily conflict with their fellow beings. I had become disheartened, and almost despairing. My companions—those who had set out with me on the journey of life—were all outstripping me in the career of fortune, and I only seemed destined to remain poor and friendless, when chance threw in my way one, who was rich and an orphan. I had always been a passionate worshipper at the shrine of beauty—and she had no claims to personal loveliness; I had ever admired genius,—and she was not gifted with intellectual power; but she was gentle and kind-hearted, and, above all, she was wealthy. I wooed and won her, Gertrude, but I tell you, (what I trust she never knew,) that but for her gold she never would have been my wife. Yet I did not doom her to the fate which awaits many of her sex. I did not accept her fortune, and then heap sorrow on the head of the giver. Kindness, attention, and respect, ever characterized my conduct towards her. Instead of squandering her wealth in idle pleasures, I bent my whole soul to the task of increasing its amount, and since love was thenceforth only a by-past dream, I made ambition the guiding star of my existence. I believe your mother enjoyed as much happiness as her quiet nature would allow. Habit gradually attached me to her, and when she died, I shed upon her grave the tears of unaffected sorrow. But it was her gentleness, and my sense of duty, which ensured us contentment. Our union was not founded upon that deep affection usually deemed so essential to wedded happiness. You will find many men who will marry from such motives as mine, but whether they will act with equal uprightness and kindness through life, is a question which can only be decided by time."

Gertrude was shocked and grieved as she listened to her father's story. His precepts alone could never have inculcated such distrust and suspicion of the world, as did his example; for the thought that he, whom she had always honored as the noblest of human beings, should have acted the deceitful part of a fortune-hunter, and that her gentle mother should have been the unconscious sacrifice to mere selfish schemes, was one of unminuted pain. Had any one but her father told her these things, she would have deemed them a base libel upon his upright character; but when thus compelled to believe that he had acted with insincerity in the most important epoch of his life, she could not but feel that the foundations of her faith in human nature were crumbling into dust. Mr. Courtenaye had succeeded in his wishes.

He had sown the seeds of distrust within the bosom of the free, frank and confiding woman, and satisfied that he had given her a safeguard against those who would despoil her of his cherished wealth, he did not observe that in teaching her to suspect others, he had made her almost despise himself.

Mr. Courtenaye was at length gathered to his fathers. A sumptuous funeral and a well-carved monument, (which displayed a long list of virtues that *ought* to have belonged to the deceased,) were the *last luxuries* purchased for him by his great wealth. For a few days the death of one of the richest men in the city was discussed in Wall-street—conjectures as to the actual amount of his estate were hazarded by a few of his contemporaries, and then—the busy, bustling, money-making merchant was forgotten.

The closing scenes of her father's life had made a deep and lasting impression upon Gertrude Courtenaye. During the year, which she spent in decorous seclusion after his death, she had ample leisure to ponder over his last advice, and, while the remembrance of his petty selfishness weakened her filial regret for his loss, it also confirmed her feelings of distrust towards society. These feelings were increased by her discovery of a scheme which her guardian had formed to secure her fortune by marrying her to his son, and long before she attained the age which ensured her the actual possession of her wealth, the heiress was almost a misanthrope. She had no faith in any one. She looked upon her female friends as interested and designing in all their views, while the opposite sex seemed to her only as robbers in disguise. Yet she possessed too much of her father's craft to allow her peculiar notions to be discovered. Society was essential to her enjoyment, and she delighted to draw around her a circle who could amuse her idle hours, or gratify her love for conversation, while in her heart she despised every member of it, and believed all to be actuated by some sordid motive. No one who looked upon her cheerful and pleasant countenance, would have suspected that so much unfeminine distrust lay concealed within her heart. But for this trait in her character, Gertrude Courtenaye was worthy to be both admired and beloved. She was not beautiful, but eyes full of expression and a complexion as pure as the lily, would have redeemed from the charge of ugliness, features far less regular than her's. An accident in her infancy had slightly deformed her figure, but this was a scarcely perceptible defect, while her exquisitely-formed hands and feet bore testimony to the symmetry which might have been her's, but for this misfortune. Her temper was naturally cheerful and full of kindness, but her father's warnings, corroborated as they had been by her guardian's crafty designs upon her fortune, wrought a permanent change in her character. Hitherto she had been so habituated to the possession of wealth that she never thought of valuing it. Like the common blessings of air and light, which people enjoy without reflecting upon them as benefits, fortune was to her a daily good, and the comforts which it afforded were scarcely regarded because so familiar to her habits of life. But she now beheld her position in a new light. She had

been taught to look upon her riches as her only attraction in society, and the belief that nobleness of character could only shine out in the light of beauty or the glitter of gold, tended to cherish a bitterness of spirit and a contempt of her fellow beings, which was strangely at variance with the natural frankness and trustfulness of youth. He who taught her this false and painful lesson had known little of the inner life of human nature. To the eye of the mere worldling the worse features of humanity alone are visible; the finer points of character are too delicate for his depraved sight, and, when such an one pretends to utter axioms, they must be false and sensuous. Many a far less attractive woman than Gertrude Courtenaye has won the earnest and endearing love of a noble heart—many a gentle girl, on whose brow the roving gaze of admiration never once rested, has been the cherished object of life-long affection. It is the beauty of mind and heart which illumines the countenance with the most lasting loveliness, and, but for the distrust which was fast mildeewing the fine gold of her noble nature, Gertrude, in despite of her want of beauty, would have been numbered with the lovely and the loving. Yet she had imbibed the poisoned draught and thenceforth the music of a lover's tones and the sunshine of a lover's looks seemed to her but as the syren song and meteor-fire which lure only to destroy.

Yet there was one person in whom the heiress placed the most implicit confidence. Albert Beresford was the orphan son of her father's dearest friend, and from his earliest infancy had been her father's ward. Mr. Courtenaye had bestowed on the destitute boy all the advantages of an excellent mercantile education. When he had attained a suitable age, he made him his confidential clerk, and finally sent him, in the capacity of agent, to France, where he had resided for some years previous to his benefactor's death. Albert had been the companion of Gertrude's childhood, and the associations of that period had not been forgotten. She knew, also, that he possessed the entire confidence of her cautious father, and if there was a creature upon earth whom she could have ventured to trust, it certainly was her early friend. After Mr. Courtenaye's death, Beresford remained in Paris to settle the affairs of the commercial house, and as much time was required to close up the affairs of so extensive a concern, he was detained during several successive years. During all this time it was necessary that a regular correspondence relating to business should be carried on between the young heiress and her agent abroad, since she was far too careful to entrust the management of her affairs to any third person. The letters that passed between them soon lost the grave tone of business, and became rather like the cordial interchange of friendly sentiments. If Gertrude was charmed with the vivacity and sport of Albert's graphic sketches of Parisian life, he was no less struck with her clear-sightedness, the good sense, the noble sentiments which characterized the epistles of his early play-fellow. He remembered her first as a merry, dark-eyed child, then as the awkward and somewhat boyish school-girl, but he could not bring to his mind

the image of the intelligent, educated woman, whose written words were treasured in his heart. Albert was not in love with a creature formed by the magic art of memory and attired in the gorgeous drapery of imagination. He retained a vague idea that she had never been a pretty child, and therefore he did not bestow on her the attribute of beauty, but he certainly was disposed to believe her a very charming woman.

Gertrude had passed the fresh and joyous days of girlhood—she was approaching to the summer of her days, and had already counted her fifth lustre, when she welcomed the return of her early friend to his native land. Beresford had eagerly flown to meet her whom he had so long admired from afar, and, if he felt some disappointment as he looked on her plain features, it was soon forgotten in the pleasure which he derived from her warm welcome and the charm of her agreeable manners. But Gertrude found all her most romantic visions fully realized in the personal appearance of her long absent friend. Cast in the finest mould of manly beauty, Albert Beresford was certainly one of the handsomest men of his age, while his graceful deportment and the elegant style of his dress added the advantages of art to those of nature. The consciousness of her personal defects made Gertrude peculiarly susceptible to the spell of beauty. I have often thought that the '*doctrine of compensations*,' as it is called, is as fully shown in this as in most other points. Those who possess the exquisite gift of beauty, though taught by vanity to value it at its full amount *in themselves* are rarely alive to its existence in the natural world around them. The mental vision seems to contract itself to suit the one object of habitual contemplation, and the beauty of a picturesque scene in nature, the effect of light and shadow, and especially the loveliness of the human face divine, is very apt to escape those who are accustomed to associate the idea of beauty only with their own features. But they, who have been sent into the world without the impress of that signet which demands the homage of all who behold it—they, who cannot look into their mirror to behold beauty—are peculiarly sensitive to its presence in the world around. They have been gifted with a *perception of the beautiful*, and perhaps they have more actual enjoyment in contemplating the loveliness of a handsome woman than she can experience from its possession; just as a stranger feels more vivid delight in gazing upon a fine picture than does its owner who has become habituated to its beauty.

When the being whom Gertrude had so long regarded as almost the sole possessor of integrity and honor, appeared before her in such noble guise, it may easily be supposed that she was not insensible to his merits. Had Beresford only known Gertrude in society, he would probably never have thought of loving her, for her manners were quiet even to coldness, and no one could have discovered under her calm exterior the riches of a warm and affectionate nature. But he alone possessed the key which could unlock the treasure of her heart and mind. His eye could melt the ice-bound stream of feeling, and his hand could wake the statue into life, and long ere he had allowed himself to yield to the impulses of

his own heart, he had reason to believe that his suit, if proffered, would not be rejected. But Beresford was a man of high-toned feeling and noble principles. A jealous regard for honor was the prominent trait in his character, and if this regard was carried almost to the point of folly, it was at least a noble fault. Had Gertrude been poor and friendless, he would not have been so long in doubt as to the nature of his feelings; but he distrusted himself, and while conscious that she was dearer to him than all the world beside, he yet scrutinized the recesses of his own heart lest some of the baser coin of selfish interest should have mingled itself with the rich treasure of his affections. He asked himself again and again the question—"If she were the child of poverty instead of affluence would she be the object of my choice?" and again and again, his reason, his judgment, and his heart answered in the affirmative. In strength of character, in nobleness of sentiment, in warmth of feeling, he had met with none to surpass her; and the dark eyes which lighted up with pleasure at his approach, the soft cheek which bore its richest tint when he looked upon it, and the lip which ever smiled when it uttered gentle words to him, made him feel that love has power to beautify as well as bless. With feelings as far removed from blind and foolish fondness, as from selfish and gold-bought preference, he at length wooed the distrustful daughter of wealth. A manly tenderness, rational affection, and a proper appreciation of her many virtues were the gifts which he offered; and the heart which had so long and unconsciously cherished his image was gladly yielded to his prayer. All distrust, all suspicion was forgotten, and Gertrude Courtenaye with a frankness as womanly as it was lovely, freely bestowed her hand upon her lover.

Of course all the world was filled with surprize. Rumor had plenty of occupation in spreading the news of Miss Courtenaye's approaching marriage, and people were never done wondering by what means Mr. Beresford had succeeded in evading her vigilant suspicions. Of course, not one in ten gave him credit for sincere affection. He was looked upon only as more adroit than others, in his mode of pursuit; and those who envied him his prize in the lottery of life, did not hesitate to aver that the thousands of the young heiress had been expended in the purchase of a handsome slave. But these things reached not the ears of the lovers. They were married with all the splendor which suited the bride's fortune, and, among the "dear five hundred friends" who graced the nuptials, though some coveted the lady's Brussels lace and diamonds, while they envied her the handsome bridegroom, yet nothing was heard but compliments and congratulations. How fortunate it is for society, that real life affords no Palace of Truth, whose chrystal walls reflect persons not as they *seem*, but as they *are*, and echo not with the words, but with the *sentiments* of the courtly speakers!

Gertrude's marriage made no change in her course of life. Her house, already magnificently furnished, had long been under the charge of an elderly lady, whom she had selected as a companion, when she left her

guardian; and Mr. Beresford found himself at once installed as master of a well-ordered and luxurious household. A few days after their marriage, Gertrude proffered him a deed of gift, securing to him the sum of fifty thousand dollars. It was a munificent present, but it awakened a painful feeling in his bosom, for it seemed like an avowal of distrust and separate interests between them. The decided manner in which he refused the paper, betrayed his dissatisfaction, and Gertrude, influenced, at that time, wholly by her affection, willingly gave him credit for noble independence of character.

Mr. Beresford was long in discovering his wife's weakness. When it was suggested that he should continue to transact the business of her large estate, which required the constant attention of some agent, and that a certain per-centage on the income should be his compensation, he looked upon the plan as devised by her to secure to him personal independence. When he found that Mr. Courtenay's will had shut out the husband of his daughter from any participation in her fortune, except such as she was willing to allow, he looked upon it only as the effect of an old man's caution. When he learned that Gertrude, not content with his report of her affairs, expected to behold the accounts, and examined them as carefully as if she had no confidence in her agent: when he found her closely calculating *cents*, even while she lavishly threw away *dollars*, he began to suspect the existence of some traits of character which he had not previously discovered. But he drove the unpleasant thought from his mind, and consoled himself with the belief that the excessive prudence which she had learned when a lonely and unprotected orphan, would give place to entire confidence in her husband.

Indeed, with regard to pecuniary affairs, Mr. Beresford erred as widely on the side of carelessness, as did his wife on that of caution. Utterly regardless of money, he spent it as fast as he earned it, and while he was scrupulously correct with regard to the property of others, took no care of his own. Gay, jovial, and fond of pleasure, though free from the contamination of vice, charitable without being considerate, and generous without being provident, he was exactly one of those men who never become rich. Money never staid in his hands long enough to increase, and if he despised any one weakness more than another, it was the niggardly spirit of a miser. But the very generosity of temper which rendered him so careless in money-matters, made him somewhat impatient of the thralldom in which he was held by his over-cautious wife. He did not want to squander her money, but he could not bear the idea of being regarded as the possessor of unlimited wealth, while he was, in fact, only her steward, obliged to render strict and close account of every thing to the actual owner. It is true, Gertrude was not deficient in liberality, but there was always something to remind him that he was receiving gifts from her hand, and this was a sore trial to his proud and sensitive temper.

At length he determined to engage in business, and, at least, *appear* independent. His credit, based upon

her vast fortune, stood him instead of capital, and, contrary to Gertrude's wishes, who saw nothing to gain, but much to lose by the plan, he embarked in a scheme which afforded every prospect of success. But led away by his sanguine temper, he went one step too far, and the consequence was a total failure of his project. In little more than a year after he commenced business, he found himself burdened with a heavy debt, which he saw no means of paying, except by the assistance of his wife's estate.

Beresford was sanguine, imprudent, and credulous, but he was high-spirited and proud. He dreaded to confide his troubles to Gertrude, for he knew that he had acted contrary to her wishes, in undertaking his unfortunate design, and he could not bear to confess that her prognostications had been realized. He rather avoided her presence, and plunged into society to dissipate the painful thoughts that crowded upon him. Had he been better acquainted with her distrustful character, he would have been wise enough, perhaps, to disarm her by perfect frankness, but in the vain hope of arranging his affairs, he delayed this confidence, until Gertrude, whose suspicions had been awakened by his reserve, learned from general rumor of his embarrassment. Mortified and vexed, she brooded over the tidings in sullen silence, determined never to ask the confidence to which she felt herself entitled, and awaiting the moment when his necessities should compel him to seek her assistance. All her old distrust had been aroused by her husband's recent conduct. A little of the despotic feeling, which perhaps ever accompanies the consciousness of power, influenced both her affections and her manners. She would have blushed to acknowledge that she felt herself entitled to her husband's gratitude, and yet she certainly allowed herself to expect an unusual degree of consideration from one on whom she had bestowed so much. Mr. Beresford, harrassed by debt, annoyed by daily demands which he was unable to meet with prompt payment, surrounded by luxuries which only seemed to aggravate his trouble of mind, was like a man living in a gold mine yet perishing with want. He became peevish, excitable and morose. He saw himself compelled to be a dependant on his wife's generosity, and his proud spirit revolted at the necessity; until by an error, common among men, his loathing of the task which he was compelled to perform almost made him look with dislike upon the person who had prescribed it.

At length the long-dreaded explanation could no longer be deferred. Too haughty in his temper to make any concessions, he related his embarrassments in the tone of a man who felt rather ill-used by being obliged to explain them. He would not seem to deprecate her displeasure and ask her aid, and therefore he spoke as if he almost defied the one and despised the other. This was not the manner calculated to conciliate the distrustful, and calculating wife. Coldly, and without comment, she listened to his tale. When he had finished, she arose, and, unlocking a cabinet, produced the deed of gift which three years previous he had refused. "I know you better than you know yourself,"

Albert," said she gravely; "you might as well have taken the money at first, without any parade of independence. If the sum herein named will cover your debts, use it for that purpose; if it is *not* sufficient, you can call upon me for more. But remember it is the *last time* that my money shall be wasted in paying *your obligations*. My father endeavored to guard against the very contingency which has now occurred, and I respect his will too highly to violate it a *second time*."

Mr. Beresford listened in perfect silence to these cutting words, but his lip trembled and his cheek grew ashy pale. Gertrude was as calm as if no internal emotion was at work within her, and yet at that very moment she was tortured by distrust, and stung by wounded affection.

"My father warned me," continued she, in a slightly tremulous tone; "he warned me of my danger, but I heeded him not. I was fool enough to forget his counsels while listening to the voice of a weak heart, and verily I have had my reward."

Beresford understood the taunt, for more than once in their moments of confiding love, had Gertrude repeated to him her father's dying words. Turning suddenly towards her, he grasped the paper which she held, and thrusting it among the glowing embers, crushed it down with his iron heel until it was consumed to ashes.

"Thus perish all your gifts," muttered he, as he strode hastily from the room. Gertrude stood in the attitude of mute amazement until she heard the hall door violently closed, then turning to the window, she beheld her husband hurrying with blind speed through the darkening twilight. Perhaps she felt that she had been too hasty, and that on his return she would soothe his irritated feelings, but she was not one to allow her emotions to trace themselves upon her brow, and no one could have suspected her anguish of mind on that eventful evening. She had invited a party, and of course was obliged to appear the agreeable hostess during many weary hours, yet her smile was as pleasant, and her manners as quiet as usual. It was not until the door had closed upon the last of her guests, and the dawn of morning broke upon the lonely and terrified wife, that her stern courage at length gave way. Tears, bitter tears came to her relief, and vainly did she struggle with her fears for her husband's safety. He came at length, but his return while it allayed her fears, excited her deep displeasure; for his haggard look and soiled garments *seemed* to tell a tale of midnight orgies. Had she known more of human nature, she might have suspected that mental agony had produced this appearance of debauch.

But Mr. Beresford gave her no opportunity of demanding an explanation. He locked himself in a remote apartment during the whole day, and on the following one, though he once more appeared at table, he never looked at his wife, nor addressed to her a syllable. It was not until the fourth morning that he shewed any disposition to notice her presence. He lingered a moment in the breakfast-room, as if desirous of speaking with her, but servants were present, and Gertrude, feeling outraged and insulted, and determined not to ad-

vance one step towards a reconciliation, afforded him no opportunity of seeing her alone. Quietly drawing her embroidery frame towards her, she applied herself to the careful formation of a rose leaf, with a hand as firm as if the pulse was not fluttering like a frightened bird. Beresford paused a moment on the threshold; she did not raise her head, although she knew her husband's eye was fixed upon her, and the next moment, with a half-futtered execration upon his lips, he was gone. What a parting for those who had vowed unchanging faith and love at the holy altar—for those whose heads had reposed on the same pillow—whose hearts had once throbbed in perfect unison.

That night Gertrude hid her agony in the solitude of her chamber, but could mortal eye have penetrated into her seclusion, she might have been seen lying like a crushed worm upon the rich carpet, weeping almost in tears of blood over the last words ever addressed to her by her husband:

"You have taunted me with selfishness, Gertrude!" (such were the words of his letter,) "you have heaped upon me a reproach I cannot bear; and now I go to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. The luxuries of my wife's fortune have not enervated the mind nor weakened the hand of him who, if he was fool enough to barter his independence, was at least proud enough to regain it when his thralldom became ~~too~~ heavy to be borne. Had you possessed the Indies as a dower, I would not have wedded you unless my heart went with my hand. I did love you, Gertrude, fondly and fervently; I loved you for the virtues which I deemed were yours, but you have long outraged my affection by your distrust, and now you insult my sense of honor by your vile suspicions. Henceforth I leave you to the enjoyment of the wealth which you value at so inordinate a price. My life will be a solitary and laborious one, but I shall at least be independent. Mr. Westford, to whom I have confided my whole story, and in whose employ I am now about to sail for Canton, is the only person acquainted with the circumstances of our separation. Give it what coloring you please to the eyes of the world. The opinion of society may be of importance to you—it is of none to me, and therefore let them revile me if they please. Do not look for my return. I have sworn never to revisit America until I have *won a fortune*, and the snows of many winters must fall on my head ere that can be accomplished. If we ever meet again it will be as strangers, for time will long ere then have written strange characters on the brows of both."

Anguish, remorse, dismay, were in the heart of Gertrude as she read this cruel letter. Her eyes were opened when too late, and she felt that she had driven from her a kind and loving heart which would have cherished her through life. But the die was cast—he was gone, and his affection was changed into bitterness. In vain she wrote to implore his return. Months elapsed before her letters reached him, but time had no softening influence on the indurated bosom of the offended husband. His delicate sense of honor had been too deeply wounded, and he spurned the thought of again taking up the golden fetters.

Many years have elapsed since the events just recorded. Mr. Beresford's debts, which had been assumed by his friend, Mr. Westford, were paid in half yearly instalments until not a claim existed against him. He amassed a splendid fortune, but he never again beheld the shores of his native land. His health had been injured by change of climate and excessive application to business, and after an absence of nearly twenty years, he died on the return voyage, bequeathing to public charities the whole of his wealth, with the exception of a legacy to his wife, intended (as the will stated) to compensate for all expenses incurred *for* or *by* him during their early married life.

Gertrude Beresford is now old, withered and grey—a decrepid, ghastly crone, whose feeble steps are slowly bearing her onward to “the valley of the shadow of death!” The distrust which poisoned her early happiness, has wrought its baleful work upon her character in later life. Her temper, embittered by sorrow, has become irritable as well as suspicious, and while she looks upon all with the eye of doubt, she finds that her ‘foes’ are indeed ‘those of her own household.’ With none to *love* but many to *fear*, she is dragging out her miserable existence. Her pride of wealth has degenerated into a hoarding fondness for money, and the distrustful heiress is now that most despicable of all creatures, a female miser, clutching, with almost dying grasp, the gold which she must soon relinquish for the dust and ashes of the tomb.

Brooklyn, L. I.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

THE ESCAPE.

THE night after the rescue of the passengers and crew of the brig was to me a restless one. I could not sleep. Hour after hour I lay in my hammock eagerly courting repose, but unable to find it, for the images of the past crowded on my brain, and kept me in a feverish excitement that drove slumber from my pillow. My thoughts were of my boyhood,—of Pomfret Hall,—of my early schoolmate—and of his little seraph-like sister, Annette. I was back once more in the sunny past. Friends whom I had long forgotten,—scenes which had become strangers to me,—faces which I once knew but which had faded from my memory, came thronging back upon me, as if by some magic impulse, until I seemed to be once more shouting by the brookside, galloping over the hills, or singing at the side of sweet little Annette at Pomfret Hall.

I was the son of a decayed family. My parents lived in honorable poverty. But, though reduced in fortune, they had lost none of the spirit of their ancestors. Their ambition was to see their son a gentleman, a man of education. I had accordingly been early put to school, preparatory to a college education. Here I met with a youth of my own age, a proud, high-spirited, generous boy, Stanhope St. Clair. He was the heir of a wealthy and ancient family, whose residence, not far from Boston, combined baronial splendor with classic taste. We formed a fast friendship. He was a year or two my senior, and being stronger than myself, became my protector in our various school frays; this united me to him by the tie of gratitude. During the vacation I spent a month at his house; here I met his little sister, a sweet tempered innocent fairy, some four or five years my junior. Even at that early age I experienced emotions towards her which I am even now wholly unable to analyze, but they came nearer the sentiment of love than any other feeling. She was so beautiful and sweet-tempered, so innocent and frank, so bright, and sunny, and smiling, so infinitely superior to those of her age and sex I had been in the habit of associating with, that I soon learned to look on her with sentiments approaching to adoration. Yet I felt no reserve in her society. Her frankness made me perfectly at home. We played, sung and laughed together, as if life had nothing for us but sunshine and joy. How often did those old woods, the quaintly carved hall, the green and smiling lawn ring with

our gladsome merriment. We studied, too, together; and as I sat playfully at her feet, looking now on her book and now in her eyes, while her long silken tresses undulated in the breeze and frolicked over my face, I experienced sensations of strange pleasure unlike anything I had ever experienced. At length the time came when I was to leave this Eden. I remember how desolate I felt on that day, but how from pride in my sex I struggled to hide my emotions. Annette made no attempt to conceal her sorrow. She flung herself into my arms and wept long and bitterly. It was the grief of a child, but it filled my heart with sunshine, and dwelt in my memory for years.

I returned to school, but my playmate was always in my thoughts. In dream or awake, at my tasks or in play, loitering under the forest trees or wandering by the stream, in the noisy tumult of day or musing in the silent moonshine, the vision of that light-hearted and beauteous girl was ever present to my imagination. It may seem strange that such emotions should occupy the mind of a mere boy; but so it was. At length, however, St. Clair took sick, and died. How bitter was my grief at this event. It was the first thing that taught me what real sorrow was. This occurrence broke up my intimacy with the St. Clair family, for, young as I was, I could perceive that my presence would be a pain to the family, by continually reminding them of their lost boy. I never therefore visited Pomfret Hall again,—but often would I linger in its vicinity hoping to catch a glance of Annette. But I was unsuccessful. I never saw her again. Our spheres of life were immeasurably separated, the circles in which she moved knew me not. We had no friends in common, and therefore no medium of communication. God knew whether she thought of me. Her parents, though kind, had always acted towards me as if an impassable barrier existed betwixt the haughty St. Clairs and the beggared Cavendish, and now that their son was no more they doubtless had forgotten me. Such thoughts filled my mind as I grew up. The busy avocations of life interfered, my father died and left me penniless, and, to ensure a subsistence for my mother and myself, I went to sea. The dreams of my youth had long since given way to the sad realities of life,—and of all the sunny memories of childhood but one remained. That memory was of Annette.

It is a common saying that the love of a man is but an episode, while that of a woman is the whole story

of life, nor is it my purpose to gainsay the remark. The wear and tear of toil, the stern conflict with the world, the ever changing excitements which occupy him,—war, craft, ambition,—these are sufficient reasons why love can never become the sole passion of the stronger sex. But, though the saying is in general true, it has one exception. The first love of a man is never forgotten. It is through weal and woe the bright spot in his heart. Old men, whose bosoms have been seared by seventy years conflict with the world, have been known to weep at the recollection of their early love. The tone of a voice, the beam of an eye,—a look, a smile, a footstep may bring up to the mind the memory of her whom we worshipped in youth, and, like the rod of Moses, sunder the flinty rock, bring tears gushing from the long silent fountains of the heart. Nor has any after passion the purity of our first love. If there is anything that links us to the angels, it is the affection of our youth. It purifies and exalts the heart—it fills the soul with visions of the bright and beautiful—it makes us scorn littleness, and aspire after noble deeds. Point me out one who thus loves, and I will point you out one who is incapable of a mean action. Such was the effect which my sentiments for Annette had upon me. I saw her not, it is true,—but she was ever present to my fancy. I pictured continually to myself the approbation she would bestow on my conduct, and I shrunk even from entertaining an ignoble thought. I knew that in all probability we should never meet, but I thirsted to acquire renown, to do some act which might reach her ears. I loved without hope, but not the less fervently. A beggar might love a Princess, as a Paladin of old looked up to his mistress, as an Indian worshipper adored the sun, I loved, looked up to, and adored Annette. What little of fame I had won was through her instrumentality. And now I had met her, had been her preserver. As I lay in my hammock the memory of these things came rushing through my mind, and emotions of bewilderment, joy, and gratitude, prevented me from sleep.

I had seen Annette only for a moment, as the fatigue they had endured, had confined herself and companion to the cabin, during the day. How should we meet on the morrow? My heart thrilled at the recollection of her delighted recognition—would she greet me with the same joy when we met again? How would her father receive me? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my brain, and kept me long awake—and when at length I fell into a troubled sleep, it was to dream of Annette.

When I awoke, the morning watch was being called, and springing from my hammock I was soon at my post on deck. The sky was clear, the waves had gone down, and a gentle breeze was singing through the rigging. To have gazed around on the almost unruffled sea one would never have imagined the fury with which it had raged scarcely forty-eight hours before.

Early in the day Mr. St. Clair appeared on deck, and his first words were to renew his thanks to me of the day before. He alluded delicately to past

times, and reproved me gently for having suffered the intimacy betwixt me and his family to decline. He concluded by hoping that, in future, our friendship—for such he called it—would suffer no diminution.

I was attending, after breakfast, to the execution of an order forwards, when, on turning my eyes aft, I saw the flutter of a woman's dress. My heart told me it was that of Annette, and, at the instant, she turned around. Our eyes met. Her smile of recognition was even sweeter than that of the day before. I bowed, but could not leave my duty, else I should have flown to her side. It is strange what emotions her smile awakened in my bosom. I could scarcely attend to the execution of my orders, so wildly did my brain whirl with feelings of extatic joy. At length my duty was performed. But then a new emotion seized me. I wished and yet I feared to join Annette. But I mustered courage to go aft, and no sooner had I reached the quarterdeck, than Mr. St. Clair beckoned me to his side.

"Annette," he said, "has scarcely yet given you her thanks. She has not forgotten you, indeed she was the first to recognise you yesterday. You remember, love, don't you?" he said, turning to his daughter, "the summer Mr. Cavendish spent with us at the Hall. It was you, I believe, who shed so many tears at his departure."

He said this gayly, but it called the color into his daughter's cheek. Perhaps he noticed this, for he instantly resumed in a different tone:

"But see, Annette, here comes the captain, and I suppose you would take a turn on the quarterdeck. Your cousin will accompany him,—Mr. Cavendish must be your *chaperon*."

The demeanor of Mr. St. Clair perplexed me. Could it be that he saw my love for his daughter and was willing to countenance my suit? The idea was preposterous, as a moment's reflection satisfied me. I knew too well his haughty notions of the importance of his family. My common sense taught me that he never had entertained the idea of my aspiring to his daughter's hand—that he would look on such a thing as madness—and his conduct was dictated merely by a desire to show his gratitude and that of his daughter to me. These thoughts passed through my mind while he was speaking, and when he closed, and I offered to escort his daughter, I almost drew a sigh at the immeasurable distance which separated me from Annette. Prudence would have dictated that I should avoid the society of one whom I was beginning to love so unreservedly, but who was above my reach. Yet who has ever flown from the side of the one he adores, however hopeless his suit, provided she did not herself repel him? Besides, I could not, without rudeness, decline the office which Mr. St. Clair thrust upon me. I obeyed his task, but I felt that my heart beat faster when Annette's taper finger was laid on my arm. How shall I describe the sweetness and modesty with which Annette thanked me for the service which I had been enabled to do her father and herself—how to picture the delicacy with which she alluded to our childhood, recalling the bright hours we had spent together by the little

brook, under the old trees, or in the rich wainscoted apartments of Pomfret Hall! My heart fluttered as she called up these memories of the past. I dwelt in return on the pleasure I had experienced in that short visit, until her eye kindled and her cheek crimsoned at my enthusiasm. She looked down on the deck, and it was not till I passed to another theme that she raised her eyes again. Yet she did not seem to have been displeased at what I had said. On the contrary it appeared to be her delight to dwell with innocent frankness on the pleasure she had experienced in that short visit. The pleasure of that half hour's promenade yet lives green and fresh in my memory.

We were still conversing when my attention was called away by the cry of the look-out that a sail was to be seen to windward. Instantly every eye was turned over the weather-beam, for she was the first sail that had been reported since the gale. An officer seized a glass, and, hurrying to the mast-head, reported that the stranger was considered a heavy craft, although, as yet, nothing but his royals could be seen. As we were beating up to windward and the stranger was coming free towards us, the distance betwixt the two vessels rapidly decreased, so that in a short time the upper sails of the stranger could be distinctly seen from the deck. His topgallant-yards were now plainly visible from the cross-trees, and the officer aloft reported that the stranger was either a heavy merchantman or a frigate. This increased the excitement on deck, for we knew that there were no vessels of that grade in our navy, and if the approaching sail should prove to be a man-of-war and an Englishman, our chances of escape would be light, as he had the weather-gauge of us, and appeared, from the velocity with which he approached us, to be a fast sailer. The officers crowded on the quarter-deck, the crew thronged every favorable point for a look-out, and the ladies, gathering around Mr. St. Clair and myself, gazed out as eagerly as ourselves in the direction of the stranger. At length her topsails began to lift.

"Ha!" said the captain, "he has an enormous swing—what think you of him, Mr. Massey?" he asked, shutting the glass violently, and handing it to his lieutenant.

The officer addressed took the telescope and gazed for a minute on the stranger.

"I know that craft," he said energetically, "she is a heavy frigate,—the Ajax,—I served in her some eight years since. I know her by the peculiar lift of her top-sails."

"Ah!" said the captain; "you are sure," he continued, examining her through his glass again; "she does indeed seem a heavy craft and we have but one chance—we should surely fight her?"

"If you ask me," said the lieutenant, "I say no!—why that craft can blow us out of the water in a couple of broadsides; she throws a weight of metal treble our own."

"Then there is but one thing to do—we must wear, and take to our heels—a stern chase is proverbially a long one."

During this conversation not a word had been spoken in our group; but I had noticed that when the lieutenant revealed the strength of the foe, the cheek of Annette for a moment grew pale. Her emotion however continued but a moment. And when our ship had been wore, and we were careering before the wind, her demeanor betrayed none of that nervousness which characterized her cousin.

"Can they overtake us Mr. Cavendish?" said her companion. "Oh! what a treacherous thing the sea is. Here we were returning only from Charleston to Boston, yet shipwrecked and almost lost,—and now pursued by an enemy and perhaps destined to be captured."

"Fear not! sweet coz," laughingly said Annette, "Mr. Cavendish would scarcely admit that any ship afloat could outsail *THE ARROW*, and you see what a start we have in the race. Besides, you heard Captain Smythe just now say, that, when night came, he hoped to be able to drop the enemy altogether. Are they pursuing us yet Mr. Cavendish?"

"Oh! yes, they have been throwing out their light sails for the last quarter of an hour—see there go some more of their kites."

"But will not we also spread more canvass?"

I was saved the necessity of a reply by an order from the officer of the deck to spread our studding-sails, and duty called me away. I left the ladies in the charge of Mr. St. Clair, and hurried to my post. For the next half hour I was so occupied that I had little opportunity to think of Annette, and indeed the most of my time was spent below in superintending the work of the men. When I returned on deck the chase was progressing with vigor, and it was very evident that *THE ARROW*, though a fast sailer, was hard pressed. Every stitch of canvass that could be made to draw was spread, but the stranger astern had, notwithstanding, considerably increased on the horizon since I left the deck. The officers were beginning to exchange ominous looks, and the faces of our passengers wore an anxious expression. One or two of the older members of the crew were squinting suspiciously at the stranger. The captain however wore his usual open front, but a close observer might have noticed that my superior glanced every moment at the pursuer, and then ran his eye as if unconsciously up our canvass. At this moment the cry of a sail rang down from the mast-head, startling us as if we had heard a voice from the dead, for so intense had been the interest with which we had regarded our pursuer that not an eye gazed in any direction except astern. The captain looked quickly around the horizon, and hailing the look-out, shouted

"Whereaway?"

"On the starboard-bow."

"What does he look like," continued Captain Smythe to me, for I had taken the glass at once and was now far on my way to the cross-trees.

"He seems a craft about as heavy as our own."

"How now?" asked the captain, when sufficient space had elapsed to allow the topsails of the new visiter to be seen.

"She has the jaunty cut of a corvette!" I replied.

A short space of time—a delay of breathless interest—sufficed to betray the character of the ship ahead. She proved, as I had expected, a corvette. Nor were we long left in doubt as to her flag, for the red field of St. George shot up to her gaff, and a cannon ball ricochetting across the waves, plumped into the sea a few fathoms ahead of our bow. For a moment we looked at each other in dismay at this new danger. We saw that we were beset. A powerful foe was coming up with us hand over hand astern, and a craft fully our equal was heading us off. Escape seemed impossible. The ladies, who still kept the deck, turned pale and clung closer to their protector's arm. The crew were gloomy. The officers looked perplexed. But the imperturbable calm of the captain suffered no diminution. He had already ordered the crew to their quarters, and the decks were now strewn with preparations for the strife.

"We will fight him," he said; "we will cripple or sink him, and then keep on our way. But let not a shot be fired until I give the order. Steady, quartermaster, steady."

By this time I had descended to the deck, ready to take my post at quarters. The ladies still kept the deck, but the captain's eye happening to fall on them, the stern expression of his countenance gave way to one of a milder character, and, approaching them, he said,

"I am afraid, my dear Miss St. Clair, that this will soon be no place for you or your fair companion. Allow me to send you to a place of safety. Ah! here is Mr. Cavendish, he will conduct you below."

"Oh! Mr. Cavendish," said Isabel, with a tremulous voice, "is there any chance of escape?"

Annette did not speak, but she looked up into my face with an anxious expression, while the color went and came in her cheek. My answer was a confident assertion of victory, although, God knows, I scarcely dared to entertain the hope of such a result. It reassured my fair companions, however, and I thought that the eyes of Annette at least expressed the gratitude which did not find vent in words.

"We will not forget you in our prayers," said Isabel, as I prepared to reascend to the deck, "farewell—may—may we meet again!" and she extended her hand.

"God bless you and our other defenders," said Annette. She would have added more, but her voice lost its firmness. She could only extend her hand. I grasped it, pressed it betwixt both of mine, and then tore myself away. As I turned from them, I thought I heard a sob. I know that a tear-drop was on that delicate hand when I pressed it in my own.

When I reached the deck, I found Mr. St. Clair already at his post, for he had volunteered to aid in the approaching combat. Nor was that combat long delayed. We were now close on to the corvette, but yet not a shot had been fired from our batteries, although the enemy was beginning a rapid and furious cannonade, under which our brave tars chafed like chained lions. Many a tanned and sun-browned veteran glared fiercely on the foe, and even

looked curiously and doubtfully on his officers, as the balls of the corvette came hustling rapidly and more rapidly towards us, and when at length a shot dismounted one of our carriages and laid four of our brave fellows dead on the deck, the excitement of the men became almost uncontrollable. At this instant, however, the corvette yawed, bore up, and ran off with the wind on his quarter. Quick as lightning Captain Smythe availed himself of the bravado.

"Lay her alongside, quartermaster," he thundered.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old water-rat, and during a few breathless moments of suspense we crowded silently after the corvette. That suspense, however, was of short duration. We were now on the quarter of the enemy. The captain paused no longer, but waving his sword, he shouted "FIRE," and simultaneously our broadside was poured in, like a hurricane of fire, on the foe. Nor during ten minutes was there any intermission in our fire. The combat was terrific. The men jerked out their pieces like playthings, and we could soon hear over even the din of the conflict, the crashing of the enemy's hull and the falling of his spars. The rapidity and certainty of our fire meanwhile seemed to have paralysed the foe, for his broadsides were delivered with little of the fury which we had been led to expect. His foremast at length went by the board. The silence of our crew was now first broken, and a deafening huzza rose up from them, shaking the very welkin with the uproar.

"Another broadside, my brave fellows," said Captain Smythe, "and then lay aloft and crowd all sail—I think she'll hardly pursue us."

"Huzza, boys, pour it into her," shouted a grim visaged captain of a gun, "give her a parting shake, huzza!"

Like a volcano in its might—like an earthquake reeling by—sped that fearful broadside on its errand. We did not pause to see what damage we had done, but while the ship yet quivered with the discharge the men sprang aloft, and before the smoke had rolled away from the decks our canvass was once more straining in the breeze and we were rapidly leaving our late enemy. When the prospect cleared up we could see her lying a hopeless wreck astern. The frigate which, during the conflict, had drawn close upon us, was now sending her shots like hail-stones over us, but when she came abreast of her consort she was forced to stop, as our late foe by this time had hung out a signal of distress. We could see that boats, laden with human beings, were putting off from the corvette to the frigate, which proved that our late antagonist was in a sinking condition. Before an hour she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

I was the first one to hurry below and relieve the suspense of Annette and her cousin by apprising them of our success. A few hours repaired the damage we had sustained, and before night-fall the frigate was out of sight astern. So ended our first conflict with our enemy.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

"And I have loyed thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers."

CHILDE HAROLD.

INTRODUCTORY.

I was sitting the other afternoon before my library fire, listening to the fitful breeze without that swayed the trees to and fro before the house and moaned down in the neighbouring woods, when I suddenly recollected that the last sheets of "The Reefer" had gone to press a fortnight before, and that, consequently, my career of authorship was closed. The idea, I confess, gave me pleasure, for I am by nature an indolent man, and would at any time rather dream by a cheery fire, with my slippers on my feet reposing on my tiger-skin rug, than tie myself down to a writing-table, even though it be to record my own or my friends' adventures, and "go about the world from hand to hand." I am not ambitious. I prefer ease to reputation, quiet to turmoil, the epicurean to all other philosophy. To read my favorite authors; to indulge in reveries at the twilight hour; to gaze on fine pictures, choice statues, and tasteful rooms; to listen to the melting airs of Burns, or the glorious hallelujahs of Handel; to sport on my own grounds on a clear, bracing morning; to gallop over the wild hills and through the romantic valleys which surround my residence;—these are the enjoyments in which I delight, and which I prefer to all the reputation either the pen or the sword can give. Others may choose a more bustling life; but I have had my share of that! Give me a quiet, happy home, for there only is true happiness to be found.

Musing thus, I was unconscious of the entrance of an intruder, until I heard a slight cough beside me, and looking up, I saw my faithful servant John standing over my chair. He laid on my lap, at the instant, a copy of *Graham's Magazine* for December. As John did so, he heaved a sigh, and then, as if something was on his mind, busied himself in arranging various articles in the room. I knew by these tokens that he was desirous of attracting my attention. The woe-begone expression which he wore during all this time, amused me, for I fancied I could guess what was passing through his mind. As I quietly cut the pages of the book, I indulged him by opening the conversation.

"Well, John," I said, "it is finished. 'The Reefer' has followed my own adventures, and you will have

no more trouble in acting as proof-reader for me. Our days," and here, at the use of the plural, the old fellow grinned from ear to ear, "our days of authorship are over. I think we had better retire while our laurels are green. Are you not glad?"

"Glad! What for Massa Danforth think that? No, no," and he shook his grey head mournfully, "John *not* glad."

"And why not, John? We shall have more time to ourselves. I'm afraid," I said, looking towards the window, and endeavoring to peer through the twilight without, "I am afraid our planting is sadly behind hand—the clump of trees out yonder wants thinning—and then the water-fall is getting out of order—and Mrs. Danforth has been pleading for an addition to her garden—all this requires overseeing—and besides these, there are a thousand other things which will require our attention."

I could see that the old fellow had, with difficulty, restrained himself until I had finished; for he kept moving his body unceasingly, and once or twice had opened his mouth to speak. He now broke out—

"Nebber do, Massa Danforth, nebber do to give up authorship, take old John word for dat. You now great man—talk of in all de papers—it Massa Danforth here and Massa Danforth dare—ebbery few month you get extra puff in de prospective of de Magazine—and think you dis continue if you give ober writing? Gor amighty nebber! Ebbery body can do planting,—dere Massa Jones, Massa Tyson, Massa Smit, and de oder blockheads in de county—but you be only one hereabout been to sea, or can drive a pen ober paper like a four-in-hand, polishing skrimanges for a hundred thousand readers—for dat many Massa Graham say thumb his book ebbery month. It plain text, plain sermon. Who so big as Massa Danforth de author?—who so little, beg pardon for say it, as Massa Danforth de farmer? De public like our sleepy boy Joe in de kitchen, he nebber know any one alive, unless dey keep bawling, bawling in his ear all de time."

"But what am I to do?" said I, smiling at his earnestness, and peculiar style of illustration. "Even if I wished to continue an author, I could not. My own adventures are published, so are those of the

Reefer,—if I go on, I must—to say nothing of the trouble—draw on my fancy, and that, you know, wouldn't do. I always bear in mind what honest Sancho Panza says—'Let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.'

"Massa Sanka Pancer had better keep his advice to himself, dat my mind—I nebber saw him here, or read his name in de papers, and he derefore no great shakes—but I no see dat dere be an accessory for any fiction about it. Ah! I hab him—I hab him. I think of a new feature."

"A new feature! Well—let's hear it."

"But first, dere be accessory for a story. Once Massa know I be a poor scoundrel in newspaper office—hard life dat, where kicks plenty and dinners scarce—and ebbery now and den when editor pushed to de wall for cash, he say in his paper dat de next day he come out wid a new feature. Well, ebbery body, besure, be on tip-toe. Office run down next mornin for paper. Massa editor fill his pockets for once anyhow—no trouble, little cost, all wit do it. How? He put in new head to his paper, and call dat 'new feature.' Now, suppose Massa Danforth get a new head to 'Cruising in de Last War,' and so be author, and dat widout trouble, for anoder year. Ah! ha! dat grand stroke."

I laughed heartily at the proposal, but replied—

"That would never do, John—but I must tell Graham of your idea."

"Eh! what?—put old John in print. Gor amighty dat make him grand as de minister—not dat he care much for it—he not vain—but, but, what Massa gwine to say?"

"You'll know in good time—but at present see who knocks at the library door."

"Package forgot at post-office," said John, returning from his errand, and giving me a huge bundle of manuscript.

"Ah! what have we here? A letter from Graham, I declare. What says he?—'a valuable private history of the revolutionary times,'—'only wants a little pruning'—'thrilling adventures'—'a run unsurpassed for years'—'unequalled'—'edit it as a great favor'—and so forth. Well, let us see what it is."

"Eh! yes—see what he is. Massa Graham one *obi* man, he know de quandary we in, and send dis to settle de argument. No escape now, Massa Danforth—it little trouble—thank God! you be great man still—and de people still say as we drive out togeder, 'dare go de celebrated Massa Danforth, and his man John!'"

And now, reader, having acquainted you with the manner in which the following history came into my hands, and given you a hint as to the reasons which have induced me to appear again in print, I will take leave of you without further parley, and let the autobiographer speak for himself.

THE WRECK.

The parting word had been said, the last look had been taken, and my traps had all been snugly stowed

away in the narrow room which, for some years, was to be my home. I stood by the starboard railing gazing back on the dear city I was leaving, and, despite the stoicism I had affected when bidding farewell to my friends, I could not now prevent a starting tear. Nor did my mess-mates seem in a more sportive mood; for they could be seen, some in the rigging and some leaning over the ship's side, looking back on the well known landmarks of the town with a seriousness in the aspect which betokened the thoughts passing through the heart. Yes! we were about leaving the scenes of our boyhood, to enter on a new and untried life—and who knew if any of us would ever return again to our homes? The chances of war are at all times dreadful, but in our case they were terribly increased by the flag under which we sailed. Who could tell whether the officers of the revolted colonies might not be considered as traitors as well as rebels? Who knew but that the very first enemy we should meet would either sink us or hang us at the yard arm? And yet, firm in the righteousness of our cause, and confiding in the God of battles, there was not one of our number who, having put his hand to the plough, wished to turn back. Sink or swim—live or die—we were resigned to either destiny.

Evening was closing fast around the scene, and, even as I gazed, the town melted into gloom, Copp's Hill alone standing up in solemn majesty over the shadowy city. The distant hum of the town died fainter and fainter on the darkness, the evening breeze came up fresher across the waters, the song of the fisherman and the dip of passing oars ceased, and, one by one, the white sails of the ships around us faded away, at first seeming like faint clouds, but finally losing themselves altogether in the darkness. All around was still. The low monotonous ground swell heaving under our counter, and rippling faintly as it went, alone broke the witching silence. Not a breath of air was stirring. The boatswain's whistle was hushed, the whisper had died away; no footfall rose upon the stillness, but over shore and sea, earth and sky, man and inanimate creation, the same deep silence hung.

Gradually, however, the scene changed. Lights began to flash along the town and from the ships in port, and, in a few moments, the harbor was alive with a long line of effulgence. A half subdued halo now hung over the city. The effect produced was like that of magic. Here a ship lay almost buried in gloom—there one was thrown out in bold relief by the lights—now a tall warehouse rose shadowy into the sky, and now one might be seen almost as distinctly as at noon day. The lights streaming from the cabin windows and dancing along the bay, the swell tinged on its crest with silver, but dark as night below, and the far off sails gleaming like shadowy spectres, though the uncertain light, added double effect to the picture. And when the stars came out, one by one, blinking high up in the firmament, and the wind began to sigh across the bay and wail sadly through our rigging, the weird-like character of the prospect grew beyond description. Hour after hour

passed away and we still continued gazing on the scene as if under the influence of some magician's spell; but, at length, exhausted nature gave way, and one after another went below, leaving only those on deck whose duty required their presence. For myself, though I sought my hammock, a succession of wild indistinct dreams haunted me throughout the livelong night.

A pleasant breeze was singing through the rigging as I mounted the gangway at dawn, and the tide having already made, I knew no time would be lost in getting under weigh. Directly the captain made his appearance, and, after a few whispered words, the pilot issued his orders. In an instant all was bustle. The boatswain's whistle, calling all hands to their duty, was heard shrieking through the ship, and then came the quick hurried tread of many feet, as the men swarmed to their stations. The anchor was soon hove short; the sails were loosed; the topsails, top-gallant sails and royals were sheeted home and hoisted,—the head yards were braced aback and the after yards filled away; a sheer was made with the helm; the anchor was tripped; the gib was hoisted; and as she paid beautifully off, the foretop sail was filled merrily away, and the spanker hauled out. Then the yards were trimmed, the anchor catted, and with a light breeze urging us on, we stood gallantly down the bay. As we increased our distance from the town, the wind gradually freshened. One after another of the green islands around us faded astern; the heights of Nahant opened ahead, glanced by and frowned in our wake; and before the sun had been many hours on his course, we were rolling our yard arms in a stiff breeze, leagues to sea. Before sun-down the distant coast had vanished from sight.

My mess mates had already gathered around the table in the long narrow room which was appropriated to the midshipmen, when I dove down the hatchway after the watch had been set. They were as jovial a set as I had ever seen, and, although our acquaintance was but of twenty-four hours standing, we all felt perfectly at home with each other; and as the salt beef was pushed from hand to hand, and the jug passed merrily around, the mutual laugh and jest bore token of our "right good fellowship."

"A pretty craft, my lads," said a tall fine-looking fellow, obviously the senior of the group, and whom I had been introduced to as a Mr. O'Hara; "a pretty craft and a bold captain we have, or I'm no judge. I've been at sea before, but never in as gallant a ship as this. Here's success to *THE ARROW*—no heel-taps."

The toast was drunk with a huzza, and O'Hara continued the conversation, as if, under the circumstances, he felt that he was the only proper person to play the host.

"You're most of you green-horns, my boys—excuse the word, but 'tell the truth,' you know—and will not be good for much if this swell continues. One or two of you are getting pale already, and, if I'm not mistaken, Cavendish and I are the only two of the set that have smelt salt water before. Now,

take a word of advice. Cut into the beef like the deuce, never mind if it does make you worse, cut away still, and bye and bye, when you get all your long shore swash out of you, you'll find that you feel better than ever. We're for a long voyage, and many a hard rub you'll get before it's over, but never flinch from duty or danger—even if Davy Jones himself stares you in the face. Kick care to the wall, and be merry while you may. But always have an eye to what is due to your superiors. The captain's a gentleman. God bless him! The first lieutenant, I've a notion, is a sour sinner—never let him catch you tripping,—but you needn't mind him further, for he looks as if he ought to be tarred and feathered as the Boston boys served the exciseman. And now, lads, here's to a prosperous voyage, and let's turn in, one and all, for I've got the morning watch, and I've a notion this breeze will have settled down into a regular hurricane, and be blowing great guns and marlin-spikes before then."

The air of easy good-humor with which O'Hara spoke, attracted me to him at once. He was evidently my senior, and had seen some service; but it was equally as evident that he affected no superiority which was not his of right. I determined to know him better.

It was still dark when I was aroused from sleep by the calling of the watch, and, hastily springing up, I soon stood upon the deck. The first glance around me proved that O'Hara's anticipations were fulfilled, for the tempest was thundering through the rigging with an almost stunning voice, driving the fine spray wildly along, and blowing with an intensity that threatened to sweep one overboard. The men, bent before the blast, and wrapped in their thick overcoats, stood like statues half seen through the mist. The night was bitterly cold—the fine spray cut to the marrow. As far as the eye could see, on every hand around us, the sea, flattened until it was nearly as level as a table, was a mass of driving foam. The binnacle lamp burned faint and dim, with a sickly halo, through the fog. Above, however, all was clear, except a few white fleecy clouds, driven wildly across the frosty stars that twinkled in the heavens. As I ran my eye along the tall taper masts, now bending like rushes in the hurricane, I saw that nearly all the canvass had been taken in, and that we were scudding before the tempest with nothing spread but a close-reefed maintopsail, a reefed fore-course, and the foretopmast staysail,—and even these, as they strained in the gale, threatened momentarily to blow out into ribbons before the resistless fury of the wind. Under this comparative press of canvass, *THE ARROW* was skimming along, seeming to outvie even the spray in velocity. And well was it that she sped onward with such hot haste!—for, on looking astern, I saw the billows howling after us, urging on their white crests in fearful proximity, and threatening at every surge to roll in over our taffrail. Wilder and wilder, more and even more fiercely they raced each other in the pursuit, like a pack of famished wolves pitching and yelling after their prey.

"Keep her so," said the first lieutenant, as he left the deck in charge of his successor, "for you see it is neck and neck with those yelling monsters astern. If the sails are blown from the bolt ropes they must go—but as the canvass is new I think they will stand."

"Ship ahoy!" shouted a look-out at this moment, startling us as though a thunderbolt had fallen at our feet, "a sail athwart hawse."

"Where, where?" exclaimed both the officers incredulously.

"Close under our fore-foot—a brig, sir."

"My God, we shall run her down," was the exclamation of the second lieutenant.

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the approaching danger, and there, sure enough, directly athwart our hawse, a small trim-looking brig was seen lying-to—the wild hurricane of flying spray, which covered the surface of the deck in places with an almost impervious fog, having hitherto concealed her from our sight. It was evident that the inmates of the brig had but just discovered us, for her helm was rapidly shifted and a few hurried orders, whose import we could not make out, were given on board of her. All, indeed, seemed confusion on the decks of the unhappy craft. Her crew were hurrying to and fro; the officer of the vessel was shouting in his hoarsest tone; two or three forms, as if those of passengers, rushed up the companion way; and to crown all, the sheets were let fly, and with a wild lurch she rolled over, and lay the next moment wallowing in the sea broadside on. I could almost have jumped on her decks. All this had passed with the rapidity of thought. Never shall I forget the shriek of horror which burst simultaneously from both vessels at this fearful crisis. Already were we close on to the brig, driving with the speed of a sea-gull with the gale, and we knew that before another moment should elapse, ay! almost before another breath could be drawn, the collision must take place. But the lightning is not quicker than was the officer of the deck.

"Port—a-port—ha—a—rd, *hard*," he thundered, grinding the words between his teeth in his excitement, and waving his hands to larboard, and the helmsman, taking his cue more from the gesture than from the words—for in the uproar of the tempest he could not hear a dozen yards to windward—whirled around the wheel, and our gallant craft, obedient to the impulse like a steed beneath the spur, swept around to starboard. For a second the ill-fated brig could be seen dancing under our stem, and then, rolling heavily around, she seemed as if she would escape, though narrowly, from her frightful position. A cry of joy was already rising to my lips; but, at that instant, I heard a crash, followed by a dull grinding noise, and simultaneously I beheld the brig come into collision with us just abaft the cathead, and, while all our timbers quivered with the shock, she whirled away astern, rolling and rubbing frightfully, and half buried in the brine. A shriek rent the air, on the instant, whose thrilling tones haunted me for days and nights, and seems even now to ring in my ears.

"God of my fathers!" I exclaimed, "every soul will be lost!"

"Heave her to," thundered the officer of the deck. "For life or death, my lads! Up with the foresail—down with your helm—brace up the after yards—set the mizzen stay sail there."

It is a libel on sailors to say they never feel. No men are more ready to aid the unfortunate. On the present occasion the crew seemed inspired with an energy equal to that of their officer, and springing to their duty performed the rapid orders of the lieutenant in an almost incredible space of time. Happily a momentary lull aided the manœuvre, and our proud craft obeying her helm came gallantly to.

"Meet her there, quarter-master," continued the officer of the deck; "set the main stay-sail—brace up the fore-yards—merrily, merrily—there she has it—" and, as these concluding words left his mouth, the manœuvre was finished, and we rode against the wind, rising and falling on the swell, and flinging the spray to our fore-yard arm as we thumped against the seas.

My first thought was of the brig. As soon, therefore, as our craft had been hove-to, I cast a hurried glance over the starboard bow to search for the unfortunate vessel. I detected her at once lying a short distance on our weather bow,—and it was evident that the injury she had sustained was of the most serious character, for even through the mist we fancied we could see that she was settling deeper in the water. Her officers were endeavoring to heave her to again; while rising over their orders, and swelling above all the uproar of the hurricane, we could hear the despairing wail of her passengers. At length she lay-to a few fathoms on our starboard bow, drifting, however, at every surge bodily to leeward. Confusion still reigned on her decks. We could see that the crew were at the pumps; but they appeared to work moodily and with little heart; and we caught now and then the sound of voices as if of the officers in expostulation with the men. A group of female figures also was discernable on the quarter-deck, and a manly form was visible in the midst, as if exhorting them to courage. At the sight a thrill of anguish ran through our breasts. We would have laid down our lives to save them from what appeared to be their inevitable doom, and yet what could we do in the face of such a tempest, and when any attempt to rescue them would only entail ruin on the adventurers, without aiding those we would preserve? As I thought of the impossibility of rendering succor to those shrinking females, as I dwelt on the lingering agonies they would have to endure, as I pictured to myself the brig sinking before our eyes, and we all powerless to prevent it, a thrill of horror shivered through every nerve of my system, my blood ran cold, my brain reeled around, and I could with difficulty prevent myself from falling, so great was my emotion. But rallying my spirits, I tried to persuade myself it was all a dream. I strained my eyes through the mist to see whether I might not be mistaken—to discover if possible some hope for the forlorn beings on board the brig. But, alas! it was in vain.

There were the white dresses blowing about in the gale as the two females knelt on the deck and clung to the knees of their protector—there was the crew mustered at the pumps, while jets of brine were pouring from the scuppers—and there were the crushed and splintered bulwarks betokening that the efforts of the men were dictated by no idle fears. I groaned again in agony. Had it been my own fate to perish thus, I could have borne my doom without a murmur; but to see fellow creatures perishing before my sight, without my having the power to succor them, was more than I could endure. I closed my eyes on the dreadful scene. Nor were my emotions confined to myself. Not a heart of our vast crew that did not beat with sympathy for our unhappy victims. Old and young, officers and men, hardy veterans and eager volunteers, all alike owned the impulses of humanity, and stood gazing, silent, spell-bound and horror-struck, on the ill-fated brig and her despairing passengers. At this instant a gray-haired man, whom we knew at once to be her skipper, sprung into the main-rigging of the wreck, and placing his hands to his mouth, while his long silvery locks blew out dishevelled on the gale, shouted,

“We—are—sink—ing!” and, as he ceased, a shiver ran through our crew.

“God help us,” said the captain, for that officer had now reached the deck, “we can do nothing for them. And to see them sink before our eyes! But yet I will not despair,” and raising his voice, he shouted, “can’t you hold on until morning, or until the gale subsides a little?”

The skipper of the brig saw by our captain’s gestures, that he had hailed, but the old man could not hear the words in the uproar of the gale, and he shook his head despondingly.

“We are sinking!” he shouted again; “there is a foot of water in the hold, and the sea is pouring in like a cataract. We have been stove.”

Never shall I forget that moment, for, to our excited imaginations, it seemed as if the brig was visibly going down as the skipper ceased speaking. His words sounded in our ears like the knell of hope. A pause of several seconds ensued—a deep, solemn, awe-inspiring pause—during which every eye was fixed on the battered vessel. Each man held his breath, and looked in the direction of the brig, as she rose and fell on the surges, fearful lest the next billow would submerge her forever. We all saw that it was useless to attempt holding any communication with her, for no human voice, even though speaking in a voice of thunder, could be heard against the gale. The two vessels were, moreover, rapidly increasing the space betwixt them,—and, although objects on the deck of the brig had been at first clearly perceptible in the starlight, they had gradually grown dimmer as she receded from us until now, they could scarcely be seen. There was no alternative, therefore, but to abandon her to her fate. The skipper of the brig seemed to have become sensible of this, for, after having remained in the main rigging watching us for several moments longer, he finally de-

scended to the deck, waving his hand mournfully in adieu.

Meantime the aspect of the heavens had materially changed. When I first came on deck, the stars, I have said, were out bright on high, with only a few scud clouds now and then chasing each other over the firmament. Even then, however, I had noticed a small black cloud extending across the western horizon, and giving an ominous aspect to the whole of that quarter of the sky. But during the last half hour my attention had been so engrossed by the events I have just related that I lost all consciousness of this circumstance. Now, however, the increasing darkness recalled it to my mind. I looked up. Already dark and ragged clouds, precursors of the vast body of vapors following behind, were dimming the stars overhead, now wrapping the decks in almost total darkness, and now flitting by and leaving us once more in a dim and shadowy light, through which the men loomed out like gigantic spectres. The wind had perceptibly decreased, while the sea had risen in proportion. The spray no longer flew by in showers, but the white caps of the billows, as they rolled up in the uncertain light, had a ghastliness that thrilled the heart with a strange emotion, almost amounting to superstitious dread. The ship strained and creaked as she rose heavily on the billows, or sunk wallowing far down in the abyss; while ever and anon the sea would strike on her bows like a forge-hammer, breaking in showers of spray high over the fore-castle, and often sending its foam as far back as the main hatchway.

The huge mass of vapors meanwhile had attained the zenith, and was rolling darkly onward towards the opposite horizon. Directly the wind died nearly altogether away, while a total darkness shrouded us in its folds. Even then, however, a few stars could be seen low in the eastern seaboard, twinkling sharp and serene, just under the edge of that ominous cloud, but casting only a faint and dreamy radiance around them, and in vain attempting to penetrate the gloom higher up in the sky. The brig was last seen to the north-west, where the darkness had become most intense. She was still doubtless in that quarter, but no trace of her could be discerned.

“It’s as black up yonder as the eye of death,” said the captain, “and I can see nothing there but a dense, impenetrable shadow—your sight is better, Mr. Duval,” he continued, addressing the first lieutenant, “can you make out any thing?” The officer shook his head. “Well, we will hail, at any rate. I would not have run afoul of them for my commission!”

The hail rung out startlingly on the night, and every ear listened for the response. No answer came.

“Again!” said the captain.

“A—ho—o—y!—Hil—lo—o—o—o!”

A second of breathless suspense followed, and then another, when we were about giving up all hope; but at that instant a faint cry,—it might have been a wail or it might not, God knows!—came floating across the waste of waters. It fell on our listening ears like a lamentation for the dead.

"Heaven preserve us!" solemnly said the captain, "I'm afraid all is over with them."

"Amen!" ejaculated the lieutenant, and for an instant there was a breathless silence, as if each was too awe-struck to speak. Suddenly the huge sails flapped against the mast, bellied out again, and then whipped backward with a noise like thunder. The effect was electric. The captain started and spoke.

"The wind is shifting," he ejaculated, holding up his hand, after having first wet it slightly; "ha! the breeze is coming from the north. It will strike by the mainmast. Let her stretch away at first, but we'll heave-to as soon as possible. I wouldn't for the world desert this neighborhood: God grant we may find some vestige of the brig when morning dawns!"

The hurried orders of the officer of the deck to prepare for the coming hurricane had scarcely been given and executed, before it seemed to us as if we could see, even amid the blackness of darkness to the north, the whirling motion of gigantic clouds, and, almost simultaneously, with a roar as of ten thousand batteries, this new tempest was upon us. Its first fury was beyond description—surpassing imagination—defying belief. It howled, shrieked, and bellowed through the rigging in such awful and varied tones, that the oldest hearts were chilled with fear. It was as if the last convulsive throes of a world was at hand. It was as if the whole fury of the elements had been collected for one last effort—as if tortured nature, made frantic by agony, had broke loose from her tormentors—as if the mighty deep itself, in horror-struck penitence, was thundering its awful "*de profundis*" on the eve of final dissolution. I could scarcely breathe, much less stand. I could only grasp a rope, fling myself almost prostrate, and await either the subsidence of the storm, or the foundering of our ship,—for, during several minutes, it appeared to me as if every second was to be our last. Torrents of water, meanwhile, swept in sheets from the crests of the billows, were whirling like smoke-wreathes along the decks,—while the ravening surges, faintly seen like shadows through the gloom, chased each other in wild and rapid succession along our sides. All was darkness, doubt and terror.

But happily the duration of the squall was proportioned to its intensity, and, in less than five minutes, the hurricane began to decrease in violence. After the lapse of a short period more the gale rapidly subsided, although its power was still considerable. Before half an hour, however, we were lying-to as near to our old position as we could attain,—having suffered no loss except that of our maintopsail, which was blown from the bolt ropes in the first moment of the squall, but with a noise which was lost in the louder uproar of the wind.

"They have never survived this," said the captain in a melancholy tone, when we were once more snugly hove-to: "how many souls are in eternity the All-Seeing Eye only knows! Keep her here," he added after a pause, turning to descend to his cabin, and addressing the officer of the deck, "and

with the first streak of light, if the gale shall have abated, as I suspect it will, cruise up to our old position, maintaining a sharp look-out in every direction. But I shall be on deck myself by that time," and with the words, taking a last but fruitless look towards the west, he went below. In half an hour the crowded decks were deserted by all except the silent watch; and no sound broke the whistle of the winds, except the tread of the men, or the cry of "all's well" passing from look-out to look-out along the decks.

With the first appearance of morning I was on deck. The gale had nearly gone down; the clouds had broken away; and the stars were out again, clear and bright, in the firmament. Yet the waves still rolled mountain high around us, now heaving their snowy crests above us in the sky, and now rolling their dark bosoms far away under our stern. Morning slowly dawned. Gradually, one by one, the stars paled on high, and a faint shadowy streak of light began to spread along the eastern seaboard. Over the boundless expanse of waters around us no living object met the eye, so that, in that dim mysterious light, the sense of loneliness was overpowering. But I had no thought then for aught except the ill-fated brig. I felt an unaccountable interest in her. It seemed as if some unknown sympathy existed betwixt me and those on board of her, as if my destiny in some mysterious manner was connected with theirs. I could not rest on deck, but ascending to the cross-trees I took my station there, and gazed out anxiously over the waste of waters. Our ship had, by this time, been put about, and we were now, as near as I could judge, in the vicinity of the spot where the collision occurred. The moment came which was either to realize or confirm my fears. A strange emotion took possession of me. My heart beat nervously, my breath came heavily, I trembled in every fibre of my system. I strained my eyes in every direction around, and, once or twice, as a billow rolled its white crest upwards, I fancied I saw a sail,—but, alas! my agitation had deceived me, and all was a blank watery waste around. For more than an hour we cruized to and fro, but in vain. As time passed and hope died away, the officers and men, one by one, left the rigging, until finally even the captain gave up the search, and issued a reluctant order to put the ship away on her course. At that instant I saw, far down on the seaboard, what seemed to me a tiny sail; but as we sank in the trough of the sea the object faded from my sight. With eager eyes, I watched for it as we rose on the swell, and—God of my fathers!—it was the long looked for boat.

"A sail!" I shouted almost in a phrenzy—"they are in sight!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck, while every eye swept the horizon in eager curiosity.

"On the lee-beam!"

"What do you make it out?"

"A ship's launch—crowded with human beings!"

"God be praised!—it is the brig's crew," ejacu-

lated the captain. "Up with your helm, quarter-master — around with her all — there she dances," and as he spoke the gallant ship wheeled around and in a few minutes the brig's launch was rocking under our bows.

The discipline of a man-of-war could scarcely suppress the loudest demonstrations of emotion on the part of the crew, when the freight of that tempest-tost launch reached our decks. The sailors of the brig were instantly seized by our tars, and borne forward in triumph, — while our superior grasped the hand of the rescued skipper with visible emotion. But when the two females, with their protector, an elderly, gentlemanly looking man, were safely landed on the quarter-deck, every eye was at once attracted to the interesting group. Both the females were young and beautiful, but one was surpassingly lovely. As I gazed on her, it seemed as if some long forgotten dream had come back to me; but in vain were my attempts to give it reality. At this instant their protector spoke in reply to a question from the captain.

"It is indeed a miracle that we are saved. The brig went down in that fearful squall, and though we had taken to the launch, as a last hope, we did not believe we should live a minute in such a hurricane. But an Omnipotent Power preserved us for some wise ends. All night long we were tossed at the mercy of the waves. We saw you long before you saw us, and thought that you had given up the search,

when suddenly your head was brought around in our direction — and here we stand on your decks. To whom are we indebted for our discovery? We owe him our eternal gratitude."

All eyes were instantly turned towards me, and the captain taking me by the hand, said,

"Mr. Cavendish has that enviable honor," at the same time presenting me.

"Cavendish!" exclaimed a silvery female voice in delighted surprise.

At the mention of that name I looked up with eager curiosity, and saw the eyes of the lovely speaker fixed upon me, as if in recognition. She crimsoned to the brow at my eager glance, and as she did so, the crowd of dim recollections in my mind assumed a definite shape, and I recognized in that sweet smile, in that delicately tinted cheek, in those now tearful eyes, in that lustrous brow, the features of my old playmate ANNETTE!

"Cavendish — what, little Henry Cavendish?" exclaimed the gentleman, eagerly seizing my hand, "yes! it is even so, although the years that have passed since you used to visit Pomfret Hall have almost eradicated your features from my memory. God bless you, my gallant young friend! We owe you our lives — our all."

The scene that ensued I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say I retired that night with a whirl of strange emotions at my heart. Was it LOVE?

HESTER ORMESBY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Aye, it is ever thus : in every heart
 Some thirst unslaked has been a life-long pang,
 Some deep desire in every soul has part,
 Some want has pierced us all with serpent fang ;
 Oh, who from such a brimming cup has quaffed
 That not *one* drop was wanting to life's draught ?

"So Miss Ormesby is dead. Well, no one will miss her; these queer people are never of any use in the world." Such was the cold and sneering comment made by a certain commonplace, precise, *pat-tern* woman, upon the sudden death of one whose exaggerated sensibility had been her only fault, and who had expiated her folly by a life of sorrow and seclusion. Such is the judgment of the world: a crime may be forgiven, while a weakness receives no pardon.

Hester Ormesby had been one of those supernumeraries usually found in all large families. She was neither the eldest child, the pride of the household—nor the youngest, usually the pet: she was distinguished neither for great beauty nor precocious talent, and as she had been not only preceded in the world by four promising sisters, but also succeeded by several sturdy brothers, she certainly occupied a very insignificant position. The mother, who had early determined that the beauty of her girls should purchase for them a more elevated station in society, already saw in imagination her blooming roses transplanted to the hotbed of fashionable life, but for this new claimant on her maternal care, this humble little "*cinque-foil*," a lowlier destiny must be anticipated. She could devise no better plan, in aid of the child's future fortunes, than to bestow upon her the name of an eccentric old relative, whose moderate estate was entirely at her own disposal. This was accordingly done, and, notwithstanding the indisputable authority of Shakspeare on the subject of names, it was Hester Ormesby's *name* which decided the fate of her future life, since it was the means of placing her under such influences as could not fail to direct the flexile mind of childhood.

Miss Hester Templeton was a maiden lady who had long passed her grand climacteric, and who lived in that close retirement which is so peculiarly favorable to the growth of whims and oddities. At the age of twenty she had been betrothed, but her lover died on the very day fixed for their marriage; and the widowed bride, yielding to the violence of her overwhelming sorrow, determined to abjure the world forever. For years she never quitted the limits of her own apartment, and was generally

looked upon as the victim of melancholy madness; until the death of her parents made it necessary for her to take some interest in the affairs of every-day life, when it was discovered that whatever might be her eccentricity, her intellect was perfectly unclouded. Acute and sensible in all worldly matters, quite competent to manage her pecuniary affairs, and gifted with a degree of shrewdness which enabled her to see through the fine-spun webs of cunning and deceit, there was yet one weak point in her character which showed how inmedicable had been the early wound of her heart. Her memory of the dead was still religiously cherished, her vow of seclusion still bound her, and thirty years had passed since her foot had crossed the threshold of her own door. Living in a remote country village, which offered no temptation to either the speculator or the manufacturer, time had wrought few changes around her. The old homestead, in which she was born, was the spot in which she meant to die, and she would have thought it sacrilege to change the position of the cumbersome furniture, or even to displace a superannuated article by a more modern invention. Her own apartment was filled with memorials of her lost lover. His picture looked down upon her from the wall, his books lay on her table, and in an antique cabinet were preserved letters, love gifts, withered nosegays and all the melancholy remnants of by-gone affection, which, to the bereaved heart, are but as the dust and ashes of the dead.

To this lonely and isolated being, in whose character romance and morbid sensibility were so singularly combined with worldly prudence and sagacity, the acquisition of a new object of interest, in the person of her little namesake, formed an epoch in life. She was flattered by the compliment, and pleased with the importance which it gave her in her own opinion. She determined to adopt the child, and, as she found no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the parents, she scarcely waited for the lapse of actual infancy ere she took the little girl to her heart and home.

Few children would have been happy in such seclusion as that in which Miss Templeton lived; but Hester Ormesby possessed that quiet, gentle,

loving nature which finds sources of content and fountains of affection everywhere. With the quick perception of a sensitive nature, the little girl had early discovered that she was not a favorite at home. She could not complain of unkindness, for Mrs. Ormesby considered herself a most exemplary mother, and prided herself upon the strict performance of every duty. She would not, for the world, have given a cake to one child without furnishing all the others with a similar dainty, but she was quite unaware of the fact that in voice, and look, and manner may be displayed as much of the injustice of favoritism as in the unequal distribution of bounties. There are no beings on earth to whom sympathy is so essential as to children. Those "little people," as Dr. Johnson calls them, well know the difference between simple indulgence and actual interest in their concerns. The most expensive gifts, the most unlimited indulgence, is of less value to them than an earnest and affectionate attention to their petty interests, and the mother whose influence will linger longest in the minds of her world tried sons is she who has most frequently flung aside her work or her book, to share their infantine sports, or listen to their boyish schemes of happiness. This sympathy was denied to Hester. Her mother was proud of the four beautiful girls, who attracted the notice even of strangers, but the little sickly looking child, whose nervous timidity rendered her almost repulsive, was merely one to be well fed, and clad, and kept from bodily harm. The transition between this indifference and the affection with which Miss Templeton treated her, was delightful to the shy and sensitive child. In her father's house she was perfectly insignificant, in her new home she was an object of the greatest importance; and though Miss Templeton's quiet, old-fashioned mode of life offered few attractions to a healthy and spirited child, it was exactly the kind of existence best suited to the taste of a delicate one, like Hester, who possessed a precocity of feeling more dangerous, in all cases, than precocity of mind.

Miss Templeton had some excellent notions respecting education. Implicit obedience, deference, perfect truthfulness and active industry were, in her opinion, essential points; and as these requisites have become so obsolete as to have quite gone into disuse in modern systems of instruction, it may be judged how entirely the old lady had fallen behind the march of intellect. Her affection awakened some of the dormant energy of her character, and she applied herself diligently to the task of training and disciplining the mind of her young charge. In this, as in most other cases, usefulness brought its own blessing along with it, and, as the child increased in knowledge, the heart of the recluse seemed to expand to a wider circle of sympathies. It was, indeed, a pleasant thing to see the frost of so many winters melting away before the sunshine of childish happiness, and it may be questioned whether Miss Templeton or Hester derived the most benefit from this close connection between them.

But character in its earliest development is very

chameleon-like, and takes its hue from the objects with which it is brought directly in contact. Miss Templeton educated Hester thoroughly and usefully; she imparted to her a stock of knowledge far beyond that acquired at the most of schools, she imbued her with noble principles and an accurate sense of duty, but she also endowed her, unconsciously and involuntarily it may be, with her own high-toned and romantic sentiments. Indeed, it was impossible for a sensitive child to live within the atmosphere of romance and not imbibe its spirit. The circumstances of Miss Templeton's life, her unselfish devotion to the memory of the dead, her reverential love for him who had lain so many years within the tomb, her scrupulous adherence to a vow made in the first anguish of a wounded spirit, her quiet suffering of a blighted heart during a long life, all were calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of a girl whose sensibilities were already morbidly acute. The unlimited range of her reading, too, tended to confirm such impressions. With that respect for every thing which bears the semblance of a printed volume, so characteristic of a bookworm, Miss Templeton had carefully preserved an extensive but very miscellaneous library. The poets and essayists of England's golden age were ranged side by side with the controversial theologians—sermons were elbowed by cookery books—Sir Charles Grandison was a close neighbor to the grave Sherlock—while Clarissa Harlowe and Pamela were in curious juxtaposition with the excellent Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter. Novels and romances formed no small part of this heterogeneous collection, and Hester, who was a most inveterate reader, devoured every work of fiction which came in her way. To the present generation, who have become fastidious from literary indulgence, and who, since the days of Edgeworth and Scott, ask for *vraisemblance* in the fiction over which they hang enraptured, the romances of a preceding age seem dull, prosy and unnatural. But at the time of which I speak, the great object of the novelist was to portray heroines, such as never could exist, and events such as never could have happened, while feelings refined to absolute mawkishness, and sentiments sublimated beyond the limits of human understanding, were expressed in parlance to which the language of common life was tame and trite. With such models placed before her in her favorite volumes, and the example of Miss Templeton to impress their truthfulness upon her ductile mind, it is not surprising that Hester Ormesby should have been thoroughly imbued with romance at an age when most girls are only thinking of their dolls.

Hester was in the habit of paying an annual visit to her parents, but seldom derived much pleasure from her short sojourn with the family. Her mother derided her rustic manners, while her sisters ridiculed what they termed her "highflown notions," and it was rather in obedience to the dictates of duty than in the hope of pleasure that she ever turned her face toward the home of her infancy. On one occasion, however, her visit produced a more lasting impression. Among the gentlemen who surrounded

her elder and lovelier sisters was one whose personal appearance was little calculated to prepossess a stranger. Small in stature, and with a slight deformity which destroyed all grace, his countenance full of intelligence, but "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Edward Legard was not one on whom the eye of woman rests with pleasure. Reserved and almost cold in manners, he mingled rarely in the gayeties of society, and, excepting amid a select circle, seldom displayed the treasures of his gifted mind. Yet those who had once seen him in moments of enthusiasm, when the fire of genius lit up his dark eye, and the honey-dew of eloquence hung on his pale lip, could never forget the effect of his words and looks. But he was excessively sensitive, the merest trifle discomposed him, and there were times when, for days together, his manner was moody, sad, and almost severe. Legard was an artist of no mean skill, but he was young and poor, and the poetic images which filled his imagination, and were depicted on the speaking canvass, or portrayed in the graphic language of eloquence, were unable to secure him the gifts of fortune. The hope of his heart was a visit to the birthplace of Art—the glorious land of shadows—the kingdom of noble memories—even Italy; and for this he toiled day after day as if life had no other object worth attainment.

When she first met Legard, Hester Ormesby had just numbered her fourteenth summer, and the genial influence of renovated health had given beauty to her countenance and symmetry to her form. Struck with the bounding freedom of her step, the grace of her unfettered movements, and the rich bloom of her dark but clear complexion, the young artist had already made several sketches of the unconscious girl before she became sensible of his notice. He regarded her as a lovely child, who stood upon the very threshold of womanhood, while the sentiments which were hereafter to become passions, were slowly budding within her heart, their existence only known by their sweet and delicate perfume of maiden modesty. He was charmed with her freshness of feeling, her enthusiasm, her girlish romance, and found in her artless character a new and delightful study. An intimacy, characterized by all the purest and best impulses of human nature, sprung up between them; yet it was only the familiar intercourse which might safely exist between a gifted man and an admiring child. Legard would have denied the possibility of inspiring a passion in so young a heart, but a very little knowledge of woman's nature might have led him to doubt the prudence of forcing into premature existence those passions whose slow expansion formed so sweet a subject of contemplation.

Hester returned from this visit almost reluctantly, and, for the first time in her life, her home seemed dull and sad. She carried with her a beautifully finished sketch of herself, painted by Legard, for Miss Templeton, while a few stanzas addressed to her, on parting, by the same gifted individual, and a faded rosebud which he had once twined in her long curls, were her own solitary treasures.

Not long after this, Miss Templeton was seized with a severe nervous affection, which partially deprived her of the use of her limbs, and compelled her to require the constant aid of others. Hester loved her too devotedly to shrink from such attendance, and month after month passed away, while she was confined to the invalid's apartment, with only her own thoughts to relieve the monotony of her existence. Had she never met Legard, such thoughts would have been but

"The thousand things
That keep young hearts forever glowing—
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love dreams, as yet no object knowing."

Like all the fancies of a young and pure-hearted girl, they would have been indefinite and dream-like, fading away ere their outlines were accurately determined, like the frost-work landscapes on a window-pane. But now there was form and coloring to all such visions. The image of that pale intellectual being, full of genius and morbid feeling, aspiring after immortality, yet pining over mere physical defects, was ever present with her. She thought over all their past interviews, and words which seemed meaningless when first uttered, now were of deep import when repeated by the magical voice of memory. She recalled his looks, and the glance which then only spoke a love for the beautiful in nature, now, when reflected from the mirror of fancy, was fraught with earnest tenderness. The consequence of such pernicious day dreaming may be easily imagined. She persuaded herself into the belief that she was beloved, and, at fifteen, Hester Ormesby was already the passionate, the tender, the loving woman. Reader, do you doubt the possibility of such rapid development of the affections? Ask any imaginative, warm-hearted, truth-loving woman, if, amid the arcana of her past emotions, some remnants of such a girlish passion do not yet exist.

During several years Hester was confined to Miss Templeton's sick room, and, though occasionally receiving visits and letters from her family, she heard nothing of Legard, excepting that he had departed for Italy. Perhaps the knowledge of his absence tended to reconcile her to the close seclusion in which she now lived, and, with a degree of imprudence perfectly natural to such a character, she treasured up every thing which could feed her romantic passion. A book which his pencil had marked—a plant which he had admired—a melody which he had praised—even the color of a ribbon which he had once approved, were objects of remembered interest to her. She delighted to think of him as roaming through the galleries of ancient art, drinking deep draughts of beauty from the antique fountains of classic taste, and winning, leaf by leaf, the laurel bough which had been the object of his vain longing. Of the future—of his return and its probable results to herself, she never thought. Nothing is so purely unselfish as true love; it asks every thing for its object, but nothing for itself; and she who finds matrimonial calculations mingling with the early emotions of her heart, may make a notable managing and

useful creature, but cannot lay claim to the character of a true, devoted, self-forgetting woman.

Hester Ormesby was just eighteen when the death of Miss Templeton deprived her of her best friend, and made it necessary for her to return to her childhood's home. Her mother's scheme had fully succeeded, and, as a compensation for her homely appellation, she was now the mistress of the old homestead, together with some five or six thousand dollars in personal property. It was but a small fortune, to be sure; but Mrs. Ormesby had managed to marry two of her daughters advantageously by means of their extreme beauty, and concluding that Hester was quite pretty enough for an heiress, she had been careful to quadruple the amount of her bequest when making mention of it to those who were likely to repeat the tale. But the poor woman found that the daughters, for whom she was now to manœuvre, were far more difficult to manage than those whom she had already placed so comfortably in their carriages.

Celestina Ormesby was exceedingly beautiful. Her blond hair, dazzling complexion, clear blue eyes, and rosy mouth, together with the expression of cherub sweetness which characterized her countenance, made her just such a creature as a painter might select as his model of seraphic loveliness; while her manners were perfectly bewitching from their innocent frankness. There was a tenderness in her voice—an almost plaintive tone—as if her heart were longing for sympathy; which, combined with her pleading glance and sweet simplicity of demeanor, was quite irresistible. Yet all this, except the natural gift of beauty, was the effect of consummate art. Celestina had been a coquette from her very childhood—deception seemed an innate idea, and from the time when she first practiced her little arts upon the boys at dancing school, she never looked, or said, or did any thing without calculating its full effect. She cared less for marrying well than for securing a host of lovers. To have refused many was her proudest boast, and she looked forward to matrimony as the termination of a long vista of triumphs. In vain Mrs. Ormesby argued, and scolded and entreated; Celestina trusted in the power of her charms, and suffered several most advantageous matches to escape, while she was enjoying the unprofitable pleasures of admiration.

Hester was as different from her sister in character as in person, and, if she attracted less general attention, she obtained more lasting regard. Men of talent and character—persons of quiet domestic habits, who had been brought up among virtuous sisters, and, therefore, knew how to appreciate the real value of woman—such were the admirers of the less obtrusive sister. But Hester was insensible to all their homage, and, far from imitating Celestina's example, sought rather to withdraw from all their adulation. Her acquaintance with society had taught her to distrust her long cherished dream of love, and, though the image of Edward Legard still possessed its influence over her imagination, she was not insensible to the fact that, in shutting out all

other affections from her heart, she should be guilty of an act of folly. When, therefore, she was addressed by a man whose talents commanded her respect, while his virtues won her esteem, she yielded to her mother's wishes, and, without actually accepting his proffered hand, contented herself with not rejecting his suit. Many a girl is placed in precisely similar circumstances. Many a woman accepts one who ranks *second* in her estimation, because he who stands *first* is unattainable; and, however wrong such conduct may seem in principle, it will still be pursued so long as women are taught that the term "old maid" is one of reproach, and that the chief end and aim of their existence is marriage.

Mr. Vernon was a widower, rather past the prime of life, remarkably handsome in person, a great lover of literature, gifted with fine talents, and possessed of an ample fortune. Even Hester, uncalculating as she was, could not be insensible to the advantages of such an alliance, and, had she never seen Legard, she would doubtless have been quite satisfied with the calm, quiet liking which she felt for her new lover. But in the stillness of her own bosom arose the spectre of that first vague love—the very shadow of a shade—throwing its dark image athwart the stream of memory. Mr. Vernon was one of those persevering men, however, who will not be repulsed. His proposals were rather hesitatingly declined, but he proffered them a second time. Hester explained to him her scruples respecting the feelings with which he had inspired her, and he answered her by disclaiming all pretensions to that passionate and devoted love which his principles taught him to denounce as idolatrous. A calm and tender friendship was all he asked, and that Hester had already given. It was no wonder, therefore, that, pressed as she was, on all sides, by advice and entreaty, while the lapse of every day made her more and more ashamed of the real cause of her reluctance, she at last yielded her consent to become a wife.

Overjoyed at his success, Mr. Vernon urged a speedy fulfillment of her promise. Preparations were immediately commenced, and, as the bridegroom was already installed in a stately mansion, nothing now was necessary but to arrange the bridal paraphernalia. But no sooner was the affair definitively settled, than Hester seemed to become sensible she had done wrong. Early associations returned in their full force—her ideas of first love, enduring through a life of estrangement, and living even beyond the dreary changes of the grave, came back with reproachful power to her mind. She hated herself for the facility with which she had yielded to new impressions. The dream of her youth was so much sweeter to her heart than the realities of the present, that she felt as if it would be sacrilege to wed another. She became half wild with excitement, and, at length, poured out her whole heart in a letter which she determined to place in Mr. Vernon's hands; hoping that he might be induced to withdraw his suit. But Mrs. Ormesby now exerted her skill and tact. Unwilling to lose such a son-in-law,

she assailed Hester with every weapon her ingenuity could devise. Though ignorant of the real cause of Hester's repugnance, she yet half suspected some secret attachment, and, knowing the sensitive delicacy and maiden pride of the poor girl, she was enabled to influence her in the most effective manner. Hester was persuaded to suppress the letter—she was assured that many women married with no more ardent attachment than actuated her, and instances were adduced of the happy results which were sure to proceed from a union founded on mutual esteem. Weak as a child in all matters of mere feeling, utterly incapable of reasoning on such subjects; and, accustomed to give up her judgment entirely to the control of her imagination, Hester saw the approach of her bridal day with mingled terror and remorse.

The appointed time arrived, and Hester, in a tumult of feeling which, but for her mother's watchfulness, would have led her even then to confess the truth to Mr. Vernon, was attired for the ceremony. Pale and trembling she met her lover, and as she placed a hand, cold as death, in the warm grasp of his, she was in doubt whether her reluctance arose from the memory of past affection, or from a simple consciousness that her heart held treasures which did not accompany the gift of her hand—whether she shrunk because she loved another, or only because she did not love him. So vague, so indistinct had been her early dream, that, even now, she could not define the limits between it and reality. The ceremony was to be performed in church, and, placed before the altar, with her beautiful sister at her side, as bridesmaid, Hester heard the commencement of the service. The awful requisition which demands *truth*, even as it will be exhibited “at the last day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed,” was solemnly uttered, and the officiating clergyman paused one moment, as if to give time for the confession of any impediment which might exist. At that instant Hester raised her eyes and beheld, leaning against a pillar near the altar, with a countenance in which the wildest emotions of grief were depicted, the long absent Edward Legard. The shock was too great—with a faint cry, she sunk to the floor, while her head struck, with some violence, against the rails of the altar. All was now confusion and dismay. The unwedded bride was borne to her home, and her medical attendants enjoined the most perfect quiet, both of mind and body. Her nervous system had received a severe shock; and, while her physicians attributed it to the over excitement of the moment, her family fancied they could trace it to the deep reluctance with which she had contemplated the marriage. For several weeks she was in imminent danger, and, even after her convalescence, she suffered from a deep dejection which seemed to portend the most serious injury to the mind as well as the body. One of her first acts, when permitted to exercise her slowly returning strength, was to write a letter to Mr. Vernon, frankly stating her repugnance to the marriage, and entreating his forgiveness for the wound she had inflicted

upon his feelings. But Mr. Vernon was too matter-of-fact a man to understand Hester's character. His self-love was wounded, and he deigned no reply to her eloquent and passionate appeal. In little more than three months afterwards she received her letter, enclosed in a blank cover, together with a piece of bride-cake, and the “at home” cards of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon.

When Hester was so far recovered as to admit the family to her apartment, she learned that Legard, who had only arrived from Europe the day preceding her ill-omened nuptials, had been a constant visiter during her illness. The first evening that she descended to the drawing-room she met him, and she could but rejoice that the absence of Celestina secured to them an uninterrupted interview. Ever ready to deceive herself, she fancied that the warmth of his congratulations, on her recovery, proceeded from a peculiar interest in her welfare, and, as she gazed on the emaciated form and pallid cheek of the poor artist, she felt all her romantic passion revive. A recurrence to their first meeting led to one of those half-sentimental, half-tender conversations which are always so dangerous to a susceptible heart; and when he spoke of long-hidden sorrow, and hinted at a hopeless attachment, Hester could not doubt that she fully understood his meaning. Maiden modesty restrained the confession which rose to her lips, but she felt that the time was fast approaching when both would be made happy; and, while Legard saw in her only the sympathizing friend, she fancied he beheld the mistress of his heart.

Two days later, when Hester returned from a short ride, she was informed that Legard had called to bid farewell. No one but Celestina had been at home to receive him, and, after a long interview with her, he had left his adieus for the family, previous to his embarking for Charleston. Hester was too much accustomed to Celestina's vanity to pay much attention to the significant smile with which her sister mentioned Legard. She knew that it was no uncommon thing for the beautiful coquette to claim, *by insinuation*, lovers who had never thought of offering their homage; and, therefore, while she deeply regretted the fatality which seemed to interpose obstacles between Legard and herself, she felt no doubt as to her own possession of his heart. She believed that his poverty and ill success had restrained the expression of his cherished love, and she determined on his return to afford him such opportunities of avowal as he could not mistake. But alas! for all her anticipations. Legard reached Charleston just as the yellow fever had commenced its frightful ravages; he was one of its first victims, and the ship which had borne him from his native shore brought back the tidings of his untimely death.

To the Ormesby family the poor artist was an object of such utter insignificance that they never dreamed of attributing Hester's sudden relapse to the news of his melancholy fate. A long fit of illness left her listless and inert, and giving herself up entirely to the guidance of her romantic nature, she

withdraw entirely from society. The more she reflected upon the past, the more she was confirmed in the belief of Legard's attachment to her. His words, his manners, and, above all, the wretched countenance which he wore on the day of her bridal, all convinced her of his love; while an acute sense of his poverty and his personal defects, together with his probable belief in Hester's attachment to the man to whom she had been betrothed, seemed to her sufficient reasons for his silence and reserve. She became cold, abstracted and indifferent to every thing. Life seemed to her one long dream, and her days were passed in that vague reverie which is as pernicious to the mind as the habitual opium draught to the body.

Fifteen years were passed in this aimless, useless kind of existence. She walked amid shadows, a quiet, harmless being, mechanically performing the common duties of life, even as a hired laborer, who toils rather to finish the day than to complete his work. The dream of her youth became a sort of monomania; the one subject on which her mind was unsound and unsettled; while the epithet of "eccentric," which is so often used to cover a multitude of errors, was here applied to a single weakness. That dream was destined to be rudely broken; but the strings of her gentle heart—that delicate instrument on which fancy had so long played a mournful melody—were destined to be broken with it.

Celestina Ormesby had married, and, with the usual fortune of a coquette, had made the worst possible choice. Deserted by a worthless husband, after years of ill treatment, she had returned home only to die; and it was during the examination of her letters and papers, after her decease, that Hester was awakened at length to know the truth. With a natural but unpardonable vanity, Celestina had carefully preserved all the epistles of her various lovers,

and Hester, wondering at the indiscriminate vanity which had led her sister to encourage the addresses of some who were far beneath her in the scale of society, had thrown by many packages, unread, when her attention was attracted by a parcel lettered "From Edward Legard." It was not in the nature of woman to resist such a temptation. The letters were opened and read with the most intense eagerness, and Hester at length learned the extent of her own weakness. The secret of Legard's unhappiness was revealed to her. He was indeed the victim of a hopeless passion, but he pined not for her who had cherished the life-long vision of his love. He had fallen a victim to the arts of Celestina, who, in the gratification of her own inordinate selfishness, had not scrupled to add the envenomed draught of disappointed affection to the bitter chalice from which gifted poverty must ever drink. He had loved her passionately and devotedly, and the look of hopeless sorrow which, even at the foot of the altar, had transformed the half-wedded bride into the lonely and heart-stricken spinster, had been directed not to her, but to the fickle and beautiful bridemaid at her side.

Hester had long suffered from an organic disease of the heart, and her physicians had warned her that any sudden excitement, or severe shock, whether of grief or terror, might prove fatal. The event justified their predictions. She was found sitting at a table, strewn with letters, her head was resting upon her arms, as if, like a wearied child, she had been overcome with slumber, but it was the weight of a colder hand which pressed her brow. She had received the severest of all shocks—the illusion that had brightened her early life, and shed a pure, sweet radiance over the loneliness of her latter days, was suddenly dispelled, and the victim of imaginary sorrows now "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

HIGHLAND BEAUTY.

A STORY IN CAMP.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

"THE fact is, Jeremy, I never liked the idea of writing love stories in the presence of a pretty girl, as there is always something contagious in love,—and do what I might—I have been a hard student that way—some how or other I was always apt to leave off writing, and go to the business of love-making in downright earnest,—studying from nature, you see. It somehow puts a fellow's hand out for writing, and inclines him more to the use of his tongue, except when, by way of variation, he coolly slips his arm around the dear, blushing, unwilling creature, and drawing her gently to his bosom, as a mother would her child, smothers the 'bliss of talking,' as Miss Landon called it, by a cousinly introduction of lips. But,—by the prettiest houri that ever made Mussulman's heaven!—how do you think the thing is to be managed with *two* of the prettiest Scotch lassies that ever inspired the song of a Burns, or the valor of a Wallace, looking you right in the eye, and one of them with the most inviting lips, too, that ever set lover's heart on fire, and each with a pair of eyes that would send the blood tingling through the veins of the veriest woman hater that ever breathed."

"None of your nonsense, Oliver, but for once give over the love of talking of yourself, and let us have the story within three pages, if you expect to be out before Christmas with the Magazine! There are a host of better looking fellows than yourself have had their eyes upon the girls, and—to tell you the honest truth,—the game is above your reach."

"By my faith in woman! Jeremy, you are as sharp this morning as a nor'-wester—I expect you have had your *comb cut* with one of them. Talking of cutting combs, reminds me of a story. When I was in the army!—"

"Ha! ha! ha! When you were in the army! By George! I like that part of the story amazingly—if the rest is only as good I may feel inclined to allow you half a page more!"

"Come, Jerry, none of that; I've known fellows talk about the army who never even heard a gun, and chaps spin out most eternal sea-yarns, that never smelt salt water, as any old tar would tell you before he had listened five minutes to the story; but I am none of your green-horns—I know what I am about when I mention war or beauty,—having seen some service in my day. I therefore commence properly—as every story should have a beginning, even if it has no end."

"When I was in the army, you see, I became acquainted with a very sentimental fellow, about your size,—though he *had* rather a better looking whisker

for a soldier,—who was always full of romance, and all that sort of thing,—and I *do* believe the chap had an idea or two of the right kind in his head, but they were so mixed up with the wrong kind, that, like the funds of a good many bankers now-a-days, they were not always 'available.' He had got it into his cranium, and there it would stick, that he had a little better blood in him than any body else, so that he was confoundedly careful not to have any of it spilt, and nothing but the daughter of a lord came any way near the mark to which he aspired. He used to tell a good many stories about himself, and he would tell them pretty well too, but they somehow or other had a smack of the marvellous. His stories about the doings among the gentry—the fellow, you see, had been educated by a lord, or something of that sort, and had seen a little of high life above stairs as well as below—took amazingly in the camp, especially his sentimental ones, for he had the knack of making a fool of himself—"

"But, for goodness sake, Oliver! the story!—the story!"

"The fact is, Jerry, I am pretty much in the predicament of the knife-grinder!—Story of my own—I have none to tell. But here is one of——confound the fellow's name,—no matter.

"Emily Melville—the only daughter of the proud Lord Melville, who was well known in the time of the wars—as the representative of the long line of illustrious Scottish nobles of that name, was the pride of the Lowland nobility, and the belle of every assembly. She was as fair as a white fawn, and scarcely less wild. Her mother being dead, few restraints were placed upon the young beauty by the old house-keeper, who, in the main, filled the place. Emily, therefore, held in proud disdain the restraints which would have been imposed by the prudes of her sex, and thought that the great art of living was to be happy. Laughter was always on her lips, and sun light forever on her brow. She was beautiful, and you knew it, yet you could not tell the secret of it, nor, for their restlessness and brilliancy, whether her eyes were blue or gray, yet you knew that they were pretty, and felt that they were bright. Her voice was like the warble of a bird in spring, its notes were so full of joyousness; and her motion was like that of a fairy, so light and graceful, that, had you seen her tripping over the smoothly shaved lawn in front of the mansion—her auburn hair drooping in long ringlets over her snowy and finely rounded shoulders—and heard her gay glad voice,

swelling out in song and happiness, you would have fancied her an angel from the upper sphere."

"I doubt that last part, my good fellow"—interrupted a bluff old soldier—"until I had tried an arm around her, to see if she wasn't flesh and blood, I wouldn't a' trusted fancy."

"An interruption gentlemen. You see if the story is told right, a man must *feel* what he says, and you'll find out before it's done, that I."

"What, young man! You didn't begin to make love to *her* did you?"

"Gentlemen, I must persist"—

"Well, was *she* in love—tell us that."

"Love!—She laughed at it—and said, 'she loved nothing but her pet fawn—her canary—the flowers, both wild and tame—the blue sky—the sunshine—the heather—the forest—the mountains—and it might be—she did not know—she *might* love her cousin Harry Hardwick, if he was as pleasant as he was when her playmate a few years ago—but he was now at his father's castle on the mountain, and perhaps had grown coarse, boorish, or ill-mannered. She did not know therefore whether she should love him or not—rather thought she should not—but then she had her father, and enough around her to love and cherish, and why should she trouble herself about the matter.'

"You will not wonder, gentlemen, that such a creature should inspire me with love—a deep, devoted, heart-absorbing, deathless passion. I loved her as man never loved woman before. Every pulsation, every energy of my being seemed for her"—

"Of course, *you'd* love her!—never heard you tell of a pretty girl that you didn't love—but give us the pith and marrow of the matter; did she return the compliment?"

"All in good time!—You see the thing might have been very handsomely managed, if it had not been for one or two impediments"—

"What in the plague does the fellow mean by *impediment*?"

"Hush, can't you! He means he didn't get her, of course."

"Well, you see, gentlemen, there was a shocking looking young fellow of a lord, who lived upon the next estate, who got it into his head that he must take a hand in the game. To give him his due, he was accomplished, witty, had a title, and a splendid whisker, and from beginning to call every few days to inquire after Lord Melville's health—the old chap had the best health in the world—about three times a-week, he soon managed to call the other four days on his own account, so that I found the prize in a fair way to be snatched from my grasp, and I resolved to bring matters to a close pretty soon. So one morning, when Lord Melville was out looking into parliamentary matters, inquiring into the affairs of the nations, or his own, I thought I would open the question genteely. Emily had sung for me most sweetly, without any apology or affectation, and we were now sitting chatting very pleasantly together. How easy, then, to turn the conversation in the proper channel. To discourse of green fields—of mur-

muring brooks—of the delights of solitude with one of congenial tastes—of the birds, the fawn, and the attachment they showed their mistress. Then, of course, she would wonder whether they really loved her, whether they knew what love was, or only felt joy at her presence, because they knew her as their feeder. Then I would say, of *course* they loved her, how could they do otherwise,—were not all things that approached her *fated* to love her. Then she blushes, gets up, and goes to the window opening on the garden—to look at the flowers maybe—I must see them too, of course, for they are *her* flowers. I always loved flowers, and particularly love these. Things, gentlemen, were thus progressing pretty smoothly, you will see, considering that the lady was the daughter of a lord, and of course heiress to his whole estate, when lo!—my unlucky genius as usual—the housekeeper must poke in her head, and ask if 'anybody called.' No! certainly not! What young lady ever called a housekeeper at such a time! Pshaw! The thing was shocking to think of! How stupid in her! The old thing had an eye in her head like a hawk, however, and saw pretty clearly how matters stood, and whether she thought that there was no chance for me in that quarter, or had some private preference of her own, she maintained her ground until I deemed it prudent to withdraw.

"Days passed away, and no opportunity was afforded me of renewing my suit. Whether the old housekeeper took the matter in hand or not, of course I cannot say; but when days began to grow into weeks, I began to feel the wretchedness of first love. Who has not felt its fears, its doubts, the torture, whether you are beloved by the object of your affection, and the uncertainty, even in your own mind, whether you are worthy of that love?—who has not felt the dread of rivalry, the fears of the effects of a moment's absence, and the thousand untold pangs, which none but a lover's imagination can inflict—and he a lover for the first time? It is strange, gentlemen, that I should, after this sweet interview, which seemed destined to be the last that I should have with the most angelic of beings, place myself upon the rack, and delight in the torture, with the devotion to wretchedness of a heart inspired with 'the gentle madness,' for the first time, of passionate, deathless love—"

"Hold up, comrade! and do give us the pith of the matter, without all this flummery. I've known chaps talk all day in that strain, who never had any story to tell, but would go on yarning it until roll-call, just to hear themselves talk. Now, if you got the gal, say so—if you didn't, tell us why—and none of your rig marole."

"Of course, gentlemen, I did not get her, and that is the reason I am here to tell the story. Misfortunes, you know, travel close upon each other's heels, and sure enough, in the midst of my misery, the carriage of Lord Hardwick was announced, and who should it contain but Emily's cousin 'Harry,'—her old playmate, and his sister. I heard the announcement, but I heard no more, until an hour or two afterwards, when, out of sheer melancholy, I had taken to the garden for contemplation and meditation, I *accident-*

ally overheard Harry Hardwick's declaration and his acceptance, and, after half an hour of silence, a laugh by both parties at my expense.

"I had enough of the soldier's blood in me, gentlemen, even then, to *take no notice* of this downright incivility and want of breeding, though I do not of course suppose that the parties dreamed that they had a listener, so I cast her off as unworthy of my love; and thus ended my first love."

"Very sensibly done, too, my boy! I applaud your spirit. It was worthy of a soldier."

"But, gentlemen, this was but the opening of difficulties, for I was no sooner out of this scrape than my sensitive heart must betray me into another. How all the dreams of even Emily's beauty melted away as the mist from the hills—perhaps assisted by the knowledge she was the prize of another—when next morning my eyes beheld Arabella Hardwick. She was leaning over the back of the sofa, at the very window from which the day before I had praised the flowers with Emily. Passing beautiful was she as she stood in her virgin loveliness before me, with her highland-cap and its white plume over curls of jet, that seemed in mere wantonness to fall from beneath, over her fine neck and swelling bosom, whose treasures were scarcely concealed by the highland-mantle which so well became her. Her brow was slightly shaded with curls, while from beneath, her eyes, darker than heaven's own blue, seemed to be melting before your gaze. Her smile was sweetness itself, and came from lips of which heaven and earth seemed to dispute ownership. Emily was seated at her side, in the act of fixing a hawk's feather in a highland-cap for her own fair brow, yet in her eye mischief and cunning strove for mastery, and her whole face was so full of meaning that I knew that I must have been the subject of previous conversation, and I felt my face crimson before the highland beauties. I verily believe that I made an impression, gentlemen, which, had it been properly followed up, might have been the making of me; I have always fancied somehow or other that the highland beauty was rather smitten with me, for there was such a coaxing expression in her whole face, and particularly in her lips—which seemed to be begging a kiss—that I do believe that if it had not been for the presence of my old flame, 'my first love,' gentlemen, I should have carried the fortress by storm! but you see, as it was, I stood blushing and looking simple until, for very amusement sake, both commenced laughing, and Emily broke the ice by asking me if I had lost my tongue.

"'On this hint I spoke.'—It is not necessary, gentlemen, to repeat all the fine things I said—for fine things in a sentimental way, are not relished in camp—but suffice it to say that the ground was so well marked out in my first interview, that I deemed it expedient to pop the question, 'striking while the iron's hot,' you know—somewhat musty, but very expressive—yet you will scarcely believe me, gentlemen—she rejected me *flat*—'because I had no whiskers.'"

"You don't say that was the *main* objection?"

"I say that was the only objection, and to prove its validity, she married five months after, Lord Gordon, Emily's former suitor—whose only advantage was a fine pair of whiskers—with the addition of an estate and a title."

"But perhaps the latter had some weight."

"None, I assure you, as I pressed the matter, and she averred, that love in a cottage with a whisker, was in every way more congenial to her taste, than the finest mansion in the land without that appendage. So you see I took to cultivating whiskers with great assiduity; but for a long time, the rascals defied all attempts to train them; the shoots were tolerably advanced in less than six months; but they were too late—for the lady was married."

"Well, you are a cool sort of a fellow to talk of transferring your love from one high-born lady to another, with the same ease as a soldier does a feather from his cap. I suppose you finally courted the old housekeeper out of sheer revenge."

"None of that, I assure you, for she revenged my want of attention that way, by giving Lord Melville a history of the whole matter—with trimmings.—So the old codger said I was as crazy as a bed-bug, and clapped me in the army, as a kind of lunatic asylum to recover my wits. So that's the *end of the story*."

—
"There, Jerry, put that in your pipe, or your Magazine, just as you like, for no story do I write for a fellow who comes to me with a piece of tape to measure the length, as if a man spun like a spider, and if it don't fill your three pages—add a paragraph about the children.—What do ye say?"

"It's rather so-soish at best, Oliver!—But what regiment did you say you were in?"

"Regiment—did I say anything about regiment? You must be mistaken, Jerry! these confounded soldier terms are all mouldering in my brain, these peaceable times."

"Well, where was the army encamped?"

"At a—a place with a confounded French name—I never had any command of the cursed language, and was glad enough when we got out of the place, never to bother my brain with its name."

"Well, the war!—In what war was it?—Let us have something to go upon."

"As for dates and names, Jerry, I never for the soul of me, could make any headway with them. A phrenologist once told me, that for names and dates I had no development, and whenever I begin to try to think of my exploits in battle, I think the fellow was right—as I am always out for the want of names and dates. So I think it best first to tell the *facts*, and let people fix dates to suit themselves. So, Jerry, hand over the port—this is confounded dry business."

"To tell you the truth, Oliver, the whole story has rather a squint, and I have half a notion that for the most of it, we are indebted to the good looks of the two bonnie Scotch lassies, and rather a marvellous imagination."

IS SHE RICH?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"CAROLINE is certainly a sweet girl!" a young man said to his friend in an admiring tone.

"That she is," responded the friend, "one of the sweetest girls I have met for a long time."

"Do you know anything about her?" inquired the first speaker.

"Not a great deal: still, I have been slightly acquainted with her for some time, and the more I see of her the more do I admire her. She is, Harry, the very one, I think, to suit you."

"So I have thought. She is modest and intelligent, graceful in manners, and beautiful in person. Just the woman of whom any man might be proud."

"Then, Harry, if you feel drawn towards her, why do you not think seriously of addressing her? She will make you, I am sure, a most excellent and truly affectionate wife."

"I am sure of that, and I have thought a good deal on the subject of late. But, there is one question that I wish to ask, and yet I have thus far hesitated."

"What is that, Harry?"

"I am almost ashamed to put it, for fear that you will misunderstand me, or judge me harshly."

"Don't fear that: speak out plainly."

"In a word, then—Is she rich?"

"Harry! Is it possible!"

"I see that you are surprised and disappointed. I can read in your face that you think me mercenary. But do not misjudge me. I am poor myself, and cannot, for a very long time, place a woman in the position in society that I wish her whom I love to occupy. From the thought of toil and obscurity for my wife I shrink. I cannot entertain it for a single moment. That is the reason why I make money with the woman I marry indispensable: not so much for my own as for her sake. Do you appreciate my motive?"

"I understand it, Harry, but cannot appreciate it. The principle, depend upon it, is a false one."

"I do not think so. Look around you, and observe the condition of nine out of ten of the wives of our acquaintances moving in the same circle that we do. Look, for instance, at the wife of Morrison. My heart always aches for her when I visit them. Tied down to domestic duties, and half of the time with a babe in her arms, what more can her life be than a scene of tiresome drudgery? It makes me sick to think of the change that has passed upon the gay, joyful, light-hearted Emily Miller."

"And yet she seems contented—nay, more, happy."

"To me she does not. There is something sad

and dreary in the expression of her eye that always touches my feelings."

"You see through a perverting medium, Harry. If Mrs. Morrison were to hear you talking thus she would be most profoundly astonished."

"You think so?"

"Certainly I do. She loves her husband and her children, and, I am sure, is far happier, and much more contented in her condition than you are in yours."

"Well, I can tell you one thing; I don't want a woman who can be contented under such circumstances."

"You will have cause to change your mind before you die, or I am very much mistaken. In this country wealth is held by a very uncertain tenure, and it behoves those who possess it to-day, to be prepared to come down from their elevation to-morrow. In seeking a wife, then, our aim should be, to find one who could be happy in either condition."

Henry Richmond, the young man who had professed himself to be governed by money in his ideas of marriage, shook his head, as he replied,

"I cannot see it as you do. And, for my part, I am not afraid of becoming poor if I once get my hands on a good fortune. Give me the money, and I'll take care of it. But you have not answered my question—Is Caroline Wentworth rich?"

"She is rich in a true heart, and in virtuous principles. No farther."

"I am sorry for it!" Richmond replied, while his countenance fell. "I feel more drawn towards her than to any woman I have ever seen."

"Then why not take her as she is, a high-minded, affectionate, virtuous woman, worth more than mountains of silver and gold."

"I have told you my reasons, Charles Hammond," the young man replied; "and much as it may pain me, I cannot act in opposition to the plain dictates of common sense."

"Your reasonings, rest assured, Harry, are altogether fallacious. Money cannot add to the real happiness of the married life."

"You certainly cannot be in earnest! Have you forgotten the adage, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window?"

"I do not found my philosophy of life upon current adages, eight out of ten of which are false in their applications. I try to look upon the world with my own, not with the eyes of others."

"But, if ever there was a true adage, that I am persuaded is true. How can love exist where there is, on the part of the wife, a necessity for wearying toil, accompanied with many privations?"

"Your views are entirely too vague, Harry. You deal too much in generals. Let us come down to a matter of fact consideration of the subject."

"Very well. The more so the better."

"In the first place, then, you are a clerk in an old, substantial house, and your salary is—"

"Twelve hundred dollars."

"Very well. And you consider your situation permanent?"

"O yes; as long as I choose to retain it. And what is more, I look for an advance of salary soon; at least within the next year. And beyond that, as I have a thorough knowledge of the business, I look for an interest in the concern, or a connection with some man of capital in an independent business."

"All very fair, and all within the bounds of a reasonable expectation. Now, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, and all this in prospect, why are you so anxious for a rich wife?"

"Because I wish my wife to live in a much better style than twelve hundred dollars will afford. I do not wish to make the woman I marry a mere slave to household affairs, as she would have to be, under the best arrangements that could be made with such a salary."

"But a woman of Caroline Wentworth's good sense and good principles, would take delight in caring about household affairs, when married to the man she truly loved; far more, I am sure, than in sitting in mere idleness. It is a mistake, into which others as well as yourself have fallen, to suppose that there is no pleasure for a woman in domestic duties; even when accompanied, as they sometimes are, with wearying toil. For my part, I am persuaded, that no wife ever finds permanent and true happiness beyond the circle of her own household, or out of the duties incident to her domestic relations."

"Well, I can tell you one thing," Richmond replied; "I never intend that my wife shall drudge about the house from morning till night. I don't want a woman who hasn't a taste above such a condition!"

"Such being your views then, it would be useless for me to urge reasons why you should pursue a different course of action to that which you have set for yourself. That you are labouring under an error, fatal to your own and the happiness of any woman whom you may marry, I have not the slightest doubt. I only hope that you may see cause to change your views, before you resolve to unite yourself with another in marriage bonds."

"You are far too serious about this matter," the young man replied, half-laughing. "Only give me enough money, and I'll make any woman happy to whom I am married."

"Depend upon it Harry," his friend said in a serious tone, "your views in relation to marriage are fatally erroneous. If, in marrying, the idea of money and the luxuries which money will buy, be first in your mind, these will modify in a degree, throughout life, your appreciation of the

woman to whom you unite yourself. If, by any unlooked-for reverse, these should fail, your appreciation of your wife will fail in a like degree. The result is too painful to dwell upon! Seriously, Harry, were I a woman, I would rather die than marry you with your present views!"

"Nonsense! You were always ultra and queer in your notions. I am no believer in this love of a woman for her own sake alone. The accompaniment of that which money will procure, is indispensable. In fact it makes three-fourths of the real pleasures of society."

"I see that it is altogether useless to argue the point with you, Harry, and so I will give it up."

"It certainly is no use, if you expect to bring me around to your side. I cannot acknowledge the truth of positions, to my mind so perfectly transcendental."

The friends then parted, the one still firm in his views of marriage, the other pained exceedingly at hearing such principles not only openly avowed, but pertinaciously adhered to.

It happened after this, that Henry Richmond was thrown frequently into the company of Caroline Wentworth, and the more he saw of her, the more did he feel drawn towards her.

"If she were only rich!" he would sometimes exclaim mentally, as he gazed upon, or thought of her, "what a prize she would be!"

"Take her then! Why make mere gold a consideration?" a voice within would sometimes whisper.

"No—no—no"—would be the internal reply. "Let some one who is rich enough to afford it, marry her. I cannot."

Among others of Richmond's acquaintance was the daughter of a wealthy merchant; a pampered and spoiled child of fortune, possessing few graces of either mind or body. Towards her his thoughts would often turn, and then return with a feeling of dislike.

"What do you think of Eveline Toby?" he asked one day of his friend, with whom he had held the conversation recorded.

"I think that there is not much that I should call very interesting about her," was the reply.

"But her father is worth, they say, at least a hundred thousand dollars, and she is his only daughter."

"Well?"

"There is something interesting in that."

"Not to me, if the daughter is to be the penalty for handling a few of the old gentleman's dollars."

"That would be something of a drawback. But the temptation is strong."

"I should hope not, Harry."

"Well it is, I can tell you. But the worst is, a poor clerk, though he may be permitted to say a word or two to a rich merchant's daughter, must not dare to think of marrying her."

"It's as well, perhaps. For there are but few poor young clerks who would know how to use

money judiciously, if so suddenly acquired. Far better for them to struggle up the mountain of prosperity, step by step, and with sometimes painful labour, than to be carried suddenly, with no effort of their own, to the top."

"You may think so," was the reply, "but I do not. You seem terribly afraid of the influence of money!"

"So I am, whenever what is purer and higher is in danger of being made subservient. Money should be a servant, but not a master. It is a good, but should never be looked upon as the greatest good."

"And so you do not think much of Eveline Toby," Richmond said, in a light tone, thus changing the subject.

"She is no doubt good enough in her place, but as the wife of either you or myself, I think she would be exceedingly out of place. For me, because I could not love her with her money, and for you, because you could not love her without it. But it always pains me to talk with you on this subject, and so if you please, we will waive it."

"As you choose," the young man said, and so the subject was changed.

From this time Henry Richmond became a pretty constant visitor at the house of Mr. Toby. But he was looking rather too high, and became sensible of the fact, by a not very gentle hint from the purse-proud merchant.

Not being willing to run the risk of winning the daughter's affections and then proposing to elope with her, he gave up the pursuit and turned his attentions elsewhere.

His next demonstration was on a young lady who was reputed to be worth some twenty thousand dollars or so. But after he had evidently won upon her affections, and just as he was about offering himself, Mr. Toby died, leaving, as it was generally reported, quite a large fortune to Caroline.

Henry Richmond at once abated his attentions towards the young lady he had so seriously thought of marrying, and after a suitable time had elapsed for Caroline to recover, in some degree, from the shock occasioned by her father's death, resumed his visits to her. These visits were not without the desired effect. In time a proposition for marriage was made, and not long after, their union was consummated. At the time this occurred, Richmond had just commenced business with a partner who advanced the required capital.

The fortune brought him by his wife was the clear sum of fifty thousand dollars, in funds at once available. The young couple commenced the world with quite a dash—entering at once upon a splendid and costly establishment. Against this imprudent course, the partner of Richmond remonstrated, but his remonstrance was met in a way that pleased him so little, that he proposed at once to dissolve the connection if the other were willing. This was promptly agreed to, and then, with the capital obtained by his wife, the young man commenced business alone, and upon a scale some-

what similar to that on which he had commenced housekeeping.

This occurred in the spring of 1837—a bad time for the commencement of that kind of business. The result was, that, by the next spring, his affairs, from heavy losses occurring on his first free sales, were a good deal entangled.

And now came the first painful reflections consequent upon his marriage. It was but too evident to his mind, that, with his utmost care, industry, and attention to business, it would be almost impossible to sustain himself. And what then? In the event of ruin, how could he meet the wife whose fortune he had lost? How could he bear to see her reduced to a state so far below the one in which she had moved, as she would have to fall to, necessarily? The thought almost maddened him; especially as he felt assured, that she would have no sympathy for him—that she would, on the contrary, bitterly reproach him, if not in words, still by her looks and manner, for what he had done. From the hour such thoughts passed through his mind, he was a miserable man.

In the summer of 1838, it became so difficult for him to meet his payments, that he began to think seriously of the necessity of selling the beautiful house in which he lived, a part of his wife's legacy; and of endeavouring very materially to reduce expenses. He had long felt the necessity of doing this, but had hitherto shrunk from the duty, because he dreaded to let his wife know the perilous condition of affairs.

One evening about this time, after having passed through a day of peculiar trials, while he was sitting with his wife in their richly furnished parlour, he said—

"Eveline, I am afraid that we shall have to part with this house."

"I don't understand you, Henry," she replied, with a look of astonishment. "Why should we part with this house, pray?"

"I want money in my business very much, Eveline. Indeed, I do not see how I can possibly get along without some five or six thousand dollars, and that immediately. I have tried many ways to get it, but all have failed. The last resort, and one that I have thought of with painful reluctance, will be the sale of this property."

In look and tone, it was evident that Mr. Richmond felt keenly the necessity that urged him to make the proposition. But his wife did not seem to see this, so great was her surprise, even indignation, at the proposition.

"And sure you've had forty thousand dollars of my money in your business already," Eveline replied; "and I can't see what you want with any more!"

If a pistol had been fired off close to his ear, Henry Richmond could not have started with a stronger expression of surprise in his countenance than he did at this cutting remark. For a few moments he knew not what to think or say. He had already seen enough of his wife's disposition, to

destruction in his mind all the little affection he had once entertained for her. But now, the indifference that he had felt changed into anger, contempt and dislike. For nearly half an hour he had paced the floor backwards and forwards, his mind filled with bitter reflections. How deeply, how painfully did he regret his folly, now too late to be remedied. He had married a rich wife; but her money had proved a curse to him, leading him on beyond his depth, where he was now floundering about, with scarcely a straw to support him. He had shrunk from and dreaded the idea of his wife's ever being obliged to come down to the details of domestic life; but now domestic duties, in their most uninteresting forms, he sadly feared, were in store for her; and worse than all, she had no knowledge of such duties, and so far from entering into them cheerfully, would do so with reluctance and complaining, and perhaps, with what was worse, reproaches. At last, the necessity of making her understand truly his position forced itself upon him, and he said, though with a good deal of reluctance,

"Eveline, it is but due to you, that I should explain my situation. In doing business, a merchant does not confine himself to his cash capital. On fifty thousand dollars real capital, many men do business to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. On forty thousand, I have been doing business to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars. Now, it often happens, under these circumstances, that payments are to be made before sufficient returns can be had upon sales to meet them. Discounts in bank, usually, have heretofore made up these deficiencies. But now the banks are doing scarcely anything, and every one is hard run. Having been disappointed in the receipt of some heavy bills due from the west, I am at this time exceedingly straitened, and am really in danger of having my business broken up. It is for this reason, and only when pressed to extremity, that I have made the proposition for selling our house. The money would be of great use to me, and would, in all probability, be the means of saving me from failure. And now, while I am on the subject, I might as well say, what I have long thought, that it will be necessary for us to reduce considerably our expenses; they are very heavy, and we could, no doubt, get along, and very genteelly too, on half what it now costs us to live."

To this Mr. Richmond was answered by a gush of tears, which was followed for some time by violent weeping.

"Do not feel so distressed about it, Eveline," her husband said tenderly, "all will be well again."

But she seemed not to hear him, and still continued weeping.

"Eveline! surely with your husband you would be willing to share any condition in life! then why be distressed at the thought of so slight a change?"

But the appeal had no power over her heart: the truth was, she was too selfish to love her husband truly and tenderly, and there was little or

nothing about her calculated to call out her affections: they were not one flesh, but twain.

In gloomy and oppressive silence the remainder of the evening passed. On the next day he came very near being protested. The consequence was that he became doubly urgent for the sale of the house. His wife finally, though with reluctance, consented, and the house was sold: but the amount received for it was instantly swallowed up among his payments, and the good it accomplished scarcely perceived. Two months after, just as they were preparing to move into a smaller house and materially reduce their expenditures, the crisis in Mr. Richmond's affairs came, and he was compelled to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Six months previous to this time his friend Charles Hammond had entered into business with Richmond's former partner, and, on the evening of the very day which saw the utter wreck of his fortunes, Hammond married the modest, intelligent, and beautiful, *though poor*, Caroline Wentworth, and commenced housekeeping in a quiet, economical, but very comfortable and genteel way.

From a merchant, supposed to be rich, and living in a style of elegance and luxury, Richmond was suddenly reduced to a condition of dependence. He had made so many bad debts, that the whole of his capital was absorbed; and when his creditors were all paid, there was nothing left for himself and family. To procure for them the simplest necessities of life, he was compelled to ask a situation as clerk, and finally obtained a place in the store of his friend Charles Hammond and his old partner, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

With this sum, and such a woman as Caroline Wentworth for a wife, he could have not only lived comfortably, but happily. But, alas! in his present condition, there were no elements of contentment. Thrown thus suddenly down from a position in society that she had held under a feeling of pride mingled with contempt for all below, his wife became fretful and peevish, reproaching him almost daily for having squandered the wealth she had brought him. He, in turn, became soured, and retaliated by neglect, and sometimes unkind treatment.

And thus, modified in some degree, they still live—he yet unable to rise higher than a clerk, and she full of murmuring and discontent at her lot. Were it not that two children bind them together, they would, doubtless, long since have separated by the power of a mutual repulsion.

How differently pass the days with Charles Hammond, and Caroline his gentle wife! Both are contented with their lot, and each finds that years but add strength to the affection that first bound them together as one. With them, external circumstances had no influence, and therefore, no change in external circumstances can affect their regard. It was by a mutual fitness for each other that they were attracted, and that fitness remaining, change cannot pass upon their hearts.

In this sketch, imperfect though it be, is involv-

ed matters of serious import to young men just entering upon the world. The one most important act, at this period of life, is marriage. And it depends, altogether, upon the end in view in choosing a wife, whether the marriage will be a happy one or not. If money is regarded as the chief end, then marriage cannot bring happiness. If beauty is regarded first, or rank, or intelligence, the same result will follow. *Moral fitness* must be considered

first in the catalogue of excellences, and then whatever of the rest follow, will add to, instead of diminishing the happiness of the married life.— Money is held by a very uncertain tenure; mere beauty of face survives not the spring-time of life; and wit and intellectual light grow dim, as years accumulate, unless there be burning within a pure flame of moral excellence to shine through them.

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JANE HOWARD.

Miss Jane Howard was the daughter of a very wealthy merchant residing in the city of Baltimore. Her personal appearance was truly prepossessing; but the graces of her mind, polished as it was by the graces of a superior education, and the benevolence of her naturally warm and virtuous heart, rendered her an object of universal esteem and admiration, among all with whom she was acquainted. At a very early age she embraced the Christian religion, and much of her time was spent in promoting religious and benevolent objects.

In the fall of 1828, Jane, with her elder brother, embarked on board a packet for Charleston, South Carolina, for the purpose of visiting their friends. The captain of the packet was a man about twenty-five years of age. His person was comely, and his manners agreeable, with the exception of one fault, too common among sailors, profanity. The modesty of Jane's appearance attracted his attention: he gained an introduction to her by means of her brother, and was still more charmed by the sweetness of her conversation than he had been by the graces of her person.

It was not long, however, before an oath escaped his lips, which shocked the delicate sensibility of Jane.

She politely requested that he would desist from such language while she remained on board the vessel, to which he immediately consented, with a deep chagrin. During the remainder of the voyage, the Captain's attention to Jane was rather increased than diminished. He spent much of his time in her company, charmed and delighted with the modesty of her deportment, and the fascinating spell of her instructive conversation; but not another oath was he heard to utter, until they arrived in Charleston. They were now

about to part, but Jane, feeling no small interest in the welfare of one whose unremitted attentions more than indicated his solicitude for her own, ventured to ask if he would grant her one request. The Captain, with all the enthusiasm of an infatuated lover, replied, that whatever request she was pleased to make, if possibly within his power, it certainly should be granted.

"Then," said she "accept this bible, and my request is, that you read a portion of it every day."

He felt surprised, but considering that he had given his promise, he felt bound to fulfil it. In the fall of 1833, Jane went to spend the winter with her uncle, who resided in New Orleans. The first Sabbath after she arrived there, she accompanied her uncle and his family to church, and heard a sermon of uncommon interest, delivered with eloquence and religious pathos. The minister was evidently a man of superior talents; his voice deep-toned and agreeable. His figures were applicable, though high-wrought and beautiful. He possessed, in fine, the rare faculty of chaining an audience in almost breathless silence, from the commencement till the close of his discourse. But Jane, whose tender heart was so exquisitely susceptible on the subject of religion, entered so deeply into the spirit of the sermon, that she entirely forgot, for a time, the distance which separated her from her friends, and all the circumstances by which she was surrounded, with the exception of the rolling sentences as they flowed from the lips of the speaker.

The meeting closed; and while Jane and her friends were waiting in their pew for the aisle to be cleared, the preacher came down from the pulpit—advanced towards, and addressed Jane, as follows:—

"If I mistake not, I am addressing Miss Howard."

A confused succession of ideas flitted for an instant across the mind of Jane, but, recollecting herself, she politely replied:

"That is my name, sir, but I do not recollect to have had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Perhaps you recollect having sailed from Baltimore to Charleston about five years ago, in the packet Thomas Jefferson, and of having given a bible to the Captain."

"I do," she replied, "I recollect it well, and if I mistake not, I recognise the Captain in the person before me! But can it be possible?"

"It is possible," he replied, "it is so—I am the man!—and I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude to you, Miss Howard, for the interest you manifested in my welfare. That bible and the reading of it, has made me what I am."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings produced by this unexpected meeting. Suffice it to say, that the minister was invited home with them, and during the winter his visits were neither few nor far between. In the spring he married Miss Jane, and they are now on a missionary tour among the dark benighted sons of India, where the blessing of Heaven is attending their labors in a wonderful manner, and many souls have been brought to a saving knowledge through their instrumentality.

KATE BENTLEY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why do you flirt with Alfred?" said, Emma Glendroy to her beautiful friend as they sat one afternoon at the house of the former.

"What a question!" replied her companion, "and how on earth could it have come into your head? Here we have sat for half an hour, without a word being spoken, and just when I thought you were lost in abstraction you look up and ask me why I flirt with Alfred," and Kate Bentley laughed merrily.

"But that is not answering my question. Why do you flirt with Mr. Townsend?"

"Oh! since you will have an answer, it's because I like to tease the dear man. What's the use of being young and called pretty without one can worry the beaux?"

"But surely, Kate, you would not thus treat the man you intend to marry?"

"And who, my dear little preacher, said I was going to marry Mr. Townsend? Surely I never said so——"

"No, Kate, I admit that; but then you *know* you think more of him than of any one else—for *that* you can't conceal from one who knows you as intimately as I do."

"Pshaw! But suppose I do, what then? Can't one torment a man before marriage?—we all have to be teased enough after it. I take my revenge beforehand, and, even if I loved Mr. Townsend, I should plague him wofully before I consented to have him. But what have you seen in my conduct toward the gentleman that induces you to say I flirt with him?"

"Listen to me, Kate," said her companion. "Every body knows that Alfred loves you—his attentions are so marked that they cannot be mistaken—and your friends give you the credit to believe that you feel his worth,"—here Kate looked laughingly at her companion, who paused and added—"at least do not despise him. You certainly, at times, give him encouragement such as no lady ought to bestow on a gentleman she would not be willing to marry. But, at other times, you are as cold as an icicle. Again you smile on him; and then you flirt with others. Now, as you know that Mr. Townsend is serious, you ought, if you intend to marry him, at once to cease torturing him; but, if you find you cannot love him, then it becomes your duty to shew him, with all maidenly reserve, but still in a decided manner, that his suit is hopeless. Condemn him, dear Kate, at once to despair, or else scorn further trifling with the man you love. But to smile on him to-day only to frown on him to-morrow, is—disguise it as you will—the part of a heartless flirt."

Kate's color had come and gone more than once during this plain address, and her companion had trembled at every word lest she should give offence by what she felt bound to utter. But when Miss Glendroy had finished, Kate remained a moment silent, and then, rising up, she said, with a merry laugh,

"Well, however, you deserve a medal. Really you preach better than nine-tenths of the modest young men one hears in a pulpit. Surely aunt Mary must be right in saying that you lost your heart to the handsome young minister at the Springs last year—and I suppose you are practising on your friends in the way of exhortation in order to be *au fait* at the business when you become the Rev. Mrs. Newall, and have to hold forth monthly to the Sunday School. Isn't it so, my pretty preacher?" and Kate put both her hands on Emma's brow, and looked into her eyes until the fair girl blushed in spite of herself. The conversation was not resumed, for the tide had been turned; and Miss Glendroy's well-meant expostulation was, as she thought, forgotten.

But it was not so. Kate Bentley, although a gay, wilful creature, had a good heart, and her companion's strictures made an impression on her which she was not willing to admit. Kate's character was a striking one. Pride was one of her dominant faults. She had moreover a constant flow of spirits, was young, beautiful, and witty. She was courted and caressed by all. She was naturally, therefore, wilful; and perhaps too much given to what she had thoughtlessly considered innocent flirtations.

A few days after this conversation a ball occurred, whose projected magnificence had been the theme of conversation for several weeks. Kate was the belle of the night. Never had her wit seemed more sprightly or her beauty more dazzling. Admiration attended on her every movement. In spite of the resolutions she had formed, after parting from Emma Glendroy, she gave way to her old habit of flirtation, not only dancing with every suitor for that honor, but showering her smiles freely around. Her lover saw this with renewed pain, for although he worshipped Kate almost to idolatry, he was not blind to her faults. He knew she had many good qualities, and he had trusted that time would teach her the folly of her errors. But, on this evening, he almost despaired. He saw her practising all the arts of coquetry merely for the gratification of the passing hour—smiling on those to whom to-morrow she would not deign a look—endeavoring to lure admirers to her shrine only that she might make a sport of their devotion. Townsend could not restrain himself, when he accompanied her homeward, from expressing how deeply his feelings had been hurt. From Kate's conduct toward him, especially during the last few days, he was led to believe that he was not wholly indifferent to her, and

he felt it to be his duty to speak to her frankly on the consequences of such conduct. Kate heard him out in silence; but the color faded and deepened constantly on her cheek as he spoke, although, by leaning back in a corner of the carriage, she concealed her countenance. At length she answered him, and her tone was cold and haughty, for her pride was aroused.

"Indeed, Mr. Townsend, you take a liberty which I shall allow to no gentleman, however acceptable he may think," and she emphasised the word in bitter scorn, "he may have made himself to me. For my conduct I am accountable to myself only—those who do not like it, need not seek my acquaintance."

A sigh from her companion was her only answer, and the next instant the carriage stopped. Without a word her lover handed her out. Already Kate began to repent what she had said, but pride checked her from retracting it. Coldly Alfred bowed to her, and coldly Kate curtsied in reply; and then she passed into the house determined angrily never again to behold her lover. But, in a minute afterward she hurried to her room, where she burst into tears. They were tears of mingled regret and passion.

When Kate awoke the next morning her first thought was of her conduct toward her lover the night before. She felt that she was wrong. Her pride had passed away, and she determined, when her lover called, to shew her penitence by her conduct, and if he alluded to it, frankly to own her error.

But Alfred had received a shock such as he could not speedily forget. He had borne with Kate long, but her bitter scorn of his advice, on the preceding evening, had finally convinced him that her errors were incurable. He resolved never again to enter the presence of one who had spurned every well meant effort for her reformation. He had flattered himself that what he said would be listened to kindly—alas! how had he been deceived.

All that day, and all the ensuing day Kate watched for his coming, until at length her anxiety became nearly insupportable, and her heart fluttered whenever the bell was rung. Still Alfred came not. And when, on the third day, Kate heard that he had left the city for the south, where he expected to remain several months, she felt that it was to avoid her presence that he had gone. Never, before that hour, was she fully aware of the depth of her love for Alfred. So long as he had been her worshipper, and ever, as it were, in her presence, she had been unconscious of his worth, slighting his delicate attentions, and wringing his noble heart with her thoughtless coquetry. But now he was gone, and forever! This conviction was insupportable to the penitent girl, and she fell into a violent illness, which led her to the very brink of the grave. Her pride was now wholly gone. Oh! what would she not have given

to have been able to ask forgiveness of him she had so deeply wronged.

Kate rose from her sick couch an altered being. She was still beautiful; many thought more beautiful than ever; for her countenance now wore a sad, sweet expression, such as it never had in her happier days—an expression which irresistibly interested the beholder in her. Few knew the cause of her illness, and she soon had as many admirers as ever. But no one now charged Kate with coquetry. Firmly but kindly she declined every offer that was made to her; while the time which she once devoted to pleasure was now surrendered to the poor, or to the improvement of her mind.

Two years had passed ere Alfred Townsend found himself once more in his native city. One of the first persons he met was an old friend.

"A hearty welcome to you, Townsend," said his friend, fervently grasping his hand, "why, you've been absent so long that, I'm afraid, you've almost forgotten us. There have been some changes among us since you went away, as you may suppose; but we'll be none the less glad to welcome you back. There's Harry Smith, and Norton, and Beaufort all married, and I myself am about to become a Benedict. I am very glad you've returned, for I was wishing to-day that I had you here to wait on me."

Alfred bowed and expressed the happiness he should have in being of any service to his friend, who continued,

"But you little dream who is to be my bride. You recollect Emma Glendroy?"

"Is she your affianced? Then let me congratulate you on having won the sweetest and most amiable of all our old acquaintance."

"Emma will thank you for the compliment," said his friend, "but she will be sure to demur to it. Nor can I say but that she will have some truth on her side, although certainly I can't be expected to admit that there is any one more amiable than my sweet girl."

"But surely there is no rival to Emma—why we used to call her, by general consent, the loveliest of the set in which we moved. I know of no one even approaching to her."

"But I do."

"Surely you jest, or my memory betrays me. Who do you mean?"

"Why, who but Kate Bentley, the most amiable and best of girls."

Alfred had nearly betrayed himself, but checking his emotions, he said, as calmly as he could,

"Kate Bentley!—she was, when I went away, a spoiled coquette. Witty, beautiful, and flattered, she was the very antithesis to lovely and amiable."

"It may have been—she certainly was very different when she was young, but now—as you will say on seeing her—she is the sweetest of girls. By the bye she

is to be bridesmaid to Emma, and I cannot pay you a higher compliment than to assign you Kate as a partner."

Alfred could not refuse, after having accepted the invitation, and besides, since his friend seemed ignorant of his former love for Kate, he determined to do nothing that might betray him. He felt too by the flutter of his heart that his love for Kate was not wholly eradicated, and he asked himself "if she is really so changed may we not yet be happy?" Nor will we deny that the fancy, that his abrupt departure may have had some influence in bringing about this reformation, rose up before his mind.

"I have brought you a new beau, Kate," said Emma's betrothed, as he entered the room where the two girls were sitting, "or rather an old one, come to life. Moreover, I have asked him to be your partner at my wedding—have I done right?"

"Oh! yes," said Kate smiling, and little expecting the answer, she added, "but who is he?"

"As noble a fellow as ever breathed. You know him well, Emma—Alfred Townsend."

The blood rushed to Kate's very brow, and she felt her senses reeling; but making a powerful effort to command her feelings, she rose and would have left the room.

"Are you ill, Kate?" said Emma's unthinking lover, but at a glance from his affianced bride he was suddenly silent. Kate rushed from the room followed by Miss Glendroy, and as soon as the door was closed, the overwrought girl fell weeping into her friend's arms.

The next day Alfred, who had learnt all, was at Kate's feet begging forgiveness for the past; but the sweet girl took all the blame on herself, and said it was she who ought to be penitent.

"Let us forget the past then, dearest," said he, "and look only to the future."

And Kate answered, smiling through her tears!

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC.

CONCLUSION.

I WAS now alone in the world; I had neither ship, nor home; and she I had loved was wedded to another. It is strange how misanthropical a man becomes, after disappointment has soured his disposition, and destroyed, one after another, the beautiful dreams of his youth. When I sat down and thought of the hopes of my earlier years, now gone forever; when I speculated upon my future prospects; when I recalled to mind how few of the friends I had begun life with remained, an indescribable sadness came over me, and, had it not been for my manhood, I would have found a relief in tears. My zest for society was gone. I cared little for the ordinary business of life. I only longed for a fitting opportunity to re-enter the service, and distinguish myself by some gallant deed, which I did not care to survive, for even fame had become hateful to me, since it reminded me how insufficient it was to win or retain the love of woman. In a word, I had become a misanthrope, and was fast losing all the energy of my character in sickly regrets over the past.

Of the St. Clairs I had not inquired since my return, and their names, from motives of delicacy perhaps, were never mentioned in my presence. Yet they occupied a large portion of my thoughts, and often would I start, and my heart flutter, when, in the streets, I fancied, for a moment, that I recognized the form of Annette. But a nearer approach made evident my mistake, and dissipated my embarrassment. Much, however, as I thought of her, I had never inquired to whom she had been married; yet my curiosity on this point continually gained strength; and when I had been a fortnight in Newport without hearing any allusion to her, I began to wish that some one would break the ominous silence which seemed to hang around her and her family. Still I dared not trust myself to broach the subject. I continued, therefore, ignorant of their present situation, and of all that concerned them.

There is, not far from the town, and situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the island, a favorite resort which has long been known by the familiar and characteristic name of "The Glen." The spot is one where the deity of romance might sit enshrined. Here, on a still summer night, we might, without much stretch of fancy, look for fairies to come forth and gambol, or listen to the light music of airy spirits hovering above us. The whole place reminds you of an enchanted bower and dull must

be his heart who does not feel the stirrings of the divinity within him as he gazes on the lovely scenery around. He who can listen here unmoved to the low gurgle of the brook, or the light rustle of the leaves in the summer wind, must be formed of the coarsest clods of clay, nor boast one spark of our immortal nature.

The glen was my favorite resort, and thither would I go and spend whole afternoons, listening to the laughing prattle of the little river, or striving to catch, in pauses of the breeze, the murmur of the neighboring sea. A rude bench had been constructed under some trees, in a partially open glade, at the lower extremity of the ravine, and here I usually sat, indulging in those dreamy, half-sick reveries which are characteristic of youth. The stream, which brawled down the ravine, in a succession of rapids and cascades, here glided smoothly along on a level bottom, its banks fringed with long grass interspersed with wild roses, and its bed strewn with pebbles, round and silvery, that glistened in the sunbeams, which, here and there, struggled through the trees, and shimmered on the stream. Faint and low came to the ear the sound of the mill, situated at the upper end of the ravine; while occasionally a bird whistled on the stillness, or a leaf floated lazily down into the river, and went on its way, a tiny bark. The seclusion of my favorite retreat was often enlivened by the appearance of strangers, but as they generally remained only a few minutes, I had the spot, for most of the time, to myself. Here I dreamed away the long summer afternoons, often lingering until the moon had risen, to make the scene seem even more beautiful, under her silvery light. I had no pleasure in any other spot. Perhaps it was because I had once been here with Annette, when we were both younger, and I, at least, happier; and I could remember plucking a flower for her from a time-worn bush that still grew on the margin of the stream. God-knows how we love to haunt the spot made dear to us by old and tender recollections!

I was sitting, one afternoon, on the rude bench I have spoken of, listlessly casting pebbles into the river, when I heard the sound of approaching voices, but I was so accustomed to the visits of strangers, that I did not pause to look up. Directly the voices came nearer, and suddenly a word was spoken that thrilled through every nerve of my system. It was

only a single word, but that voice!—surely it could be none other than Annette's. My sensations, at that moment, I will not pretend to analyze. I longed to look up, and yet I dared not. My heart fluttered wildly, and I could feel the blood rushing in torrents to my face; but, if I had been called on at that instant to speak, I could not have complied for worlds. Luckily the tree, under whose shadow I sat, concealed me from the approaching visitors, and I had thus time to rally my spirits ere the strangers came up. As they drew near I recognized the voice of Mr. St. Clair, and then that of Annette's cousin Isabel, while there were one or two other speakers who were strangers to me. Doubtless one of them was Annette's husband, and, as this thought flashed across me, I looked up, impelled by an irresistible impulse. The party were now within almost twenty yards, coming gaily down the glen. Foremost in the group walked Isabel, leaning on the arm of a tall, gentlemanly looking individual, and turning ever and anon around to Annette, who followed immediately behind, at the side of her father. Another lady, attended by a gentleman, made up the rest of the company. Where could Annette's husband be? was the question that occurred to me—and who was the distinguished looking gentleman on whose arm Isabel was so familiarly leaning? But my thoughts were cut short by a conversation which now began, and of which, during a minute, I was an unknown auditor—for my position still concealed me from the party, and my surprise at first, and afterwards delicacy, prevented me from appearing.

"Ah! Annette," said Isabel, archly, turning around to her cousin, "do you know this spot, but especially that rose-bush yonder?—here, right beyond that old tree—you seem wonderfully ignorant all at once! I wonder where the donor of that aforesaid rose-bud is now. I would lay a guinea that it is yet in your possession, preserved in some favorite book, pressed out between the leaves. Come, answer frankly, is it not so, my sweet coz?"

I could hear no reply, if one was made, and immediately another voice spoke. It was that of Isabel's companion, coming to the aid of Annette.

"You are too much given to believe that Annette follows your example, Isabel—now do you turn penitent, and let me be father confessor—how many rose-buds, ay! and for that matter, even leaves, have you in your collection, presented to you by your humble servant, before we had pity on each other, and were married? I found a flower, last week, in a copy of Spenser, and, if I remember aright, I was the donor of the trifle."

"Oh! you betray yourself," gaily retorted Isabel, "but men are foolish—and of all foolish men I ever met with, a certain Albert Marston was, before his marriage, the most foolish. I take credit to myself," she continued, in the same playful strain, "for having worked such a reformation in him since that event. But this is not what we were talking of—you wish to divert me from my purpose by this light Cossack warfare—but it won't do," she continued, and I fancied she stamped her foot prettily, as she

was wont to do at Clairville Hall, when she was disposed to have her way; "no—no—Annette must be the one to turn penitent, and I will play father confessor. Say, now, fair coz, was it not a certain fancy to see this same rose-bush, that induced you to insist on coming here?"

During this conversation the parties had remained nearly stationary at some distance from me. Strange suspicions began to flash through my mind, as soon as Isabel commenced her banter; and these suspicions had now been changed into a certainty. Annette was still unmarried, and it was Isabel's wedding at which I had come so near being present, at Clairville Hall. Nor was this all. I was still loved. Oh! the wild, the rapturous feelings of that moment. I could with difficulty restrain myself from rising and rushing toward them; but motives of delicacy forbade me thus to reveal that the conversation had been overheard. And yet should I remain in my present position, and play the listener still further? I knew not what to do. All these considerations flashed through my mind in the space of less than a minute, during which the party had been silent, apparently enjoying Annette's confusion.

"Come, not ready to answer yet?" began Isabel; "well, if you will not, you shan't have the rose from that bush, for which you've come. Let us go back," she said, playfully.

The whole party seemed to enter into the jest, and laughingly retraced their steps. This afforded me the opportunity for which I longed. Hastily rising from my seat, I glided unnoticed from tree to tree, until I reached a copse on the left of the glen, and advancing up the ravine, under cover of this screen, I re-entered the path at a bend some distance above the St. Clairs. Here I listened for a moment, and caught the sound of their approaching voices. Determining no longer to be a listener to their conversation, I proceeded down the glen, and, as I turned the corner, a few paces in advance, I came full in sight of the approaching group. In an instant the gay laughing of the party ceased, and I saw Annette shrink blushing behind her father. Isabel was the first to speak. Darting forward, with that frankness and gaiety which always characterized her, she grasped my hand, and said—

"You don't know how happy we all are to see you. Where could you have come from?—and how could you have made such a mistake as to congratulate Annette, instead of me, on being married? But come, I must surrender you to the others—I see they are dying to speak to you. Uncle, Annette—how lucky it was that we came here to-day!"

"My dear boy," said Mr. St. Clair, warmly pressing my hand, "I cannot tell how rejoiced I am to see you. We heard a rumor that you were lost, and we all wept—Isabel for the first time for years. It was but a few days since that we heard you were at Newport, and, as we were coming hither, I hastened my journey, determined to search you out. We are on our way there now, and only stopped here a few minutes to relieve ourselves after a long ride. This day shall be marked with a white stone. But here I

have been keeping you from speaking to Annette—we old men, you know, are apt to be garrulous.”

My eyes, indeed, had been seeking Annette, who, still covered with blushes, and unable to control her embarrassment, sought to conceal them by keeping in the back ground. As for me, I had become wonderfully self-possessed. I now advanced and took her hand. It trembled in my own, and when I spoke, though she replied faintly, she did not dare to look into my face, except for a moment, after which her eyes again sought the ground in beautiful embarrassment. My unexpected appearance, com-

bined with her cousin's late raillery, covered her face with blushes, and, for some time, she could not rally herself sufficient to participate in the conversation.

What more have I to tell? I was now happy, and for my misanthropy, it died with the cause that produced it. Mr. St. Clair said that the wedding need not be delayed, and in less than a month I led Annette to the altar. Years have flown since then, but I still enjoy unalloyed felicity, and Annette seems to my eyes more beautiful than ever. It only remains for me to bid my readers FAREWELL!

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

KATE ELLIOTT;

OR, VICISSITUDES.

BY MISS M. E. L., OF NEW YORK.

"So you will go, Charles!" said a young and beautiful girl, with tears glittering on her dark eye-lashes, as she clung to the arm of a fine, noble-looking youth, who, from his resemblance to her, was evidently her brother.

"Yes, Kate, I must go; but why will you weep thus! Think how soon I shall return;—nay, you unman me," and, half-ashamed of his tears, he dashed them aside, and parting the raven ringlets off his sister's fair brow, he kissed her: saying, "Listen, Kate, mother calls you; once more good-by," and kissing his hand to a lady,—lovely, and scarce beyond the prime of life, he hastened away. Yet more than once he turned to gaze on the home he was leaving for the first time; and the fair young girl and her mother watched him 'till the shaded trees prevented their distinguishing him longer.

Charles Elliott was the only son of Capt. Elliott, a brave and distinguished officer, but who had died before Charles had numbered his sixteenth year; leaving his widow with two children, and a fortune sufficient to maintain them comfortably, and supply them with not alone the necessaries, but the luxuries of life.

An only brother of Mrs. Elliott's, Edward Clare, had in early life visited the East Indies, wishing to amass sufficient wealth to enable him to return a rich man; but the only tidings Mrs. Elliott had ever heard of him was the loss of the vessel in which he had sailed; and this induced her to decline giving her consent to Charles, when he informed her his most ardent wish was to accept a lucrative employment, which had been offered him in the Indies.

The Indies! it sounded to her as a death-knell, and it was not until the advice of her friends and the entreaties of Charles were exhausted, that she could yield her consent.

But Charles was so animated, so full of hope and gaiety, that she could not but believe his cheerful prophecies of a happy return. To Kate, poor Kate! it seemed impossible Charles could leave them; and the two years he was to remain, she fancied a long, long time. She strove, by a thousand little cares, to drive the melancholy thoughts from her mind, but they would return; and every thing seemed sad that day—even the gay carol of her canary, and the murmur of a fountain that played amid a group of plants in front of the cottage. Yet, as day by day rolled by, their sorrow wore off; and they

began to look cheerfully forward to his return.

Kate Elliott was very beautiful; tall, well-formed and commanding in person. Her face was of an oval contour, with exquisitely fine features; complexion of a warm, rich hue, with redundant tresses of raven blackness; and eyes large, expressive, and melting in their own softness, though of the same dark hue as her hair. Her disposition, like Charles's, was naturally gay and lively; her mind well stored with not mere accomplishments, but with the best literature of the day. She had been educated under the careful eye of Mrs. Elliott. She was just sixteen—now two years younger than Charles; and now just merging from lovely girlhood to a beautiful woman.

* * * *

It was a bright summer morning, three months from the commencement of my story. In the small but elegantly furnished drawing-room of Elliott Cottage, sat Kate and her mother. The windows were low, opening on a balcony or piazza, filled with plants; white muslin curtains shaded the sun's bright rays; a small marble stand, supporting a vase of beautiful flowers, stood before Mrs. Elliott. Kate sat by her side; some fine needle-work, with which she had been engaged, lay on her lap, and an expression of deep thought was on her fine countenance.

"What are you thinking of, Kate!" said Mrs. Elliott, smiling; "you appear to be meditating deeply on some very interesting subject."

Kate looked up; a tear rested on her dark eye, as she said, "I am thinking of Charles, and I wonder he does not write."

"You forget he has not had time to arrive there yet, and you know we have heard from him once."

At this moment a servant entered, with a letter in his hand. Kate sprang up, exclaiming, "a letter; from whom can it be!" and hastily seized it. The hand-writing was strange, and it was directed to Mrs. Elliott, who opened it, and read but a few lines, when, in a voice tremulous from emotion, she exclaimed, "Kate, we are ruined!"

Mrs. Elliott's property was vested in the stock of a bank, considered perfectly safe, but the letter informed her it had lately broken, and that her whole property was lost. Not her's alone; many had suffered by it, too; many more unable to bear it than she. Elliott Cottage did not belong to her; it had been leased to her for a number of years, with the privilege of purchasing it, at the end of that time. The lease expired within one month, and Mrs. Elliott then intended to purchase it; but now her plans were all frustrated.

As the first shock of the blow wore off, they planned their future movements.

"We must," said Mrs. Elliott, "leave the cottage, and ——"

"Leave the cottage!" cried Kate, "Oh, no, we cannot leave this, our own beautiful home."

"Listen, Kate," said her mother, "how would this costly furniture contrast with our present fortunes? We have nothing left us, my child, save these; and to support ourselves, at least for a time, we must part with them."

Convinced of the truth of her mother's remarks, Kate strove to command her feelings, and appear in her mother's presence cheerful.

To Charles they wrote immediately, hoping the letter would reach him soon after his arrival. Mrs. Elliott knew that he would wish to return instantly on the receipt of her letter; but she assured him, much as they longed to see him, that it would be advisable for him to remain at present, as his employment was a lucrative one.

Happily, they received an advantageous offer for their furniture, which Mrs. Elliott instantly accepted. Kate's harp was sold; but her piano, with a few pieces of furniture, reserved by Mrs. Elliott, were conveyed to Woodford, a small village but five miles distant from Elliott Cottage, and where they were in future to reside.

* * * *

At last the day came for their departure from their old home; and Kate had visited all the villagers, heretofore pensioners of her bounty, and the neighbors, who had sympathized with them; and now she ran over the cottage, to look at the old rooms once more. At one she stopped; it was her own room. The woodbine had climbed the latticed window, and its perfumed fragrance filled the air. Kate approached the window, and gazed long and anxiously out. Before her was the smooth velvet-like lawn; beyond, the woods, through which they had seen Charles last. The trees looked fresher, and greener, in the rich, warm sunlight that was poured upon them; and the birds sang gayer, merrier than ever.

Poor Kate! she thought of the happy days she had passed there; of the many joyous hours she might never see again; and her tears fell, like rain-drops, on the honey-suckle beneath.

She broke a branch, laden with bright blossoms; and not daring to gaze again on it, she hastily left the room.

"Come, Kate, are you ready?" said her mother, who was already seated in the carriage.

The servants were gathered on the lawn,

in a melancholy group, to bid Miss Kate good-by. The gardener approached her with a bouquet of rare exotics. "Good-by, Miss Kate," said the poor fellow, while tears rested in his eyes; "I have gathered some of the flowers you love; and, Miss Kate, I have sent some of the prettiest on to Woodford for you; and when you water them, and tend them, will you remember poor Robert?"

"O! I shall never forget you," cried Kate, and springing in the carriage, it drove off, amid the blessings of the group.

Their new home was small; it consisted of but two rooms on the first floor of a small two story house; the rest of which was occupied by its owner, a respectable widow lady, Mrs. Lacy. The view from it, however, was pleasant; and under Kate's judicious management, their furniture was soon arranged; and it looked (although far different from their former style of living,) so neat and comfortable, that her gay spirits rose again.

"See, mamma," she exclaimed, "does not that recess look as if it were made for my piano? The plants, too, are almost as pretty as at the cottage; and Bob, pretty fellow, I am sure he likes it better—don't you, my birdie!" and Bob burst out with a gay merry strain, as if he understood his mistress's words.

Mrs. Elliott smiled; but it was a sickly smile, and Kate saw that her cheek was paler than its wont, and her eye had lost its usual brightness.

"I am sure you are sick, mamma; are you not?" You look pale ——

"No, dearest," interrupted her mother, "I am only weary; you must remember our excitement is wearing off. Come, let us look on yonder beautiful sunset."

But on the morrow she was worse, much worse; and Kate, alarmed, sent for a physician.

Mrs. Elliott's constitution had always been delicate; and she had taken a severe cold before she left Elliott Cottage, which, in the excitement of their departure, she had either neglected, or had not noticed. The physician pronounced it, accordingly, a violent cold; which, if great care were not taken, might end in something much more dangerous. Kate watched unweariedly beside her, and saw that she had every luxury which she needed, and to which she had been accustomed.

At this time, they received a letter from Charles, and as he made no mention of their letter; and as his was directed to their old home, there was no doubt that he had not received it.

* * * *

It was four months after their removal from Elliott Cottage, toward the close of au-

turn, that Kate Elliott sat by the bedside of her dying mother. Yes—Mrs. Elliott was fast reaching that bourne whence no traveller returns! Her cold had settled on her delicate frame, and consumption—that fell destroyer—had claimed her for its own. She had fallen into an uneasy slumber; her hair had escaped from her cap, and contrasted its raven blackness with the death-like hue of her face. Kate sat in silent despair; she seemed without the power of tears. Not far from her sat Mrs. Lacy, whose aged countenance wore an expression of deep sympathy and sorrow.

"Kate!" Kate started; her mother was awake. "I must leave you, my child; nay, remember 'tis God's will. Tell Charles, my last blessing was for him—my last command that he should cherish you with all a brother's care. Come nearer, Kate,"—and she obeyed; "we shall meet again, dearest, in a better world—where there are no cares—where all is joy—and peace—and bliss;—my children—my God ——" and with a deep sigh, her spirit fled.

* * * * *

"What are your future plans, Miss Elliott?" said Mrs. Lacy to Kate, a few weeks after her mother's death.

"I intend to take a small school," replied Kate, "if I can procure one; and support myself thus, until my brother's return. I have written to him, but it will be sometime before he receives my letter."

"You forget Miss Elliott, that there is a school in Woodford; but if you will not take it amiss, Lady Willerton, at Willerton House, was trying to get a teacher for her children, and I am sure you would suit her."

Kate could not bear the idea of being dependent on others; and though Mrs. Lacy wished her to stay with her, still she felt she should be dependent upon her; and while health and strength were her's, she determined to maintain herself; so she sought Lady Willerton.

Willerton House was a fine, noble-looking mansion; with its broad avenues shaded by oaks, and its gravelled carriage-walks. Lady Willerton was middle-aged, and bearing the remains of considerable beauty in her countenance, although it was masculine; and Kate somehow was not possessed in her favour.

The furniture belonging to Kate, Mrs. Lacy purchased; and as she would not part with her piano—her mother's gift—it was to remain in Mrs. Lacy's care. The expense attendant on her mother's illness had exhausted nearly all their money, and with but a few dollars remaining, Kate became governess to Lady Willerton's children.

Mrs. Lacy took an affectionate leave of her; and begged if she ever needed a home, or a friend, that she would come to her.

Kate's pupils were three young girls, the eldest scarcely fourteen. Naturally possessed of good dispositions, they had been indulged to a fault, until they were pettish, wild, and wilful as possible. She had much to bear with them; but their wilfulness was preferable to the cold and distant manner of their elder brother and sister. Helen Colbert was haughty, vain, and proud; jealous of the admiration Kate excited, and envious of her rare beauty. Lord Henry was her counterpart in personal appearance, manners, and disposition.

Kate felt keenly the difference between her former and present situation. Once, she was the admired of all; if she sang or played, all listened in rapt devotion—all were entranced; now, though very seldom, if at Lady Willerton's request she took her place at the harp or piano, though her execution was brilliant, and her ear true to harmony, none praised—"it was only the governess."

Willerton House was now crowded with visitors; and amid others, Lord William Brereton—Henry Colbert's intimate associate. He was reckless, wild, and dissipated, but heir to an immense fortune; and in consequence of this last *virtue*, a fit and suitable match for the Lady Helen. Brereton had seen Kate, and struck with her commanding beauty, he determined to induce her to become Lady Brereton, if only to provoke the Willerton's, and Helen, in particular, whom he disliked, and whose plans he had long seen through. Too coxcombical to fancy Kate could refuse him, he persisted in forcing his disagreeable attentions upon her; and at last, with an air of confident success, he informed her it was his intention to make her Lady Brereton.

Kate's eye flashed, and her cheek glowed, at his confident and half-insolent manner, but with an air of mock-humility, she begged to decline his proposals.

The coxcomb was astounded! "What," said he, "the poor governess refuse me, Lord William Brereton! Egad! you are not in earnest?"

"I am in earnest," replied Kate; "Lord William Brereton, the poor governess scorns you;"—and with a flashing eye, and proud step, she left the room. In the hall she met Lady Willerton, whom she had no doubt had heard all that had passed; and in this opinion she was confirmed, when, in an hour's time, Lady Willerton informed her she should have no further use for her services.

To Mrs. Lacy, then, her only friend, Kate went. She was warmly welcomed, but Mrs. Lacy's quick eye perceived the change in

Kate's looks. Nothing could exceed the marble whiteness of her brow, but on either cheek dwelt a feverish hectic spot; and her eyes were unusually bright and dilated. (On the morrow, Mrs. Lacy found her in a raging fever. In her delirium she called upon her mother, and begged that she might die too. Oh! it was a sad sight to behold that young and beautiful being, lying so utterly helpless; and sadder still was it to listen to the wild and passionate appeals that ever and anon burst from her lips. * * *

It was the ninth day—the crisis of her fever; and to Mrs. Lacy's joy, she had fallen in a calm, cool slumber. Toward evening Kate awoke suddenly, and her glance fell on a tall handsome youth at her bedside—was it a stranger?—no, it was Charles—her own Charles! Who can describe the joy of their meeting?

Charles had not received their first letter, but immediately on receiving Kate's, he had started for home, accompanied by his uncle, Mr. Clare, whose name had struck him; and after a few inquiries, he discovered in the wealthy Indian nabob his mother's brother. Although the vessel in which he had sailed was lost, still his life was preserved, and to letters which he had written he received no answer. He had married a wealthy merchant's daughter, but who had lately died. He had no children, and the sight of Charles arousing old memories in his heart, he had determined to return to his native land.

Kate rapidly recovered, and in one month a happy group were assembled in Elliott Cottage, consisting of Mr. Clare—its owner,—Charles and Kate Elliott, and Mrs. Lacy, who was in future to reside with them.

Kate was playing on her piano to her uncle; her canary, Bob, reinstated in his old place, was rivalling her in his clear, ringing song; but as she rose from her piano, tears glittered in her beautiful eyes as she exclaimed, "Oh! if mother were but here!" but her tears were dried, as she remembered her last words—"We shall meet again."

KATE LLEWELLYN.

BY H. SYMMES.

SITUATED in one of the most picturesque counties of Wales, Glynndervin was deservedly admired for the splendor of its mansion, and the beauty of the scenery by which it was surrounded. Commanding an extensive view of finely-grouped mountains, a broad, winding river, and rich woodlands, it also possessed unequalled charms in the luxuriance of its shrubberies, the gaiety of its gardens, and the endless variety of graceful trees, which intermingled their varied foliage in all the matchless loveliness of nature. The house was of the Italian style of architecture, adorned with numerous terraces, bright fountains, costly marbles, and all the tasteful decoration peculiar to that style.

The period at which our tale commences was a bright evening in the May of 18—, when the beauty of the landscape was heightened by the brilliant glow of the setting sun, which "bathed in a flood of light" mountain, valley, wood, and water; and the rich melodies of the songsters of the wood, as they warbled forth their evening hymn, charmed the ear, and added fresh beauties to the inanimate objects. It was, indeed, a scene calculated to inspire all those who looked upon it with feelings of happiness, such as are derived from the contemplation of the glories of nature, and which, whether clad in smiles or frowns, cannot fail to elevate the mind of man, and inspire it with holy admiration and sacred thoughts.

Joyous as nature was around Glynndervin, and calculated as it was to fix the attention of all within her reach, there were two persons seated at the open window of the mansion who seemed unconscious of the beauty by which they were surrounded. A settled melancholy sat upon their features, and their eyes were directed upon the form of a fair girl, who lay on a couch between them. The elder of the two was a lady of perhaps some fifty years, though sorrow and care had stamped upon her fine countenance the furrows of many more; and the present expression of grief was only equalled by the settled melancholy of the lovely girl, who with herself was watching the pale face of the fragile being beside them. What a contrast to the joy and beauty of the scene without! The beauty of the flowers, that filled the room with their sweetness, the melody of the birds, all were unseen, unheeded, by those sad watchers. Every sense, every feeling, seemed concentrated in that form, so delicate, so fragile, so fair, so motionless, you would have thought it the spiritless body of an angel, did not the bright though pensive expression that lighted up the heaven-directed face show that a spirit that owned more of heaven than earth dwelt there; nor did she seem insensible to those objects which her companions did not heed: for the bright eyes wandered from flower to

flower, from hill to dale, and a tear trembled on the lid: an offering, perhaps, to those past days, when she, so young, and bright, and joyous, bounded among the flowers with the butterflies, and made the woods resound with the silver tones of her merry voice—but it died in its beauty, as again they were upturned to the blue sky above, with a smile so sweet, so lovely—oh! it was too bright for earth!

The elder lady's sadness seemed to lighten, as she whispered,

"Does the air refresh you, dearest?"

"Yes, dear mother, thank you," was the only answer.

Soon after, they wished to remove her from the chilliness of the evening; but that fair young girl prayed to remain, to watch the dying glories of the King of Light; and as she lay upon her couch, one of the songsters of the wood left his companions in the grove, and, flying into the window, stationed himself unabashed upon the ground, and pouring forth a gush of melody, soft yet rich, flew gently out again, and perched upon the window sill, singing still. What chord did the young bird strike in that sad, aching heart? Why was that fragile form borne, senseless, away in her mother's arms?

Three years before, Kate Llewellyn had entered upon the world a lovely, bright, and joyous girl; worshipped in society for her beauty and accomplishments; adored at home for her amiability, her gentleness, her goodness. The idol of the poor, her chief delight was to visit their humble dwellings, and relieve with a generous hand and kind voice their bodily and mental cares; and fully was her attention repaid by the welcome that ever greeted her appearance. The children would leave their play to gain a smile from kind Miss Kate; and not one of all those motley groups but had a word of kindness, or a gentle admonition, or some inquiry, from that dear Miss Kate. The aged blessed her as she passed; and by old and young, parents and children, her coming was hailed as the visit of a ministering angel. Often by the bed of sickness might she, the worshipped idol of the rich and great, be seen soothing the miseries of decaying nature, and pouring into the sick man's ear the treasures of the Book of Life. And, oh! how her rich voice grew richer, and her gentle manner more eager, as she read those lines she herself had studied so diligently.

About two years ago, Kate's own children, her adopted poor, noticed a great change come o'er their "dear young lady." The joyous smile was seen more seldom; her voice had lost its silver laugh; a shade of melancholy was upon her face, and sometimes even a tear would glisten in her soft blue eye. Various were the surmises as to the cause of this alteration. None could tell why it should be. "Perhaps she was ill." "Perhaps one of the friends she loved so well was ill." "Perhaps," said a pretty newly-married girl, "perhaps she is crossed in

love." "But no," said another, "that cannot be; for who would not be too proud to have the good and beautiful Miss Kate?" But that young girl was not far from the truth. Kate Llewellyn had bestowed all the ardor and affection of her young heart on one who had never breathed a word of love to her. A young soldier, whose merits bore a name of unblemished honor, and a character which promised to rank him among the great ones of the age; his faults, the poverty of a younger son. But, to a mind such as Kate's, there was a sympathy in this high-born spirit, and the noble bearing of this graceful form, which bespoke a frank and open heart; and though their acquaintance had been short, the impression of this, her first love, was lasting. She felt he loved her, and what happiness it was, when a letter, breathing all the honor of his high principles, and all the diffidence of his unobtrusive nature, came to her mother, craving permission to address her daughter! But how great the trial when, the first excitement over, her mother represented to her, what her own heart acknowledged to her as too true, the madness of uniting herself to one on whom she would entail a poverty hitherto unknown to him and to her. To him! that was the deciding point; and with the self-sacrifice which woman's love only knows, and a sense of filial obedience, she desired a refusal to be returned; and nothing reached the ears of that beloved one, until the name of Edward Dalrymple appeared in the list of departures for the Peninsular.

From that hour, the sadness that had been gradually growing upon her increased; and all the proffered wealth and titles that crowded to her feet caused not for a moment one thought treasonable to the younger son. All noticed the change, but Mrs. Llewellyn less than any; for Kate's struggles to appear the same to her mother had deceived her. In the gay world she was set down as a regular flirt; too great a coquette to marry. "But if she did not mind she would die an old maid." To Emily Melville only had Kate confided her secret; and her confidence was repaid with a friendship as devoted, as faithful, as her fond heart could wish.

One summer's evening the two friends were enjoying the beauties of the scenery. Kate was more cheerful than she had been for some time, and Emily hoped from her long silence on the past, that time had effected a salutary change. And, oh! how thankful she was! for she knew that which she had long wished to communicate; but feared to do so, dreading the effect it might produce.

Now she thought was a good opportunity; and putting her arm round Kate's neck, she said,

"How glad I am, dear Kate, that you seem to have got over the recollection of the celebrated Lieutenant; for I heard the other day that he has gained a wife as well as laurels in Spain."

But what were her feelings when Kate, starting up, threw herself upon her knees, and clasping her hands in agony, gasped out,

"Bless, bless him, and make him happy! God's will be done!" and in another instant she lay senseless on the ground.

They were far from the house, and Emily was hesitating what to do, when Kate recovered, and faltered out,

"I am better now, dearest. I can walk home;" and she added, grasping Emily's arm, "Never breathe this to mortal being, my dearest friend. It is all over now!"

The gay halls of Glyndervin looked desolate and gloomy. The servants wandered about the house with noiseless steps, whispering to each other with countenances of woe. Silence dwelt there undisturbed, save by the sobbing answers of some weeping maid to the anxious inquiries of the many poor, and aged, and infirm, who husbanded their feebleness to come and inquire for the invalid, who there laid in all the agonies of a raging fever—their own beloved Miss Kate.

There, in a room darkened with curtains and rich stuffs, whose massive draperies seemed to mock the frailty of human nature, lay the attenuated form of a fair girl, pale as marble, motionless as a statue; not a breath disturbed the stillness of those pallid lips; no sign of life was seen in the heavings of the bosom; all denoted, if not death itself, a nearer approach to it than sleep. It was indeed, the anxious, nervous, terrible crisis of a fever. The only outward proof that Death did not dwell in that chamber was the countenances of the group which surrounded the bed. On one side the doctor kept his attentive watch, his hand gently pressing the seat of life, his ear bent with profound attention to the mouth of his patient. With eyes upturned to heaven, and hands clasped in earnest supplication, knelt a white-haired old man, the venerable parish priest. Beside him also knelt a lovely girl, whose dark eyes were fixed as by fascination, on the face of her who lay so still, and nearest to the invalid, clasping her fragile hand, there half lay upon the bed, half knelt upon the ground, the woe-stricken figure of a despairing mother! What speechless agony was depicted on that countenance! Oh! would it e'er know peace again! Hour after hour that group remained unmoved and motionless, waiting the moment that human wisdom had assigned as the one which would restore to life that being they loved so fondly, or bear her to another world, and to her kindred spirits.

The time arrived. Oh! what untold agony was there accumulated! But hush! the dread stillness is broken by a song, sweet, musical, which seems to fill the air with its melody. Can it be an angel's voice, calling to their own sister to come and dwell with her? or is it the voice of mercy, that grants to earth a continuance of

her sojourn there? Hush! See! the lips move, the eyelids open! She murmurs "Mother!"

Thank heaven! the fatal hour is passed! By slow degrees the strength of Kate gradually returned, at least, if it could be said to return; for she varied fearfully, and her sweet spirit seemed to hover so uncertainly twixt life and death, that those who watched her trembled lest their very look should break the frail thread that bound mortality to immortality. But the change in Mrs. Llewellyn was almost as sad. She was so unconscious of the cause of her daughter's illness, and it burst upon her so suddenly, that no wonder was it that she became stupefied, almost childish.

Emily Melville had complete control over her, and she looked upon this amiable girl as a superior being—the only creature who seemed to afford pleasure to her during her affliction. And so the mother used to sit, hour after hour, day after day, watching every shade that flitted over her child's face; and as a smile or a tear settled on it, so her own countenance imaged the expression. It was a sad sight to see those three take the same place every evening, the watchers not a whit less sorrowful, the sufferer not a whit less fragile. Emily had indeed an arduous task to perform; on her devolved the duties of the household, and the care of the two invalids, whilst her mind was unceasingly preyed upon by the torturing thought that she had been the cause of these misfortunes.

The evening after the one on which the story opens, the group was at its usual place, the same as ever, save that the countenance of the invalid was lighted up with an expression of such sweet calmness, almost cheerfulness, that seemed to her mother the harbinger of returning health; but to Emily it was the last burst of light of the expiring lamp. Yet she almost dared to hope that a change had been wrought by some unknown cause, and she was surprised at the calm manner in which she alluded in whispers to the past.

The sun was just setting behind the distant hills; it had hitherto been shrouded in dark black clouds; when suddenly their heavy masses were divided, and it poured forth its beams in one broad flood of light; the birds resumed their evening song, and the zephyrs seemed to be warmed into new life by the effulgence of the god of light. The rays fell on the watching group, and Kate, as she clasped a hand of each of her companions, said, "I am so happy now!"

At that moment a servant entered the room, and begged Miss Melville to step out for a moment. It was very strange. No one was allowed to intrude upon the sacredness of those hours of watching. Mrs. Llewellyn looked surprised, and her astonishment did not seem decreased when Emily re-entered, her countenance as different to when she left the room, as the glorious sun was to the fragile girl. Such a mixture of hope and

fear, and without so much joy, that the woe-stricken mother started at her in amazement; though she quietly obeyed a sign from Emily, to leave her and Kate alone, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Emily now approached the invalid with trembling step, and kneeling down took her hand between her own, and gazing in her face with such a look, as though her own life depended on the expression she there should meet, whispered in a faltering voice,

"My sweet Kate, just now you were speaking of the past, and said you should like to hear of—of *him*. Strange to say, you may now gratify your wish; for one has just called here," and her voice trembled still more, "who is acquainted with *him*. Tell me truly, dearest, do you wish, and do you feel able to see this—"

"Oh! who is it? Tell me. Let me see him directly! Oh! let me see him!" almost cried Kate, raising herself in her couch, then sinking back again, and covering her face with her hands she muttered, "Oh! God, help me in this trying hour!"

With a desperate effort Emily flew to the door, beckoned Mrs. Llewellyn back to her seat, and, ere Kate recovered from the exertion, a tall, graceful figure, wrapped in a cloak, entered the room. His head was bent upon his breast, as though bowed down with grief. One hand covered his eyes, whilst the other was placed in Emily's, who led him to the window. He removed the hand from his eyes, bowed respectfully to Mrs. Llewellyn, and, with a faltering step, approached the couch, knelt down, and taking one of the small white hands, that now hung lifelessly by her side, between his own, bent over it with the solemnity of a worshipper, and a suppressed groan issued from his lips. At that moment the cloak fell from his shoulders, and displayed to Mrs. Llewellyn's bewildered gaze the form of Edward Dalrymple. What a moment of intense anxiety was this to Emily!

Kate opened her eyes, cast one look upon the kneeling figure; her lips moved, and murmured,

"Thank God!" One second more, and she lay senseless.

Mrs. Llewellyn, scarcely heeding the oft-repeated fainting fit, was gazing from one to the other, seeming by her looks to beseech Emily to explain the mystery. But by this time another had been added to the group. A young man of commanding figure and fine countenance, who had entered the room unobserved, gently took Mrs. Llewellyn's hand, and led her from the invalid's couch. Her attention was now diverted from that all-absorbing point, and it was with an exclamation of joy that Arthur Llewellyn was welcomed to his home by his mourning mother. He scarcely allowed the first transports to be over, ere he led her to a distant part of the room, and in a subdued voice hurriedly explained to her the cause of the blight that had fallen on their

family. Kate's love for Edward; the principles which had induced her to conceal that love from her mother; the unfounded report of Edward's marriage, and his devoted affection for Kate.

With what wonder did she listen to his tale! with what eagerness she seemed to drink in every word he said! and when at last he told her that the stranger who then knelt beside her daughter's couch, was that same Edward, her countenance suddenly brightened, and she exclaimed, clasping his hand,

"Then, my dear boy, there is hope!"

That despairing mother too returned to the couch with a smile upon her face; and when she saw the agonizing suspense, the deep devotion depicted on the countenance of him, that now stood somewhat apart as though feeling himself an intruder, she thought the heart and feelings written on that brow worth almost all her child had suffered. But again her thoughts were bent upon her daughter, who was showing signs of returning life; and as she gradually raised herself from her reclining position, she turned to Emily and whispered,

"Is he there still?"

But her mother heard the question, and answered,

"Yes, dearest!"

As if surprised at hearing him alluded to by her mother, she almost started up, and rubbing her eyes as though to awake herself, and looking round, not seeing him she sought, for he stood behind her, she sunk—down again, and muttered,

"I thought it was a dream."

"Not a dream, my sweet child. See, he is here."

Again she opened her eyes, and looking around at each and all of the anxious faces that stood around her, an exclamation of joy burst from her lips as her brother clasped her in his arms, and muttered,

"God bless you and *him*!" and a look so full of happiness and peace, lit up her lovely face, that with one accord those around now fell upon their knees, and with hands clasped and eyes upturned to Heaven, breathed forth a prayer of peace and gratitude to Him who had wrought so blessed a change.

But now Edward Dalrymple, although the expression of woe had given place to one of happiness, still continued apart, seemingly fearful, and uncertain how to act. But all eyes were fixed upon him, and Mrs. Jewellyn with tearful eyes went up to him, and with a tremulous voice said, "The cause of the sorrow that has so long darkened this house has been, for the first time, revealed to me this evening; and I believe I need no apology if, in welcoming you as the messenger of returning happiness, I now lead you to that couch, and place in your hand that of one, who having found no heart on earth to match her own save yours, had well nigh sought her kindred spirits in the world above. But now, with the blessing of God, she may live to

rejoice in the love of him in whom she so rightly placed her happiness; and, oh! may the fervent blessing of a grateful mother rest on your heads, my children; and may the joy you feel on earth, be only equalled by the bliss that shall repay you in another world, for a life spent in holiness and peace!"

Ere her blessing was completed, Kate was clasped to that breast, which had only beat for glory and for her.

In three months, Glyndervin was resounding with preparations for the wedding; and was it not worth all she had suffered, when joyous faces and fervent blessings lined her path to the altar of her parish church, where, with all the solemnity befitting the occasion, and all the timidity of a gentle girl, she plighted her vows to the noble Sir Edward Dalrymple, the hero of a hundred fights; and when she returned, at the expiration of the honeymoon, to be present at the marriage of her brother and Emily Melville, no one would have thought the spring time of her life had been o'ershadowed by so dark a cloud.

KATE PERCIVAL.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELLEN CAMPBELL," ETC.

IT was at the close of a long, sultry day in June, that Mrs. Percival sat alone at the open window of her chamber. The setting sun tinged with its last bright rays the peaceful landscape that was spread before her. The verdant lawn, with its noble, venerable trees, the flowers she had reared with care, and the graceful vines that her own hands had twined round their rustic props, the clear blue waters of the gentle stream that flowed murmuring at its foot, and the green hills rising far away in the distance, all lay smiling in placid beauty in that quiet hour. Beautiful indeed was that scene to the eye of the languid, feverish invalid, and long and earnestly she gazed on it. Pale, very pale, was her calm, thoughtful face, and each blue vein of the fair hand on which her brow rested, was distinctly visible. An expression of holy peace, of inward chastened happiness marked her countenance, and shone in the subdued glance of her dark bright eye. She knew that she was passing away; that she would tread no more the sunny paths of that blooming parterre; that her hand would never again twine the clinging tendrils of those fragrant vines; that her eye would soon look for the last time on that lovely scene, still to bloom on bright and gay, when she was no more seen, and her memory had faded for ever from the earth. She knew it all, but with unshaken confidence in Him who had conquered death and opened the gates of eternal life, she looked calmly upward, and longed for the promised rest that "remaineth for the people of God."

Bitter indeed had been the experience that had led her to garner up her hopes "where only true joys can be found." Deprived in childhood of both her parents, she had married early in life one who had sought her hand for the sake of the wealth to which she was sole heiress. Possessed of her fair lands, he cared naught for the heart that had intrusted its happiness to his keeping, but pursued his pleasures in scenes of vice and dissipation, while his young and lovely wife sat alone in her solitary home. Deeply did she feel her wrong, and bitterly did her stricken heart mourn the destruction of its dearest hopes, the early blighting of its rich affections. As years rolled by, she tasted again of happiness in the fond endearments of the fair children who sprang up around her hearth, but one by one they faded from her sight, while yet in tender infancy, transplanted to a brighter clime, and none remained to cheer her home save one, her eldest child and only daughter. Over this surviving blossom Mrs. Percival watched with a mother's untir-

ing and devoted love. Affliction had taught her that the only source of true happiness was in the love and service of her Redeemer, and most earnestly did she endeavour to lead the heart of her precious charge to depend in humble gratitude and affection on Him in "whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." Especially had she sought to do this during the last few months, when it became apparent to herself and all around her, that her delicate frame was slowly sinking beneath the pressure of severe afflictions, and the still deeper daily sorrow produced by the neglect and dissipation of him who was bound to her by the tenderest tie, and to whom her heart clung with all a woman's constant, intense affection.

"Mother, dear mother, look at my beautiful flowers," said a low, sweet voice at her side.

Mrs. Percival turned with looks of tenderness to the gentle girl, whose light footstep had failed to disturb her musings.

"They are indeed beautiful, my Kate, particularly this half-opened rose—it is so very fragrant."

"I wish you could see the bush, mother. You know it bore but two or three flowers last season, now there are many in bloom, and next year I think it will be full."

"I shall not be here when it blooms again, my child. Before another summer returns, I hope to be where flowers never fade."

A slight flush of emotion spread over Mrs. Percival's face as she spoke, and the bright hectic colour deepened on her cheek.

"Think of me then," she continued, as Kate knelt beside her, and wept silently on her bosom; "think of me then, dearest, as free from all sin and sorrow, happier, yes, happier far, than I should be with you here. Wish me not back again, but oh! my beloved child, make my God your God, my Saviour your Saviour, and we shall soon meet again in those blessed mansions, where death cannot enter. When your heart is lonely and sad, go with all your cares and griefs to your Father in heaven. He will not leave you comfortless. I commit you to his holy keeping. I know he will not leave you, nor forsake you. 'Trust in him at all times.' Seek him as your Redeemer, your friend and guide."

"Mother, dear mother," murmured the weeping girl, "speak not thus, it will break my heart. I cannot part from you, you must not leave me alone!"

Mrs. Percival replied not, and when, after a mo-

the pause; Kate raised her eyes to her face, she was startled by its deathlike paleness, and hastily summoned from an adjoining apartment the faithful nurse, who had been her mother's constant attendant from infancy.

A few more weeks and Kate wept in bitter anguish over her mother's grave.

Her father, who had returned from an excursion of pleasure on which he had been absent during the last weeks of his wife's illness, only in time to receive her parting message, and her last look of undying love, seemed for a little while to be moved by the solemn scenes which he had witnessed. He spoke kindly, even affectionately to his mourning child; sought to divert her mind from constantly dwelling on the past; told her of the many pleasant young companions she would find in the school of which she was soon to become an inmate; praised her beauty, which could not fail to attract the attention of every beholder, and predicted the admiration she would excite, when as an accomplished young lady she entered the gay world. Poor Kate, to whom the thought of leaving the home endeared to her by so many hallowed associations, and the consequent separation from the aged and affectionate attendant, who still remained to cheer her lonely hours, was the most terrible that could be presented, wept bitterly whenever any allusion was made to her removal. Once she even overcame her natural timidity and earnestly besought her father to allow her to remain where every spot was fraught with blessed memories of her beloved, sainted mother. He was displeased by her entreaties, called her wish childish folly, and bade her speak no more upon the subject—that his resolution was not to be shaken by her foolish tears. Silently, yet with an almost breaking heart, Kate witnessed the preparations made for her departure. During the twelve happy years of her life, she had never been separated from her fond parent, and now the thought of going among strangers, where no familiar face would be seen, no voice speak in well-known accents the words of tenderness that had ever been her portion, was almost intolerable. As the time of separation approached, her heart clung still closer to her humble but faithful friend. For hours she sat by her side, listening to her vivid descriptions of her mother's girlish days, of her gay and happy childhood, and the sad events of her after life. Together they retraced each little incident of her sickness and death, mingling sad yet soothing tears. Then too, they spoke of her present happiness in the kingdom of her Lord, and many beautiful and comforting descriptions of the blessedness of the saints in heaven, did little Kate find in the precious volume that had been her dying gift. Often the sorrowful child rambled forth alone over her mother's favourite walks, where every tree and shrub seemed to speak of her, and resting on some rustic seat that her delicate taste had designed, read from her little Bible portions marked by that parent's trembling hand for the guidance and comfort of the beloved one left behind

her. Sweet and consoling lessons the gentle girl gathered from those sacred pages, and many proofs of her heavenly father's love did she receive in the peace and comfort which his gracious promises afforded her fainting heart.

Summer passed away, and when autumn robed in rich and varied colours the woods and hills around her quiet home, Kate Percival bade farewell to her favourite haunts, and parting from all dear to her young heart, proceeded with her father to a neighbouring city, where he placed her in a large and fashionable boarding school, desiring that she should be instructed in all the varied accomplishments of her sex.

"Kate Percival, Kate Percival, where are you?" cried Rose Lennox at the top of her voice, in the large school-room in which noisy groups of laughing, talking girls were collected, at the close of their daily exercises, one warm summer afternoon towards the last of June, about a year after the events above recorded took place. Rose looked anxiously among all the merry faces around her, but Kate was nowhere to be seen. She ran quickly from one recitation-room to another, in search of her, alike in vain; then, with a look of disappointment, began slowly to ascend what seemed to her an interminable flight of stairs, to the little room in the attic occupied by Kate and herself as a sleeping apartment.

"Pray, Miss Smith, have you seen anything of Kate Percival since school?" said she to a young lady she met on the landing.

"I think she is in your room, Rose; I caught a glimpse of some one sitting at the window as I passed the door."

"Dear me! I might have known she was there, for where else is she ever to be found when school is over."

"Poor Kate!" thought Rose, as she continued to pursue her upward course, "how sad she has been the last week. I think she will be sorry when our vacation commences. But I don't wonder at it; she has no mother to welcome her home; no brothers or sisters to meet her; and I do think her father must be a strange man; he has only been to see her once this term, and he does not write to her often. I wonder what this letter has in it; I hope it is to say that she need not go home, for then I mean to persuade papa to take her with us: dear, kind papa! I know he will if I ask him."

Rose's usually bright face became still brighter at this pleasant thought. She cautiously opened the door of their room, which stood a little ajar, and quietly entered. It was a small apartment, with a low, sloping ceiling, containing two single beds, a chest of drawers, the joint property of the two, a round table on which lay a pile of books, and several large trunks. One of these was open, and contained a few articles in the bottom closely packed, apparently selected from a heap of wearing apparel that was piled around it, that Rose had collected early that morning, declaring she meant to pack a little every day, hoping it would make the long

week before the vacation pass more quickly. This employment had been hastily deserted at the sound of the breakfast bell, nor remembered again until the neglected articles caught the eye of Rose as she entered. She gave them but one glance, however, and stole noiselessly to the side of her friend, who was sitting, with her back to the door, at the only window of the chamber, gazing in silent admiration at the beautiful clouds that could be seen over the roofs of the bustling city, glittering in gorgeous splendour far away in the distant west. Rose stood behind her for a moment, then playfully dropped the letter she held in her hand into her lap. Kate sprang up quickly, with an exclamation of surprise.

"My dear Rose, how you startled me!"

"And how you have tired me! What a search I have had after you! Really, Kate, one might almost carry you off without your knowing it. But read your letter—be quick—I want to know what it has in it, for I have got a bright thought in my head."

Rose turned away as Kate broke the seal, and kneeling beside her trunk, resumed her morning employment, folding, rolling, and carefully packing her scattered wardrobe. A sudden exclamation from Kate stopped her. She turned her head, and saw that the letter had fallen from her hand to the floor, and that a deathlike paleness had spread over her face.

"Dear Kate, what is the matter—what has happened?" inquired Rose, much alarmed.

Kate raised her eyes to her friend's face with an earnest bewildered look, as though she could not comprehend the reality of some startling truth, then pointed silently to the letter. Rose took it up and began to read, but suddenly paused at the end of the first few sentences; her fine face flushed with emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Is it true, Rose—can it be so?" asked Kate in a low hoarse voice.

"It must be so, my dear, dear Kate," replied Rose soothingly, putting her arm round the trembling form of her friend. Kate laid her head on her shoulder and burst into tears, continuing long to sob bitterly, while Rose, drawing her still closer to her bosom, wept in silence by her side.

Mr. Percival's letter to his daughter abruptly imparted to her the intelligence of his marriage to a young lady at the south, whom she was to find, on her return home, filling the place of her beloved mother.

How changed indeed to Kate was that once quiet home, where every spot yet retained for her sad and tender associations of the departed! It had become the scene of gay and brilliant festivities, and the apartments that had been almost deserted during her mother's lingering illness were thronged with visitors from the neighbouring city, or with the friends of its new mistress, who, glad to escape from the heat of a southern clime, had accepted the invitation of the fair bride to share her summer retreat. Poor Kate, whose little heart

beat with intense emotion at the thought of meeting her new relative, was received by her with much apparent kindness, and with many compliments on her graceful appearance and blooming looks; but there was no affection in her embrace, and her words sounded coldly in the ears of the trembling child. She hastened to her own little room, where every article of furniture reminded her of the happy companionship she had once enjoyed, and wept such tears as childhood never sheds on the bosom of maternal love. How precious to Kate then would have been one kind, familiar voice; but there was none to comfort her. Her faithful nurse had long since left a spot from whence all she loved had departed, and was living with her son in a distant village; and Rose, sweet Rose Lennox, she too was far away, in the midst of the cheerful loving circle of her happy home. But He "who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities," whose ear is ever open, even to the young heart's transient griefs, bent in sympathy and love over the weeping child, and comforted her with the rich consolations of His grace, and gently led her to the "green pastures" and "still waters" which His abounding mercy has prepared for the tender lambs of his fold.

The weeks of the vacation passed slowly away, and Kate, who shrunk from mingling in the festivities around her, and who rarely, if ever, saw her parents alone, was glad to find herself again at school, and folded in the arms of her loving Rose, who met her with joy and ardent expressions of unabated affection.

There are events in the life of every individual that seem so obviously to divide the past from the future, that he cannot but feel in reference to the portion thus cut off, that it is gone beyond recall, and his connection with it ceased for ever. No reflective mind can be conscious of such an era in its existence without casting back on the scenes that are receding from its view many a "longing, lingering look" of regret for duties left unperformed, or carelessly discharged, or of sad and affectionate farewell to joys that will return no more. Hope may paint the future in her brightest colours, but the heart knows it is resigning certain treasures for those that may never be obtained, or disappoint if they elude not the grasp. The past seems like an old and tried friend, whose excellencies have been discovered and appreciated, and have contributed to our happiness and profit; whose very blemishes, though they may have caused us care and sorrow, have yet become so familiar that we have almost ceased to feel the pain they at first inflicted: but the future, so fair and smiling in aspect, appears only as a stranger, whose winning charms delight the eye, but to whose promises we dare not trust, because we know not their truth. We cling to the memory of the days that are fled; we shrink from trusting our trembling spirits to the new companionship of coming years, though they be more bright in the shadowy distance.

So thought Kate Percival as she sat by the side

of her friend the evening before their final removal from school. The day had been one of busy employments, the last of the term. In the upper apartments of the mansion there had been much bustle and confusion, much laughing and talking and running from room to room of girls who had obtained permission to engage in the delightful occupation of packing; much assistance offered and accepted from busy neighbours and room-mates that had been better dispensed with, thereby causing sundry overturnings of well filled trunks, in search of articles thoughtlessly deposited in the bottom, that ought to have been left out, or to replace those that had been forgotten. In the school-room what noisy activity; what an endless clearing out of desks; what valuable discoveries of lost pens and pencils, and ink-wipers, long concealed from their sorrowing owners in some unexplored corner; what loads of books, appearing and then disappearing, carried off in triumph in the arms or on the heads of their respective proprietors, to be packed up in the heavy trunks of those who would need them no more, or to be carefully stowed away to await the expected return of others at the end of the two months vacation, that seemed to them, in prospect, as years! What continual expressions of delight from the younger girls, as they portrayed to each other the pleasures of that long expected period—the meeting with merry brothers and sisters, with kind uncles and aunts, loaded with presents, with smiling cousins and affectionate playmates! Oh! how varied and engrossing were the hourly employments of that busy day!

There were some among the elder pupils—among those who had completed their school days—who were going forth to assume a responsible station in the world—to exert over all around them woman's gentle yet mighty sway, whose countenances bore traces of deeper and sadder feelings. Among these were Kate Percival and Rose Lennox. It was not surprising that Kate, over whose beautiful and intellectual face early sorrow had cast a shade of pensive thought that rendered it still more lovely and attractive, should look grave; but that Rose, merry, light-hearted Rose Lennox, whose every feature seemed formed to wear and win smiles, whose laughing tones, like the sweet carol of a bird, made the heart thrill with sudden joy, and banished care and sorrow from the brow; whose buoyant step seemed scarcely to touch the earth; that *she* should be sad, and even be seen to shed tears as she gave a parting look to the desk and seat so long her peculiar property, was something new, indeed, and scarcely to be credited. But so it really was; and when all these last occupations were concluded, and she sat down with Kate to enjoy one more quiet hour together in their little room, her sunny face still wore an expression of unwonted emotion.

"Well, Kate, we have had many, very many happy hours here," said Rose with a sigh.

"They will not soon be forgotten," replied Kate sadly: "I shall long remember them. I dare not

think how I shall miss you. When we have separated I shall feel entirely alone. You have been more than a sister to me, Rose. I know not how I can do without you."

"Hush! hush! my dear sober Kate, I shall not let you talk in this mournful way," said Rose smiling through her tears, "we will not long be separated. Am I not going to ask your father, when he comes to-morrow, to let you pass next winter with me, in my own dear southern home? Surely he will grant my request, for I shall employ my sweetest looks and most winning words—and you know, Miss Percival, how successful they always are—and then, if you are good, have I not promised you a visit in the summer, when we make our annual tour to my uncle's, in Boston? Oh, we shall be very happy together; there are many bright days in store for us yet!"

"I don't think, however," continued Rose looking archly round the room, "that I shall ever be able to afford you a chamber so far removed from the 'noisy Babel' of the busy world as this aerial abode. Well! well! it has been a safe retreat for us from the bustling crowds below."

"What a sunbeam you are, Rose," said Kate smiling; "one cannot be grave in your presence."

"A fine proof of my power are you, Kate: pray, for how long a time have I ever been able to drive the shadows from your face?"

"I am afraid the shadows will be deeper still when you are gone, my dearest Rose."

Sad indeed to Kate was the thought of parting from her cheerful and warm-hearted friend. For five years they had shared the same tasks, the same difficulties, and the same pleasures. The contrast between their natural temperaments fitted them not only to be pleasant but profitable companions, and most confiding and devoted bosom friends. With deep, refined and intensely sensitive feelings, shrinking from every word and look of harshness, and with a mind matured in thought and judgment beyond her years, Kate needed just such a companion as the gentle, affectionate and ever cheerful Rose, who, while she imparted some of her own peculiarly sunny colours to Kate's darker pictures, received, in return, much benefit from the superior prudence and strength of character possessed by her friend. They were both governed by religious principles, and animated by the same heavenly hopes and aims; and this holy bond strengthened, as with a mighty chain, their mutual esteem and confidence.

The pleasant plan which Rose had formed for the promotion of their re-union, and which cast a gleam of sunshine over the dark future, afforded much comfort to Kate, as she looked forward with dread to their approaching separation. Even this hope faded when the morrow brought not her father, but a messenger in much haste to impart the alarming intelligence of the sudden and dangerous illness of Mr. Percival, and to convey her with all possible speed to her home. Truly bitter was now the anguish of that parting hour.

"Forewell, my dearest Rose," murmured Kate as, pale and trembling, she received the last embraces of her friend; "if we meet not again on earth, there is another, a brighter world!"—her voice failed, but the uplifted eye revealed the holy hope that animated her gentle bosom.

Blessed Gospel, that with sweet promises of unfailing strength and peace in this land of exile, and of eternal rest in the Paradise of God, doth sustain the fainting, wearied spirit, what were life without thee, or whither could the children of men turn for comfort, amid the troublous waves of this changing state, didst not Thou, bright Star of Bethlehem, shine on their dreary path? Fervently may our grateful hearts exclaim—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!"

The disease which had attacked Mr. Percival, and which had been produced by the dissipation in which he had indulged for years, baffled by its violence all the efforts of his medical attendants, and after a few days of extreme suffering, terminated his earthly existence.

Stunned by this unexpected blow, Kate was roused from the passive inactivity of grief by the startling disclosures which followed an investigation of her father's pecuniary affairs. Rumours had often been afloat, during the years that had passed since his second marriage, respecting the extravagance and dissipation that were, together, wasting the immense fortune of his young and thoughtless wife, and it was now found that the extent of the evil far exceeded even public expectations. The whole of his estates, including even the home of his ancestors, his hereditary possession, were seized by his clamorous creditors. His widow immediately determined to return, with her two little sons, to her friends in the south. Kate had no claims on their protection, nor was she willing to depend on the maintenance of strangers. Deprived of the natural guardians of her youth, alone and soon to be homeless, she looked up with child-like confidence to Him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and sought calmly to surmount the difficulties of her situation, and to procure some honest though humble method of obtaining an independent support. Rose Lennox had written to her, immediately on hearing of her father's death, a letter overflowing with the love and sympathy of her affectionate heart. Kate delayed replying to it until she should have decided on the place of her abode, knowing well that if her desolate situation was understood by her friend, she would insist upon affording her, at least, a temporary asylum. Many hearts glowed with pity for the lonely orphan, and would have gladly afforded her relief if their means had been ample as their desires; and some, who remembered the gentle loveliness of her sainted mother, earnestly proffered their aid. Kindly, yet with the firmness of maturer years, Kate declined their friendly offers, declaring it her decided intention to endeavour to procure a home in some private family as a governess. A situation at length offered, and though

not such as the orphan had desired, she felt compelled, in her pressing necessity, to accept of it. Mrs. Howell, a lady with whom she had been slightly acquainted in her childish years, invited her to become an inmate of her family as a governess to her two little daughters, and her own assistant in plain needle-work, of which her large family needed a constant supply. She resided in a city, and one in which Kate hoped to find a more congenial situation as a teacher in some female seminary in the spring.

As soon as she was settled in her new abode in P., Kate wrote to her friend Rose. She detailed the circumstances and cause of her removal, but carefully concealed the unpleasantness of her present position—for soon, too soon, had she learned the difficulties attending her station. Her office of instructor to Mary and Ellen Howell, children of three and five years of age, Kate found to exist only in name; their mother considered the cultivation of their minds as a matter of very minor importance to their external adorning, for to promote the latter object with reference to them and the other branches of her large family, she lavished not only her own time and attention, but kept her young companion's needle in constant requisition. Besides these two little girls there were three noisy boys, from the ages of ten to fifteen, and two young ladies, whose time was entirely engrossed by the world of fashion and gaiety in which they moved. Jane, the eldest, was a tall, fine-looking girl, and would have been quite prepossessing in appearance had it not been for the languishing, listless manner she thought proper to assume, and which were, truly, a correct expression of her indolence both of mind and body. Every movement seemed to require an effort, and was not made without much deliberation. She never took any unnecessary trouble, or attempted to surmount a difficulty. At home, she was but a useless appendage to the family circle, requiring much attention from others, but bestowing none in return; complaining of fatigue if required to make the slightest exertion, and indulged in every whim by her fond mother, who thought her inactivity arose from a delicacy of constitution, which caused her much anxiety. Sarah Howell, who was just seventeen, and had recently finished her education at a fashionable boarding school, was very unlike her sister. Gay, brilliant and witty, though not so beautiful as Jane, she attracted far more attention and admiration in society. Unfortunately, her home was the only spot in which she did not shine. Here, free from the observation of strangers, she was irritable and peevish, destroying rather than increasing the happiness of those around her.

About a week after Kate's arrival, Mrs. Howell and her eldest daughters were together at twilight in their large and splendid parlours, Jane half-reclining in a graceful attitude on the sofa, and Sarah seated with her mother at one of the front windows, indulging in many pertinent, though not very charitable remarks on the passers-by.

"Who is that handsome young man?" inquired Mrs. Howell, as a gentleman of remarkably attractive exterior bowed gracefully to her daughter.

"Oh, that is Howard Lansing, a young physician from the south. He has recently settled in our neighbourhood. We met him for the first time, last evening, at Emma Wallace's. I had quite a long conversation with him, and I see he has not forgotten me. He is to be at Gertrude Abbott's party to-morrow night. Is he not very handsome?"

"I thought he appeared to admire Mary Baker very much last evening," remarked Jane, who had actually taken the trouble to rise and go to the window, that she might catch a glimpse of the subject of her mother's inquiry.

"Admire Mary Baker!" repeated Sarah in a tone of surprise and vexation. "I am sure I don't know how he expressed his admiration, for he did not address a sentence to her during the whole evening."

"There you are mistaken. He did converse with her whenever he could find an opportunity, which was certainly not very often, for you kept him pretty constantly occupied; but his looks expressed a desire to draw her into conversation."

"Any man is a dunce to admire such a silent statue as she is," retorted Sarah.

"I am sure she looked beautiful last evening, and I think she talked quite enough to be interesting. I do not like to see a young lady entertaining a whole room-full of people," replied Jane, with more spirit than she usually displayed in conversation. "But mamma," she continued, resuming her former position on the sofa, "I want my light silk dress altered to wear to-morrow evening. It looks quite old-fashioned now. I saw a piece of silk that just matches it at Newman's this morning. I should like to get a few more yards of it, and have new sleeves made, and trimming put round the skirt."

"Well, you can have it altered if you wish," answered her mother, "Kate can do it for you. She has a great deal of taste, and if she sews steadily, can easily have it finished in time for you to wear to-morrow evening. My old satin that she altered, looks almost as well as it did when new. I intend that she shall make a new bodice for my mantua, she can fit so neatly. I am very glad I thought of proposing to her to come here. I think we shall not need a dress-maker but two or three days this autumn; for after having taken a few lessons, Kate will be able to make our dresses herself, which will save a great deal of expense."

"I wish you would not send her into the parlour again, mamma, as you did this morning; particularly when I have visitors," said Jane. "Gertrude Abbott made so many inquiries about her, and was so much interested in her appearance; and George Hadley, who was with her, actually declared she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. I was really quite vexed; it was so annoying!"

"Poor thing! For once you felt yourself quite eclipsed," observed Sarah sarcastically.

The entrance of Mr. Howell and the boys prevented further conversation.

That evening in a party of their young friends, Jane Howell was praised as being remarkably lovely and sympathizing, and Sarah was loudly commended for the amiability that made her vivacity so charming.

So little does the world know of the true characters of those whom it judges. Happy are they who careless of its praise or blame, find in the daily companions of their private walks, witnesses ever ready to "rise up and call them blessed."

Mrs. Howell did not intend or wish Kate to appear at all on an equality with her daughters. Had not her own native tact foreseen the difficulty resulting from such a juxtaposition, the remarks of those of her friends who incidentally saw the orphan, would have taught her its inexpediency.—"Who is that very interesting looking girl?" was a question too often asked on such occasions, not to show her the necessity of keeping her new assistant as much as possible in the back ground.

Poor Kate! how slowly passed the days of that long winter! From morning till night she occupied one seat in the corner of a small back chamber, adjoining Mrs. Howell's dressing room, engaged in an unending round of the same tedious and monotonous employment, her fine mind craving knowledge which it could not seek, and her heart yearning for the sympathy and love, once its portion, but now denied it. She rose with the dawn, that she might steal a few moments for mental improvement; but save the hour devoted to the study of the word of God, seldom found time for the gratification of her natural love for literary pursuits; and she was generally too wearied by the exertions of the day, to seek it after the family had retired to rest. When she sat up till a late hour of the night to await the return of the young ladies from a fashionable party or ball, Mrs. Howell usually contrived to find her sufficient employment for every moment; for that lady prudently considered all time devoted by Kate to books, as wasted. Bitterly did the lonely orphan feel the want of consideration displayed in the conduct of those who should have bound up her wounded heart. Memory recalled with vividness the joys and the sorrows of the past; every scene in her childhood and youth returned in freshness to her mental eye. She often sat for hours, absorbed in lonely musings over pleasures passed for ever from her reach. There was one subject of bitter thought to Kate, awakening feelings almost too full of misery for her young heart to bear. This was the silence, the mysterious silence of Rose, her own Rose Lennox. After waiting several weeks for a reply to her first letter, written immediately after her removal to Mrs. Howell's, she had written again in all the confidence of a youthful attachment; but not one word had ever reached her from her distant friend. Her spirit sickened with long deferred hope, as day after

day, when the postman called with letters, none came for her. At first her heart beat tumultuously at the sound of his voice, but it gradually learned to lay aside expectations that only ended in renewed disappointment. How precious would have been but a single line, to say that she was not quite forgotten—that one being in the wide world still cherished her memory, and loved her name. She knew that loss of fortune and station in society, was a test that many professing friendship could not endure; but that Rose should be among that selfish and calculating number, it was impossible for Kate to believe, and was too inconsistent with all she had known and experienced of her friend's pure and ardent attachment. She therefore justified Rose, in her heart, and still indulged a faint hope that time would bring an explanation of that seeming neglect that entered as "iron" into her soul.

In her expectation of procuring a situation as a teacher, the orphan experienced only repeated disappointments. A stranger in the city of P., friendless, and without recommendations from those of high standing in the literary world, she failed in all her attempts. The school in which she had been educated had been broken up soon after she left it, and the teachers dispersed, she knew not whither; so that from them she could receive no assistance.

Spring returned with its bright skies, its singing birds and fragrant flowers, but it woke no responsive thrill in the bosom of Kate Percival. A change had passed over the fair girl: confinement in that close, dark room, where the cheerful beams of the sun never entered, and exclusion from the pure, invigorating air of heaven, with the heavy pressure of sorrow and disappointment on her sensitive mind, had produced their slow but sure effects upon a frame naturally delicate. The alteration in her appearance was certainly not regarded, perhaps not even noticed, by the careless and selfish circle around her. No watchful friend marked her sunken eye and pallid cheek, when she rose from her restless and feverish slumbers; no gentle hand tempted her appetite with innocent delicacies, though she turned, day after day, from her untasted food; no loving voice beguiled her forth to a pleasant walk in the cheerful sunshine. But friendless and destitute, was there not one eye watching over her lonely path? Had He, who heareth the young ravens when they cry, forgotten his sorrowing child in her hour of need? That sainted mother's prayers—had they not reached the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and would He not heed the orphan's secret sigh?

One cold, rainy afternoon in March, Kate, at the request of Mrs. Howell, walked many squares to procure an article of dress the young ladies needed to complete a ball-room attire. She returned, drenched with the rain, but her services being immediately required to finish the preparations for the evening, she had only time to lay aside her wet hat and cloak, and though still chilled and shivering, resume her usual employments. The next

morning the poor girl awoke with a burning fever, the result of exposure on her enervated frame. It was one of those damp, cheerless mornings, that adds an additional weight to the sinking heart, when the gloom that reigns without strikes a responsive chord within, and nature mourns in sympathy with the desponding spirit. Slowly and with difficulty the orphan arose to prepare herself for her daily routine of duties; but ere she had completed her simple wardrobe her strength was exhausted, a death-like sickness came over her, and she sank again upon her couch. Her head grew dizzy, and the few articles of furniture in her lonely room seemed to leave their places and revolve around her. The chamber became filled with strange objects, dark figures stood around her bed, and pointed with exulting motions and bitter smiles to their helpless victim. Then all were hidden in a dark, dark chaos, but ever and anon, amid its blackness appeared again some frightful shape, with its wild, piercing eyes gleaming upon her sight. Cold drops of agony gathered on her brow. There came a momentary feeling of consciousness, and the dread of dying thus alone, all alone, stole over her. She shuddered at the thought, and exerting all her strength, arose, and with difficulty reached the door. She opened it, but with that effort all consciousness ceased, and with a low moan, as of a weary, feeble child, she sank insensible beside it.

When Jane Howell awoke, the morning after the fall, she complained of indisposition, the effect of a slight cold caught by imprudent exposure the previous evening. Her mother, who thought she could detect the symptoms of some violent disease in her delicate frame, proposed sending for medical advice. To this the young lady objected, but on Dr. Lansing being mentioned as a substitute for their family physician, who lived in a distant part of the city, and was often too hurried in his engagements to admit of much attention to patients but slightly indisposed, she allowed her objections to be overruled, and a servant was immediately despatched to request his attendance. Meanwhile Miss Howell, having arrayed herself in a simple but most becoming morning dress, and enveloped her slender person in the graceful folds of a rich shawl, reclined, with a languid, pensive air, in her mother's easy chair, before the fire. Mrs. Howell received the young physician in the parlour, and having expressed the hope that she had not interrupted his daily routine by her unexpected application, and stated her reasons for so doing, proceeded with all a mother's tender anxiety to speak of her daughter's indisposition. She also carefully embraced the opportunity of dwelling largely on her exalted virtues, and inestimable value in the domestic circle. The young man listened with all due politeness to her remarks, but she could not perceive, though exceedingly anxious to read his thoughts, that any emotion or interest was awakened excepting what his official character required, and with something of disappointment and chagrin in her manner, she led the way to her daughter's

apartment. Even here, the gentle and dependent loveliness of his fair charge produced no change in his usual grave and dignified manners. He ordered some common remedies to be used to remove what was but the effect of a slight cold, and advised her not to venture out during the day, then, apologising for his haste, he wished the ladies a polite "good morning." A momentary expression of vexation passed over his handsome features, as Mrs. Howell followed him from the room, and he almost unconsciously quickened his pace, as though desirous to escape from further annoyance. His steps were suddenly arrested by a groan, evidently proceeding from some one in distress, immediately followed by a cry for help from a servant, who appeared at the head of the flight of stairs. Not doubting but that some person needed his assistance, he sprang past Mrs. Howell, who stood motionless with alarm, and in another moment was by the side of the inanimate form of the neglected orphan. One glance told him she was very ill, and having placed her, with the assistance of the servant, upon her couch, he promptly, though silently, proceeded to apply the usual remedies, watching with much interest their gradual effects upon the fair young creature who lay like a crushed flower, so still and pale before him. Beautiful, exquisitely beautiful was that pale face, though it bore the traces of secret grief. Lansing bent over her with a brother's tenderness, and saw with delight, her consciousness slowly return. At length she opened her eyes, and gazing wildly round her, asked what had happened and where she was; then, as the memory of the past came back in all its vividness, her head sank again on the pillow, and she begged that they would let her die in peace.

"Oh, I thought it was all over," she murmured in low tones, as though speaking to herself, "that I should awake no more in this cold, bitter world. Why am I here alone—yes, alone—no friend, no mother now. Mother, mother, take me to thee! I cannot, I will not stay away! Oh let me go!" and she raised her eyes imploringly to the pale group around her bed, and fixing them on Lansing, who with looks of compassion still hung over her, besought him to take her home; talked incoherently of sufferings endured; entreated them to tell Rose to come—her own Rose, and cool her burning head; then, as though addressing that beloved one, implored her not to leave her; to remember how they had loved each other once; to stay with her; and imagining her request unheeded, she wrung her hands in anguish, and in passionate accents called again on her kind, gentle Rose, and spoke of trials, and of sad, lonely days since they were parted.

Lansing, perceiving the dangerous nature of his patient's disease, urged Mrs. Howell to send immediately for an experienced nurse, who lived in the neighbourhood, and also to request the attendance of her family physician. The former soon arrived, and he had finished giving his directions respecting the invalid, and was preparing to depart for

a short time, when the name of Rose, so often and tenderly repeated, attracted his attention. A sudden thought seemed to strike his mind, and he turned quickly to Mrs. Howell, and inquired the name of his charge.

"Kate Percival! Kate Percival!" repeated the young man, while a blended expression of surprise, grief and pity was depicted on his face, "can it be possible—is it thus we meet? God forgive those who have wronged the lonely orphan," he continued, his manly frame trembling with strong emotion, and hastily pressing to his lips the burning hand of the unconscious girl, he turned away quickly and left the room.

For several days the youthful sufferer hovered between life and death, and they who watched in agonizing suspense the dreadful ravages of disease on her tender frame, feared that the sun of her existence would set in darkness, even in its morning hours. Touchingly beautiful were the wild imaginings that burst unchecked from the lips of the unconscious orphan, in those hours of delirium. Visions of brighter and happier scenes visited her couch of pain. Again she sat in the unclouded days of childhood, a gay, light-hearted creature by her mother's side, or wandered forth with her, amid the sunny glades of their quiet home; or surrounded by youthful companions, conned with Rose their daily tasks, sharing their little cares and pleasures, and pouring into each other's ear kind words of sympathy and love.

Then deeper and more thrilling grew the tones of that sweet voice, as she revealed the story of her woes, her loneliness, her secret grief. Sometimes it seemed as though the wearied spirit had been freed from its tabernacle of clay, so vividly did she portray the bliss of that better land; that haven of rest, where sorrow and death cannot enter, as in that blessed dream, she walked the golden streets of the "celestial city," with the loved one gone before, and joined in the song of praise, swelling from ten thousand harps and voices, to Him who had redeemed them by his blood.

At last the violence of the disease abated, and Kate awoke, as from a long, long sleep. At first all around her seemed strange and new. She scarcely recognised the familiar furniture of the darkened chamber, from which the bright rays of the morning sun, then shining cheerfully without, were so carefully excluded. She wondered how she came there, and who the old, benevolent looking personage could be, who sat by her bed, watching her so earnestly, and pressing his fingers, at every short interval, on her pulse. A plain, middle-aged woman stood near him, with a kind, anxious face, holding in her hand a cup, which in obedience to a motion from her companion, she silently held to the lips of the invalid. Kate swallowed the composing draught, and was about to speak and inquire the meaning of all so strange to her, when her eye fell on another object that, she knew not why, startled and excited her. Partially concealed by the drapery of her couch, stood a young man,

in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Kate felt that face was not altogether new to her; that the mild glance of that dark eye had beamed on her before. But where had they met? A crowd of perplexing thoughts came over her mind; confused recollections of sufferings, in which he was strangely associated. She looked earnestly at the stranger, and he seemed to read her inquiring gaze and to be conscious of the excitement his appearance had produced, for exchanging a meaning glance with his companions he turned away and quietly left the room. Kate followed him with her eye until the door of the apartment closed behind him, and then overpowered by the powerful opiate she had taken, and the conflicting thoughts of her weak and bewildered mind, she fell into a peaceful slumber.

At a late hour of the day, the orphan awoke from that refreshing sleep, free from disease, but weak and feeble as a child. She lay quite still, gazing listlessly around her. At first she thought herself alone, but presently, after a slight and almost imperceptible tap at the door of the apartment, the same kind-looking woman, whose presence she had noticed before, arose from an easy-chair near the bed, and answered the summons.

"She still sleeps," Kate heard her say, in reply to a whispered inquiry from without; "the fever is entirely gone, and in a few days, if she continues to improve, I think, my dear young lady, you may see her."

"A few days! Oh I cannot wait! As she is asleep, do, good Mrs. Barclay, just let me take one look at that sweet face, that through all these long dreadful days, has not seemed once like my own dear Kate's," said a low, gentle voice, trembling with intense emotion. "I will not speak; I will just take one glance and then go away: I must see her for one moment—my precious friend!"

Those earnest, pleading tones! Why thrilled each nerve of the orphan's trembling frame, as they fell upon her ear? She pressed her hands convulsively to her heart, as though to check its wild, tumultuous throbbings. Was it a dream, a vain, fleeting dream, or did a vision from a brighter world burst upon her sight, and an angel visitant approach to comfort her? A slight, girlish figure glided noiselessly to her couch, and pale with anxious watching, gazing through silent tears, Rose Lennox, the loved, the lost, bent over her.

A faint, stifled cry, and Kate lay insensible in her arms.

On a bright morning in the latter part of June, Kate Percival sat alone in a richly furnished parlour, in one of the most fashionable mansions in P. The breeze that came gently through the open casement bore on its balmy wing the breath of fragrant flowers, blooming in a large and beautiful garden with which the apartment communicated, and the cheerful songs of warbling birds, rejoicing in their dewy sweetness, fell in glad melody upon the ear. Still pale, but lovelier far than ever, Kate gazed in quiet happiness upon the bright face of nature, and

while the summer wind stirred the dark locks that shaded her fair brow, and all around her seemed to speak the praise of their beneficent Creator, her heart silently poured forth its tribute of thanksgiving to her Father, Redeemer, and God. Truly wonderful had been the love and wisdom that had marked the successive events of her life, and had brought her by a way she knew not, to a home of affection and peace. Now, as she reviewed that path, she was able to see many proofs of the tender guidance of the Lord.

All that had appeared so mysterious in the conduct of Rose had been long since explained. After her immediate reply to the first and only letter received from Kate during their separation, and which had communicated the intelligence of Mr. Percival's death, Rose had written again, at her father's desire, an urgent invitation for the orphan to accept of her home for at least a temporary asylum, expressing a sincere hope, that if she could be happy there, she would make it her permanent residence. A merchant, a friend of Mr. Lennox, who was then at P. and was soon to return to Natchez, near which the latter resided, was designated as an agreeable and proper escort for the young traveller, and all necessary arrangements were made to procure her a pleasant journey. Rose had looked forward with impatience and with joyous anticipations to her friend's arrival, but to her great disappointment, the merchant returned not only alone, but without having been able either to see or to obtain any tidings of the expected stranger. He had written to her agreeably to the directions received from Mr. Lennox, offering his services in the kindest manner, and appointing the time and place of meeting, but no notice had been taken of his letter. He had deferred the commencement of his homeward journey for several days, hoping to receive an answer to a second letter addressed to the orphan. In this expectation he was disappointed, but this want of attention to his friendly proposals had been explained by some incidental information gleaned from a traveller, whom he met just on the eve of his departure from P. This gentleman, who had recently returned from a tour through the middle states, stated that in passing through the little village, near which Mr. Percival's country-seat stood, the estate of the latter had been pointed out to him, as one that had recently passed from the hands of a family, whose ancestors had held it for many generations, into the possession of strangers. He had been made acquainted with many facts illustrating the extravagance of its former proprietor, but knew nothing of the situation of the surviving members of his household. Full of anxious forebodings, Rose waited impatiently for a letter from her friend, but day after day passed and brought her no tidings. Soon after, her father's business requiring him to pass the winter in Cincinnati, she, with the rest of his family accompanied him. Supposing it possible that having changed her place of abode, Kate might seek a home in P., Rose wrote to her relative, Howard Lansing, who had recently

settled there, and whose warm and generous heart had become much interested in the fate of the orphan, on whose early sorrows and surpassing loveliness of character his cousin so often dwelt, entreating him to use every effort to discover her lost friend. Early in the spring, the eldest sister having married a gentleman from P., Rose attended her to her new home, designing to pass the summer with her, and secretly hoping that she might yet obtain some clue to the retreat of one so fondly loved. She had been in the city but a few days when Providence, in a most unexpected manner, granted her ardent wish, and she clasped the orphan once more to her bosom.

As soon as possible, Kate had been removed from Mrs. Howell's, who bitterly regretted her cold and selfish conduct towards her, now that she claimed as her protectors those distinguished for wealth and influence in the highest circles.

Her kind friends soon saw with delight the slow return of health and strength to her enfeebled frame, and Rose gaily predicted that Kate's fair cheek would rival the bloom of her own fragrant namesake when she breathed again the fresh pure air, and enjoyed the rural pleasures of the beautiful country-seat in which they were to seek a retreat from the heat of the crowded city.

Kate's quiet musing on the past was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, bearing a splendid bouquet of rare flowers, mostly exotics. He presented them with Dr. Lansing's compliments and retired. Kate blushed when she received them, and the colour deepened on her cheek when, a moment after, Rose bounded lightly into the room. She stopped abruptly at the sight of the flowers, which Kate still held, and assuming an air of vexation which seemed strangely out of place on her fair, sunny face, she came slowly forward and addressed her friend in a tone of disappointment and mortification, though an arch smile, in spite of her efforts, played round her mouth.

"Another bouquet! Miss Percival—well, I am sure I need not feel under any weight of obligations to Cousin Howard for the attention he has bestowed on me of late. I really am afraid, if I never saw a flower, that he would not, now, think of sending me one. Just look at those beautiful roses, sister," she continued, addressing Mrs. Gibson, who had entered the room, "are not those buds perfect? I think it proves the sweetness of my disposition that I am not jealous of Kate. But oh! I punished Lansing so nicely, this morning, for his neglect of me—I was in the hall when he called just now, so I made him stop and come into the vestibule, and then informed him of our new arrangements, and our expected removal next week. Selfish creature! instead of sharing in our joy, he looked as grave and solemn as if he had heard the saddest news. I wish you could have seen his rueful face—it did amuse me so much!"—and Rose laughed heartily at the recollection.

"It would only have reminded me of the lengthened visage of a certain friend of yours, Miss

Rose," replied Mrs. Gibson, looking archly at the merry girl, "from whom you parted the morning we left Cincinnati. You can easily defend yourself, my dear Kate, from all the attacks of this naughty child, by reminding her of one Albert Norris. It is a good quietus, Rose, is it not?" and smilingly the young matron departed.

"Who is Albert Norris, Rose?" asked Kate, when the two friends were left thus alone, together. Rose was so busily engaged in arranging the flowers in a vase on the table before them, that she did not appear to hear the question until it was repeated, then blushing deeply she carelessly replied, "Only a young gentleman with whom I became acquainted last winter, and whom I will introduce to you, Kate, this summer, if he has not found that 'absence conquers love,' and so forgotten your humble servant." Rose spoke gaily, but there were tears in her bright eyes. Kate's gentle manner banished her reserve, and she soon spoke with her usual candour of one to whose deep and sincere attachment her affectionate heart had responded, and in whom it had placed its implicit trust. On account of her youth, her father had preferred that there should be no engagement between them until Norris visited P. in the summer; but then, if their affection had endured the test of separation, he had promised to sanction his daughter's choice.

When Rose returned, that evening, from a visit to a friend, she found Kate and her cousin Howard alone in the parlour, conversing in the moonlight. Lansing was speaking in a low, earnest tone, and Rose, perceiving that her entrance was unobserved, stole noiselessly away without interrupting them. An hour afterwards she heard Kate's light footstep on the stairs. She was hesitating whether to follow her to their chamber, or to allow her to enjoy, for a little while, its solitude uninterrupted, when a servant entered the breakfast-room, in which she sat, and informed her that Lansing wished to speak to her for a moment. Rose found him alone in the parlour, apparently much agitated.

"I could not go away to-night, dear Rose," he said, leading her to a seat on the sofa, "without allowing you to share in the happiness which almost overpowers me. Miss Percival has long been dear to you as a friend; can you, will you love her as a cousin?"

"Kate, my own, precious Kate!" exclaimed Rose, bursting into tears—"Oh! Howard, what a prize you have gained! I have always hoped and wished for this, and now that it has really come, I am too full of joy—too happy!"

"I feel entirely unworthy of so great a treasure," said Lansing, after a pause, during which they had both been too much affected to speak—"O Rose, how much need have I to pray that the sweetest of earthly gifts may not win my heart from the Giver?"

At the close of a bright day in October a travelling carriage, in which were seated four persons, drove slowly down a beautiful avenue, leading to a handsome though old-fashioned mansion, on the

bank of a noble river in one of the middle states. The rich tints of autumn giving an unwonted beauty to the glowing scenery around it, and the quiet stream, reflecting on its placid bosom the ever-varying hues of the gorgeous clouds that encircled the setting sun, could not fail to render the scene unusually attractive to the eyes of the travellers, but they scarcely noticed the smiling landscape before them. Strong and deep were the feelings stirring in their hearts. After long years of trial, the orphan was returning, a happy bride, to the home of her fathers, and he who gazed on her with a husband's pride, and the kind friends who accompanied her, forgot all else in their sympathy with her mingled emotions of sadness and joy.

A few weeks after his marriage, Lansing had become, by the death of a distant relative, the possessor of an independent fortune. Hearing about the same time that the owner of the late Mr. Percival's estate was anxious to dispose of it, he immediately became its purchaser, determining to remove thither with his lovely wife, and confine his professional services to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village and the country around it.

As the carriage approached the dwelling, the door of the principal entrance was thrown open, an aged woman of a remarkably venerable and

affectionate aspect appeared, and awaited the arrival of the travellers.

"Welcome, welcome home again, my dear young lady," she said, as Kate threw herself, weeping, into her arms—"I bless God that I have lived to see this day!"

"My dear, dear nurse! It seems to me yet only as a pleasant dream, from which I fear to awake," murmured Kate, amid her joyful tears.

"Let me prove to you that it is a blessed reality, my own Kate," said Lansing, fondly—"but where are Rose and Norris? We must not forget that they are strangers here"—and he gently drew her away.

Though many years have passed since the events recorded above took place, there are still living some individuals who remember the lovely orphan, and delight to dwell upon the rural festivities that attended her return to the home of her childhood. It was from one who had personally shared in these innocent expressions of joy that the writer learned the main incidents described in the foregoing pages, and it may, perhaps, contribute to the gratification of those interested in them to know that they were actually penned on the very spot where the orphan dwelt, a beloved and happy wife.

C.

Philadelphia.

KATE RUSSEL.

A SORRY TALE, THOUGH NOT "A TALE OF SORROW."

BY MISS MEETA M. DUNCAN.

"DEAR mamma, how snug we look," said Catherine Russel to her mother, as she glanced around upon the comfortable apartment, to the arrangement of which her nimble fingers had just given the last finishing touches. They had removed only on that day, from a handsome establishment in town, to a small cottage on the outskirts of a scattered village bordering on the river Schuylkill, and Mrs. Russel sate in her new dwelling watching the active movements of her daughter, with a countenance filled with despondency. As Catherine spoke, her mother raised her eyes, and while they filled with tears, she said:

"If you are pleased, my love, I have no cause for complaint, but this is a sad change for one brought up as you have been, and it is but natural that you should feel sorry for the loss of all the advantages which your late position and home gave you."

"Sorry! dear mamma. How you mistake me. Fine furniture and troops of friends never could make my happiness, and what else have we lost by the exchange? We have enough to live on here: we are surrounded by comforts, nay even by luxuries, then why should I be sorry? Is not this graceful vine which shades our neat little piazza, more beautiful than the costly folds of satin damask with which we shut out the light of day in town? And what picture had we there, dear mamma, to equal this?" and she pointed through the open French window to a little grassy glade, into which, through the overhanging trees, the sun was pouring its last beams, bathing the soft rich verdure with a flood of golden light. "Sorry, mamma! I mean never to be sorry for anything again."

Catherine's beautiful face was lighted up as she spoke with the enthusiasm of her feelings, and as she dropped her mother's hand which in her warmth she had taken within her own, she raised her eyes and beheld the tall figure of a gentleman standing in the doorway. The colour deepened in her cheeks, but she smiled and said gaily: "Come in, Mr. Clavering, we are at home; or rather I have been endeavouring to persuade mamma that we are."

The stranger entered and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Russel.

"How comfortable you look, my dear madam," he said; "one would scarcely believe that you had only to-day taken up your residence here."

"So Kate has just been saying, Lionel, and if my child is satisfied, I should be content. But I fear it is only the novelty which charms her. Young people see through the magnifying glass of their

imagination, and do not always know what will constitute their happiness."

"Now that I deny, mamma," interrupted Catherine, laughing off a slight embarrassment. "Your remark may perhaps apply to young ladies in their teens, but not to the dignity of twenty! I will not however waste any more of my eloquence in an attempt to convince you, mamma; but you shall see in time, how sincere I am in my praises of our nice little home."

Mrs. Russel smiled sadly upon her daughter, and shook her head doubtfully.

"Mr. Clavering," continued Kate, "have you ever had the misfortune not to be believed, when you have done your best to speak the sincere, honest truth? Here have I been doing my best to persuade mamma that I am perfectly contented and happy, without the slightest credit being given to my assertions. I have moreover promised never again to be sorry for anything I have had art or part in bringing about myself, but with no better success."

"Then you intend henceforward to be perfect, Catherine," replied Clavering, "to have no faults, to commit no errors."

"No sir, with my best courtesy for the compliment implied. I mean to be more perfect than I have ever been, but as I am not sorry for anything I have done as yet, I hope to go through the world as I have begun."

The colour rose in Clavering's pale face, but he replied almost immediately in the same gay tone she had herself adopted. "Well, Catherine, we shall see, but I prophesy before the year is out, you will both feel and acknowledge that you are sorry more than once."

"I wonder what he means," thought Kate after Clavering had left them; "he cannot be vain enough to suppose I shall be sorry for anything I have ever said or done relative to him."

Mrs. Russel was the widow of an officer in the army, whose death occurred only little more than a year before the opening of our tale. Colonel Russel had distinguished himself in the last war, and during that period had received a severe wound which finally obliged him to retire from the service, a step which he was able to take with more prudence than usually characterised his actions, as he had married a woman whose fortune enabled them to live, not only with perfect independence, but with that profuseness and luxury, to which his habits too strongly inclined him. Colonel Russel was a man

of elegant manners and accomplished mind, and to make his house the focus of social and intellectual enjoyment, was his chief aim, when, no longer engrossed by his profession, he had leisure to indulge his inclinations. His unbounded hospitality and his open-handed generosity, upon all occasions, could not fail, however, in time, to impair his resources, but possessing one of those fatal dispositions which never will see a picture upon the wrong side, he continued to live on, even after his affairs had fallen into embarrassment, as he had done years before when there was no need for retrenchment; the consequence was, that at his death, his affairs were found to be in a most entangled state, and when finally settled, his widow and daughter were obliged to forsake their luxurious establishment in town, to take refuge in a small country house, with but a pittance to live upon, compared with their former means. This was keenly felt by Mrs. Russel, who, from her infancy trained in habits of luxury and expense, looked upon such a curtailment of her income in the most desponding light, and now exaggerated their poverty to her imagination as her husband had formerly done their resources. Kate, with a stronger mind than her mother, and with the natural buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, was untouched by the misfortunes that had befallen them. Her father's death was the event that dwelt most heavily upon her heart, and not the loss of fortune and consequence, so much deplored by her mother. She possessed a fund of good sense, and an amiable, affectionate disposition, tinged, we must add, by what the world would call a strong dash of romance, and when these reverses gradually unfolded themselves, it was her fortitude which alone had enabled her mother to bear up against the appalling facts. Nor did she feign in the least when she thus reassured her mother. Undazzled by the glare which wealth casts around her possessors, and with tastes naturally simple, she saw nothing in the fact of being obliged to confine themselves to a yearly income of a few hundreds, where they had formerly spent thousands, to call forth such bursts of grief, provided those hundreds were sufficient, as they were, to admit of their living together comfortably and like gentlewomen. Perhaps, if Mrs. Russel had not been aware that there was still a means left by which their lost consequence might be restored, she would more readily have bent herself to her circumstances; but satisfied of the fact, and that her daughter's perverseness, as she called it, was the only obstacle to her wishes, she suffered unavailing dreams of what might be, to veil from her the real comforts and consolations that were still within her grasp. What these dreams were, we will now endeavour to explain.

Colonel Russel and the father of Lionel Clavering were fellow soldiers and intimate friends. At Clavering's death, the friendship which Colonel Russel had so warmly felt for him was extended to his widow and son, who, following in his father's footsteps, had entered the army through the United States Military Academy, where he had

graduated with distinction. At little more than twenty years of age Lionel held the rank of captain in a favourite corps, and when Kate, a child of seven or eight years old, sat on her father's knee, the stately captain, as she considered him, was her father's frequent guest, conversing with him upon professional and other topics with a gravity which placed him, in her childish estimation, quite upon a par with him as to age. As year after year passed by, and the intervals of professional employment brought Clavering to his native place, she still beheld in him her father's friend and most cherished guest, and he became classed in her mind with sundry grave doctors and judges learned in the law—some of whom wore powder and pigtails—who habitually assembled at Colonel Russel's hospitable board, to talk politics, and chat over their wine. When Catherine was about eighteen Lionel resigned his commission in the army. His mother, long in feeble health, had now become so helpless as to lean upon others entirely for every comfort and assistance, and when the fond son beheld the tears roll down the pale cheeks of his gentle loving mother, and saw the struggle which was in her heart, whenever it became necessary to leave her, he felt that his first duty was to her, and though the trial was great, he voluntarily forsook the profession which he loved, though on the eve of promotion, for the purpose of soothing her declining years. Both mother and son being wealthy, there was no prudential reason for remaining in the service, to which inclination had alone attached him. Some months after this occurrence, Kate was very much surprised to receive a proposal of marriage from her father's friend. Her astonishment could not have been greater if one of the "pigtales" had offered her the same compliment, and she received the communication with so much merriment, that for the first time in her life she retired from her father's presence with a severe rebuke, and suffering under his displeasure. Poor Kate! she had to endure three several private lectures upon this important occasion—from her father, her mother, and lastly from Mrs. Clavering, who caused herself to be lifted into her carriage, that she might drive into town, and inquire for herself, and hear with her own ears, if it were possible for any young woman to refuse the hand of her son. But Kate was obdurate to all, and Clavering begged rather proudly that the whole thing might be forgotten. In consequence of this event an unavoidable coldness sprang up between the two families. Clavering's visits, which heretofore had been daily, were now few and very formal; and in the regret and pain which the privation of his society evidently caused her father, Kate experienced her first real sorrow. To Mrs. Clavering Kate had, from her earliest years, been affectionately attached; to her she had owed many of the happiest hours of her childhood, and the knowledge that she had, however innocently, forfeited her esteem, caused her heartfelt regret. Filled with these sentiments, she at length resolved to

leave nothing untried to bring about once more the ancient relations of the families, and day after day she drove out of town to the old family residence of the Claverings, intent upon her errand of peace. Her efforts were finally crowned with success; barrier after barrier gave way before her winning smiles, and playful determination to behold nothing in her old friend but what her affectionate heart wished to see, and when Mrs. Clavering had vented her anger and her disappointment in gentle reproaches and a flood of tears, she embraced and forgave her young friend, and listened, not impatiently, to her exculpation of herself. After this much of the old state of feeling was renewed. Clavering was evidently informed by his mother of all that had occurred, for Kate never saw him during her visits, which she chose to make at those hours when she knew he was in town; but he came more frequently to visit them, and except that there was a degree of stateliness in his manner to her, and of unusual reserve on her part, there was nothing to show that there had been the least interruption to their friendly feelings. As time passed on, this untoward circumstance appeared to fade from the minds of all, and when Colonel Russel's death occurred, about a year afterwards, Clavering was the friend to whom Mrs. Russel naturally turned for advice and assistance, in her affliction. Nor was he backward in his efforts to aid her; complicated and difficult as were the affairs of his late friend, he patiently devoted his time to their settlement, and at the expiration of a year he was able to set before Mrs. Russel a statement of her future dependence. He had endeavoured throughout to prepare her to expect an income far below what she had been accustomed to, but when the truth broke upon her, when she found herself shorn of all her splendour, obliged to give up her fine house, her carriage, and all hope of ever living again as she had formerly done, she yielded herself up to the despondency which had been gradually growing upon her, till she became incapable of exertion. At this juncture Kate's energy and strength of character evinced itself. Seeing the necessity for immediate action, she acquainted herself thoroughly with their situation, and set before her mother in gentle but firm terms, what it was imperative should be done. Mrs. Russel admitted the force of her daughter's arguments, and professed herself willing to adopt any plan which she might suggest, at the same time expressing a wish that, as their removal from their present dwelling was unavoidable, they might retire to the country, where the mortifying change in their circumstances would not be continually apparent to those with whom she had formerly been an object of envy or admiration.

Catherine had, as yet, too little experience to be aware of the power which money possesses to exalt or depress individuals in the eyes of the world; and the weakness—which she considered it—exhibited by her mother in their reverses, was a source of extreme pain to her. Anxious, how-

ever, to minister to her wishes, be they what they might, and herself rejoicing in the prospect of a country life, she consulted Clavering and his mother, and with their aid a comfortable house, suited in every way to their convenience, was procured near to Mrs. Clavering's residence, who rejoiced in thus being able to draw her friends so close to her. It was during the period that these arrangements were being made, that Mrs. Russel accidentally became aware that her daughter's power over the feelings of Clavering was undiminished. Attached to Clavering, proud of his personal qualities, as well as of the wealth which gave him consequence in the world, Mrs. Russel had always desired the alliance; but now, when her daughter's position had become so widely changed, her whole heart was bent upon this object, and in dwelling upon what might be, if Kate would suffer her feelings to soften towards him, she lost sight, as has been said, of the happiness within her reach, to grasp at shadows which might never be realized. To Kate, who had long ceased to think of Clavering in any other light than that of a sincere friend, on whose good offices she could securely rely, she was constantly harping upon the unwelcome topic, insinuating how entirely it was in her power, by a marriage with him, to restore to them all they had formerly enjoyed, and dwelling with unwise warmth upon the virtues and excellencies of that friend. There was no asperity in the feelings which thus expressed themselves; it was merely the querulous repinings of a mind weakened by indulgence. A little more worldly wisdom would have shown her the impolicy of thus rendering obnoxious, by a sort of persecution, the very person whom she most wished to recommend to her daughter. Kate bore all this with undiminished good humour, and save that her manner to Clavering was marked by a degree of restraint not natural to her, she showed no signs of being moved by the annoyance.

"I thought, my love," said Mrs. Russel to her daughter, the morning after they had taken possession of their new dwelling, "that you were going to see our old friend."

"So I am, mamma," replied Kate, who stood looking from an open window with her bonnet and parasol in her hand: "I am going presently."

"Why not go at once, my dear? the weather is oppressive even at this early hour, and you will find the sun very hot if you delay."

"Yes, mamma, I will go in a minute."

"My dear Catherine, I wish you would go at once. You have been standing at the window for the last half hour, twitching that bonnet string of yours till you have made me quite nervous. What are you waiting for, child?"

"I am waiting till Mr. Clavering drives off," said Kate composedly. "I see his gig at the door."

"I do not see why you should be so anxious to avoid Lionel, my dear."

"I am not anxious to avoid him, mamma; but

when Mrs. Clavering has her son with her, she does not need other society; and I think it a greater kindness to go when she is alone."

"Perhaps so, my dear, but I wish I could see you do more justice to Lionel's good qualities."

"No one appreciates him more highly than I do, mamma. I have a perfect sense of all his excellence."

"So you have often told me, my dear; but such assertions tally ill with your indifference towards him. I confess I cannot conceive such a state of feeling, unless, indeed, preoccupied affections were the excuse; and that, my dear, for both our sakes, I hope is not the case with you."

For a moment Kate hesitated; the colour deepened in her cheeks, but she replied steadily. "My affections, dear mamma, have neither been sought nor given to any one." Then tying on the offending bonnet she bade her mother good morning, and set off upon her meditated visit.

And now it will be asked, why Kate exhibited such unusual emotion at the last searching question of her mother? Was it indignation at the suspicion, or was it that she felt that she had been disingenuous? We fear the latter; but as she was unable rightly to define her own feelings, we will endeavour to do so for her. When at school, Kate had formed a friendship for one of her young companions, which, unlike most such intimacies, continued long after school and its associations were forgotten. Emily Walton and herself, in their own estimation, far exceeded Damon and Pythias, in the strength of their attachment; and hundreds of crow-quill billets, signed with the high-sounding names of Celestina and Angelica, attested their friendship. As they grew into womanhood the correspondence still continued, though they now condescended to use their own more homely appellations. Other names had, however, crept into the correspondence, and among them most frequent mention was made of a certain "Fred," who, it appeared, was a brother of Emily, a dashing young midshipman, who, with his gold lace and fierce looking dirk, had, on his return from his first cruise, set all the hearts in Mrs. Simper's select academy in a flame. At sixteen Fred Walton told his sister in confidence that Kate Russel was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. At eighteen, grown more bold, he vowed she was an angel; and at twenty, on his return from sea, after having eaten his first dinner off her father's best plate, he almost whispered the same thing to Kate herself. That Kate should have remained insensible to the attractions of so handsome an admirer was quite out of rule. She had not seen a great deal of him latterly, to be sure, as he was nearly always at sea, but Emily corresponded with her brother regularly, and his sayings and doings, together with many a significant remark and message, were, at that early period, duly reported to her. Three years, however, had elapsed since "Fred" last left the United States, and though Kate continued to hear constantly of his movements from her friend, when his

rather scanty letters arrived, there were no longer any messages to her. This was plausibly accounted for by Emily, but to Kate it was a source of deep mortification, for, with a tenacity of feeling which strongly characterized her, she had suffered her imagination to magnify into a strong predilection that which, with other girls, would have been a mere passing fancy. The vessel which Walton was on board was now daily expected in port, and Kate looked for his return with a restlessness she was herself unconscious of. Scarcely daring to think of him as a lover—for the vague sort of understanding which had existed between them did not admit of such a construction—yet suffering his image to reign paramount in her imagination. When suddenly questioned by her mother it is not surprising that she exhibited the embarrassment which we have described, and though she had answered truly, she was too right-minded not to feel compunction for her mental reservations.

The life which Kate and her mother now led, differed materially from their former one. But few of their fine friends took the trouble to follow them to their retreat, and that large portion of their time which had heretofore been devoted to society was now entirely at their own disposal. This was far from being displeasing to Kate, who had now time enough for everything she undertook, including long rambles about the country, and the care of her garden, which she superintended herself. But to Mrs. Russel the change was painfully irksome, and her only resource from the ennui which beset her was in her daily visits to Mrs. Clavering, who, from her inability to walk, seldom left her own house. These constant visits to the invalid not only cheered her, from the sympathy she received, but they were of further service, in the example which they gave of meek and uncomplaining fortitude under afflictions, so much severer than her own; for, surrounded as Mrs. Clavering was, by all the appliances which wealth can give, Mrs. Russel could not but feel that her friend's situation was far more pitiable than her own. Clavering also contributed in every possible manner to reconcile her to her lot, and add to her happiness. In his daily visits to town his time and services were always at her command, and few evenings passed that he did not drop in with some message from his mother, who always retired early; some new publication which he had brought from town, or some scheme for the future, which he knew would gratify her. Kate too—whose happy temper was alone sufficient to create an atmosphere of cheerfulness where she dwelt—exerted all her powers to beguile her mother's regrets, and she soon saw with pleasure that she could now smile without an effort.

It was now the middle of June, and the vessel which Frederic Walton was on board had not yet arrived. At length news came that she was below, and a few hurried lines from Emily conveyed the intelligence to Kate. A day or two passed and another note was received. Emily was in an ec-

status. "Fred" was come; he was more elegant than ever, and Emily was at a loss to which she should accord the highest meed of praise, his manners or his moustache; both were irresistible. Poor Kate was in a flutter of agitation. The organ of wonder seemed suddenly to have developed itself with her. She wondered when he would come to see them, and with the impression that she was laudably modest and reasonable, she said to-morrow, taking no note of the little voice which whispered, perhaps he may come to-night. She wondered how he looked; whether he had thought of her while he was away; and then, as a mere abstract question, she wondered if men were really so constant as women. Next, she wondered if he would find her changed, and then on referring to her glass she wondered why she had not perceived before that she was so much sunburnt; till at last the rapid development of this organ became contagious, and Mrs. Russel began to wonder too—not, however, about the all-engrossing "Fred," but why it was her daughter had become so restless and preoccupied. That night, though no Fred had appeared, Kate retired to rest with a stout and hopeful heart, notwithstanding a little secret pang of disappointment, and rose the next morning, full of faith. But the day passed, bringing no tidings, no visit from the "expected;" and when another, and another went by, with the same result, even faith yielded, and Kate, half sorrowful, half indignant, knew not what to think. The days, however, formed themselves into weeks, and a fortnight had elapsed without any attempt on the part of "Fred" to renew his acquaintance with his old friends. And what was stranger still, there was no note from Emily to account for this remissness. Emily was not sick, she knew, for Clavering spoke of having met her in Chestnut street, with her brother, upon whose arm, he said, she leaned, as if she was proud of exhibiting him; "and no wonder," added he, "for he is a very handsome fellow."

Poor Kate, with what pain did she behold her romantic visions crumbling before her eyes, how bitterly did she condemn her folly. "I have been treasuring up his memory for years," said she proudly, "while he has evidently forgotten me. But let it pass; the future is in my power, if the past is beyond recall, and I will never—" Her vow remained uncompleted, for at that moment the object of her thoughts drove up to the door, accompanied by his sister. Kate's meditations had been of a nature to prevent any softening of feeling, and she received Walton's animated greeting with as much composure as if she had not thought of him once during the whole period of his absence. Emily apologized for her apparent neglect, attributing it to her occupation with her brother; and Fred, taking his cue from her, protested that this was the first visit he had made.

Kate found Walton less changed than she at first believed. The youth had become a man. The shyness of the boy had given place to the confidence of manhood; but the voice, the laugh,

were still the same, and "Fred" was, or was not "Fred," as the past and present alternately swayed her mind. They made a long visit; "Fred" talked a great deal, and principally of himself; the events which had befallen Lieutenant Walton, U. S. N., within the last three years, being evidently of more importance in his estimation than all that had occurred in that interval in the broad land which he had left behind; and when they parted it was with a promise, on the part of Emily, of meeting soon again.

"Oh! yes, let it be very soon," said Walton, gazing admiringly into Catherine's beautiful face. "Have you forgotten our boy and girl flirtation, Miss Russel? I hope not, for I am still as much at your service as ever."

Kate made no reply. How could she, feeling, as she did, that she had staked, in an unequal game, her gold against his worthless counters.

Clavering had dropped in during this visit, and as Kate turned her indignant glance from their departing guest she remarked a flush of anger, or emotion, upon his countenance. Afraid of his penetrating eye she moved towards the piano, and seating herself at the instrument, began to play. Clavering said nothing, but in a few moments took up his hat and left the house, with a hasty good morning. The moment he was gone Kate ceased to play, and covering her face with her hands she leant forward upon the instrument and wept plentifully. Mr. Clavering was right, sighed she, as she at length raised her tear-stained face, I am already very, very sorry for much that I have both said and done: would that I could live my life over again. This was a harsh awakening from a dream which had so long absorbed her; but, when the first disappointment was over, mortification was her most prominent feeling, and she resolved, however great the struggle, no eye should witness, or even guess at, the pang which accompanied this sudden breaking up of her girlish dream. Determined to avoid being thrown in Walton's way, she refrained entirely from going to town, and as if intent upon assisting her in her good resolutions, he came but once to see them during the following fortnight; but she constantly heard of him through others, as the assiduous admirer of some one or other reigning belle, remarkable either for beauty or fortune. With a perception quickened by wounded self-love, she now saw, that in the folly of girlish confidence, encouraged by the evident wishes of her friend, she had suffered her imagination to build up a baseless fabric, which the first touch of reality had overthrown; and it was with reference to this friend that her mortification found its most poignant sting. Emily had never, in so many words, told Kate that she wished her to marry her brother; nor had Kate ever admitted a tenth part of the interest which she really felt in him, but each divined the other's feeling, and though the understanding had been tacit, it was clear to both.

And now, how gladly would Kate have recalled her foolish pink paper notes, her sentimental epis-

ties to her sympathizing friend. How gladly would she have borne all the disappointment, if she could have been assured that the knowledge of it was unshared by another. That Emily would betray her to her brother she did not for an instant dream of, but it was gall and wormwood to her proud heart to feel that another should know what she must be suffering. Fortunately for her, Emily had gone to the northern springs, and it was a relief to her to be assured that she would be some time absent. She resolved, therefore, that, as far as words could carry conviction, her letters to Emily should breathe the most perfect indifference. An opportunity soon offered itself. Frederic Walton drove out to see them, preparatory to joining his family at the springs, and remained the whole evening. Kate was the gayest of the gay; the most penetrating eye could not have told those spirits were assumed; and the next day, when Walton started on his journey, he carried with him a letter for his sister, so true to the spirit in which it was written that it might have been called a master-piece of its kind. Oh! woman! woman! why is it that education and society must make you a hypocrite?

Meanwhile the summer passed quietly on. Kate was often thoughtful and grave, for she had never known before what it was to treasure up in silence painful thoughts. These feelings, however, did not take undisturbed hold of her imagination; her thoughts and attention soon became diverted to other objects of interest. Mrs. Clavering experienced an alarming attack of illness, and both Mrs. Russel and her daughter were called upon for their solace and support in her sick room. The attentions of Kate, whose affectionate disposition transformed her into the quietest and gentlest of nurses, were particularly grateful to her kind old friend; and when she saw with what eagerness Mrs. Clavering watched for her coming, and listened for the sound of her bird-like voice, she could not withhold from her the solace of her constant presence. All those who have watched by the bed of one affectionately beloved must be sensible how absorbing the interests of a sick room soon become. The world and all its teeming influences fade into shadows before it, and the little sphere in which our labours, our anxieties, are now confined, is sufficient for the engrossment of every thought. If the sufferer has passed a good night; if the nourishment prepared by the hand of affection be gratefully received; if he, at whose daily visit we look for the fiat of joy or woe, "smiles propitious," what care we for the changes, the mighty wonders of the crowd without; one peaceful slumber, one healthful throb of the pulse is of more importance to us than all the world beside.

And such, during Mrs. Clavering's illness, had been the feelings of Kate. She had relinquished all other pursuits to devote her time and attention to her friend, with an utter forgetfulness of self; and her efforts were not without their reward.

Schooled by the touchstone of real affliction, her mind had acquired a more healthy tone; the lesson had done her good. She had also a rich reward, in the deep gratitude evinced by Mrs. Clavering, who, with tears and caresses, told her all she felt. Clavering too, though silent, was not an unmoved spectator of all that passed, though it was more by his silent watchfulness, and care for her comfort, than by spoken words, that his feelings could be ascertained.

"My dear Kate," Mrs. Clavering would say, laying her hand upon the silken head of her young companion, "Lionel tells me I am selfish in permitting you to devote so much of your time to me. You are growing thin and pale, he says, from too much confinement; so put on your bonnet, love, and go take a long walk."

Often when reading aloud for the invalid he would gently take the book from her hand, and continue himself, spite of her assurances that she was not fatigued; and thus, apparently unoccupied by her, no movement that she made, no tone of her voice escaped him. So unobtrusive was he, however, in all he did—so little on the surface were his feelings—that even Kate, with all the intuitive quickness of a woman in these matters, was at fault, and she frequently found herself seeking for some of those proofs of exclusive feeling which her mother had so often hinted at.

During all this period Kate had received no letter from her friend Emily, and as Mrs. Clavering grew better, and her anxiety for her diminished, she recurred with increased solicitude to her own peculiar trouble. At length, however, a letter came. Clavering brought it to her one evening on his return from town. It had been sent by private hand, and, as usual in such cases, it was detained three times as long as if it had been sent by post. Kate tore open the letter with eager haste, and ere she had concluded it her face sparkled with pleasure. Emily's letter was filled with reproaches; she had been completely taken in by the air of indifference for "Fred," which had pervaded Kate's letter, and she dilated with feminine eloquence upon the pain which it had caused her to find her brother so far undervalued by her dear friend. "If you but knew, dear Kate," she said, "in what raptures he speaks of you, you would not be so ungrateful."

"That appears to be a very pleasant epistle, my dear," said Mrs. Russel, as Kate folded up the letter.

"Yes, mamma, very; but I wish I had got it at the proper time. The Waltons will be so soon home now, I shall not have time to answer it."

"Then you prefer corresponding with your friends," said Clavering, "to the enjoyment of their society. This is a novelty in friendship."

"Oh! no," replied Kate, smiling and blushing. "I like those I love near me, but just now I should be as well content if Emily remained absent a month longer."

Clavering had been standing during his visit

with his hat in his hand; he now laid it aside, and seating himself on the sofa near Kate, he remained during the rest of the evening.

"You will come early to-morrow to see my mother?" asked Clavering, addressing Kate as he at length rose to go.

"Oh! yes. I shall have time to make a long visit, and be back again, before mamma is up. So you may tell Mrs. Clavering to expect me."

Kate took her mother's arm, and they walked out upon the piazza with Clavering. The moon was shining brightly; the vines and creeping plants which shaded the piazza threw their flickering shadows upon the ground; and every tiny flower that drooped with the weight of its diamond dew-drop, flung forth its perfume upon the night air. There was a peculiar loveliness in the hour, and they stood silently drinking in its beauties.

"This is too fine a night to lose in sleep," at length said Clavering, with a sort of half sigh. "Do you not think so, Kate?" Clavering seldom called her Kate, but when he did so there was a peculiar softness in his tone that made the name most musical.

"Yes," she replied earnestly, "far too lovely. I have been wondering," she continued, "why it is, that people call the moon melancholy; to me it is the reverse. While my heart is filled with its beauty my mind reflects its brightness, and to-night it is particularly so. I do not know when I have felt so happy as I do at this moment."

What a strange thing is love. Clavering returned to his home that night, with a heart filled with happiness and hope, and why? Because the woman he loved had said, while he was at her side, that she was happy. He thought not of the various causes which might have attuned her feelings thus, he thought not of the disparity of age which had so revolted her, he only felt that with him she had been happy! Hope, alas! too often builds its structures, like the foolish man, upon sand; and yet who shall say that the heart has not its instincts? Clavering's dream nevertheless was a brief one. A little while, and the Waltons were at home again, and then, as if to make up for past neglect, Fred's visits followed in quick succession, till finally, few days passed when his horse might not be seen, awaiting his master's pleasure, somewhere on Mrs. Russel's premises. Kate was too thoroughly a woman, not to triumph in this involuntary homage from one who had so wounded and mortified her. Her vanity was flattered, her pride soothed by his unconcealed admiration; and much to Emily's joy her early impressions seemed to be rapidly regaining their hold upon her. Let that be as it might, it was undeniable that her spirits had never been so gay as now; her step was light with happiness; joy sparkled in her eye and brightened in her cheek. These signs were of course interpreted by all, according to their different hopes or fears. Mrs. Russel was perfectly frigid in her manner to the Waltons, and as inhospitable as a well bred woman could be. Mrs. Clavering, now restored to her

usual state of health, was dull and dispirited, and Clavering, who came now but seldom to the house, was grown graver and more reserved than ever; while Emily, keeping her own counsel, enjoyed in secret the ripening of her long nourished hopes. And yet, strange to say, and spite of appearances, Kate never was so unlikely to fulfil hopes of such a nature. Accustomed from her earliest years to the society of intelligent, well informed people, and with a judgment now ripened by time, it was impossible for her to be long in Walton's society, without becoming sensible of his deficiency in all those qualities of mind, which with her were essential to call forth respect; so that if her early impressions in his favour had not been so rudely shaken by his neglect on his first arrival, a more intimate acquaintance with him must soon have disenchanted her. His talk was "ship," nothing but "ship," and when he had exhausted his mess-table jokes, and told of all his perils by storm and flood, he had nothing to do but to begin over again. He had visited the most interesting portions of the globe, but unlike most of the gentlemen of his profession, he had found them "barren all." His thoughts had but one circle. The quarter-deck was his world, promotion his ambition, and "the button" his pride. His principal reading was the "Navy Register," his favourite aversion the "Navy Board," and when he had nothing else to think of, he wondered "what the fellows were doing at the Department." That all this did not equally interest his auditors, never entered into Walton's philosophy. Week after week went by without diminishing his visits, and yet the theme never flagged. If he could have been suspected of reading Shakspeare, it might have been thought that he had taken a leaf out of the hapless "Moor" wooing Kate, with the tale of the dangers he had passed; but that supposition was too improbable to receive credit, and the safest conclusion was, that as talking was a necessity with him, he drew upon the only exchequer he could command.

If I had been born a dictator, said Kate mentally, and with much energy, one morning, as she sat at her embroidery frame, I should forbid every woman in my dominions marrying before she is twenty. What the train of thought was, that elicited this emphatic opinion, we cannot exactly say, but she had been sitting for more than an hour, listening to Walton, who sate by her side, alternately twirling her scissors and his own moustache, and entangling with equal success, her silks and his own ideas. The presumption is, that her companion had in some way originated the sentiment.

Meanwhile, time passed on with its noiseless step, and the autumn had come. One afternoon, Kate, having been prevented through the day from making her usual visit to Mrs. Clavering, set forth to fulfil this accustomed duty. She walked into Mrs. Clavering's usual sitting room, and flinging off her bonnet drew a low seat beside her, and began to relate why she had not been able to come earlier. She had a great deal to tell, much news to re-

peep, for several visitors had called in the morning, and Emily Walton had dined with them.

"And did you leave your friend with your mother, my love, to come to me?"

"Oh no; she had an engagement for this evening and her brother came for her a little while since, and carried her off from us."

"Ah, that brother!" said Mrs. Clavering, significantly. "I fear she is not the only one whom he will carry off from us."

"Do you mean me, ma'am?" said Kate composedly. "If you do, I assure you your fears are groundless. Mr. Walton will never carry me off."

"Ah! my love, you may think so now, but perseverance and constancy go very far in persuading people to change their minds."

"I don't know, I don't think so," said Kate hesitatingly; "at least, not in most cases. It might, perhaps, have the effect in a man of sense and feeling, but not in such a person as Mr. Walton. Oh no!"

As she ceased, Kate raised her eyes and beheld Clavering standing behind his mother's chair.

She coloured violently as she perceived him, and replied to him, as he addressed her, with an embarrassment which she strove in vain to subdue.

After inquiring for Mrs. Russel and obtaining a letter from his mother, which was the errand that had brought him to the room, he left them, Kate hoped without having overheard her remarks.

"My dear," said Mrs. Clavering, after a few moments silence, "do you think your mother would come over this evening and see me before I retire? I have something of importance to consult her about."

"I hope it is nothing distressing," said Kate, watching Mrs. Clavering's countenance. Mrs. Clavering did not speak, but a few tears rolled down her face. Kate laid her cheek upon the pale thin hand beside her and pressed her lips caressingly upon it. "May I not know what it is that pains you, dear madam?"

Mrs. Clavering returned her caress, and in a few words related the cause of her uneasiness. She said that she could no longer conceal from herself, that she was pursuing an ungenerous course towards her son, that his health and spirits were both impaired by her selfish wish to keep him near her. "It breaks my heart," she said, "to see him wasting his prime, sacrificing every prospect for himself, to mope away existence by the side of a sick old woman, when I know his tastes and inclination would lead him elsewhere. Now I have been thinking, my dear, if your mother and I could make some arrangement by which we might live together, Lionel would not refuse to leave me for a time. I wish him to change the scene, to go abroad for a year or two; as I know he would have done long since but for me, and the only obstacle is my being left alone. Do you think, my dear, your mother would refuse to receive me during his ab-

sence? Or perhaps, as my house is so much larger she may be induced, accompanied by you, to make me a visit instead. Could you consent to make such a sacrifice, my love, for your poor old friend?" said Mrs. Clavering in a tremulous voice, pressing Kate's hand.

"I should think nothing a sacrifice, my dear ma'am, which would gratify you," said Kate feelingly; "but I think I had better go for mamma, she will be best able to advise you. I will go now," she said hurriedly, "for it is getting dark, and ask her to come over to you;" and without staying to hear more, she snatched up her bonnet and hastened away.

She reached home breathless, and delivered her message to Mrs. Russel, who set forth immediately to obey the summons. Then Kate, having nothing else to do, and being somewhat startled and nervous, threw herself into an easy chair, and began to cry. Having amused herself in this manner for some time, she dried her eyes, but still she sat watching the fire and—thinking. At last, at the expiration of an hour, the door opened and Clavering walked in. Kate said "how d'ye do!" and turned her back to the light, while she answered his inquiries for her mother.

"It was not indisposition I hope, that induced my mother to send for Mrs. Russel? She appeared as usual when I left her with you."

"Oh! no," replied Kate, "nothing ails her. I brought the message to mamma myself. She wanted to consult with her about something."

Clavering was silent for a few moments, when observing something unusual in Kate's manner, he asked, "Do you know what that 'something' is, Catherine?"

"Yes," replied Kate, speaking with hesitation. "I believe it is something about a scheme to enable you to go abroad."

"My poor mother," said Clavering sighing deeply, "how her solicitude pains me. And did you believe, Catherine," he continued feelingly, "that I could consent to leave my mother, aged and suffering as she is, even with such kind friends as your mother and yourself, to wander at a distance from her, in pursuit of pleasure?"

Kate could not speak, the tears which had so lately been called up from their source, had not all subsided, and as his half reproachful tones fell upon her ear, they again began to flow so rapidly that she could not speak.

"Why do you not answer me, Kate?" said Clavering anxiously, when he had waited some moments in vain for her reply.

Kate made a desperate effort. Her lips moved, but no words escaped her but a gasp, and then a flood of tears followed.

"My dear Catherine," said Clavering drawing his chair to her side, "what is it distresses you?"

Kate wept uninterruptedly for a few moments, and then she found her voice. She didn't know what was the matter with her, she said. She was a little nervous, she believed. She had run all the

way home after it was dark, and had been a little frightened: nothing else ailed her, she said.—(Oh, woman!)

"And now Catherine," said Clavering when her agitation had somewhat subsided, "will you answer me? Did you think I would avail myself of my mother's proposition?"

"I don't know," said Kate brightening up. "I believe I did. Yes, I certainly did, though now when I think of it, I am certain if I had asked my own heart, I should have thought differently."

"And do you ever question your 'own heart' about me, dear Kate?"

"Oh! yes," said Kate, striving to appear very composed and candid, "I should be very sorry"—another break down.

"Sorry, dear Kate," he said tenderly, taking her hand. "Do you remember telling me some months ago, you were not, nor ever should again be sorry for any act of your own will? I felt what you said then, almost as a taunt, though I believe you scarcely meant it as such. Do you still hold those sentiments, or can you say that there is *now*, one act of your life in which I am concerned, that you feel sorry for?"

Kate did not reply, but turned her head away and concealed her face, while Clavering in a low and rapid voice continued:—

"I little thought, Catherine," he said, "ever to have touched upon this subject to you again. But a strange madness has come over me, and I am urged on, by an impulse which I cannot resist. I do not attempt to conceal from you, that you hold my happiness in your hands. You must see it. Nay, I confess that I have been, that I am a miserable man, cut off from every hope of obtaining your affections. But do not mistake me. Wretched and lonely as my existence must be, I would welcome it with joy, sooner than extort from your pity a concession unsanctioned by your feelings. I know the full value of the treasure I have coveted, I know also that I have a rival, though the blessed words I overheard this evening, prove him to be an unsuccessful one. Yet I have not been driven to tell you this because I have presumed upon that knowledge. Oh! no. It is, dearest Kate, that lately I have fancied you kinder, gentler to me than you were of old, and I have thought that you might not, perhaps, undervalue my deep, my fervent at-

tachment, as you formerly did. Is it so, dearest Kate? Will you not speak to me one little word?"

Kate *did not* speak the word, but we never heard that Clavering was dissatisfied.

Some time after this the parlour door was thrown open, and Mrs. Russel entered, her bonnet blown back; her frigette all awry, and the tip of her nose very red.

"My dear Lionel," she exclaimed, with a tone, to say the least, not a little provoked, "are you *here*? Why I have been waiting for you for an hour past, to bring me home, and I was obliged at last, as your mother was nodding in her chair, to get old Moses with a lantern to bring me home. And *he* might as well have been at home nodding too, for he brought me by the back lane, through every puddle and over every stump he could find, till at last he landed me in old Gibbs's pig-sty!" and she indignantly exhibited her feet.

"My dear madam," interrupted Clavering rather embarrassed, "I am very sorry." He glanced at Kate, her eyes were fixed upon the carpet, while her flushed and varying countenance, betrayed the emotions struggling within her. He gazed for a moment, and then taking her hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"Catherine, my dear," said Mrs. Russel with a countenance full of astonishment, "what does this mean?"

"Nothing mamma, but I—that is Mr. Clavering—I mean dear mamma, that I am very sorry"—she could get no further, a flood of tears interrupted this lucid explanation.

"I wish," said Mrs. Russel, the disturbance of temper alluded to not yet quite dissipated, "that I could hear something else from you both, than that you are *sorry*."

"Excuse her to-night, my dear madam," said Clavering advancing towards her. "She is much agitated. Let me have the gratification of telling you that your daughter has made me a happier man this evening, than I feel I deserve." Then returning to Kate, he said in a low voice, "Good night, dearest Kate, I will now go with this joyful intelligence to my mother. Tell Mrs. Russel all my presumption, but be careful," he said smiling, "not to offend her, by again saying that you are *sorry*!"

Original.

LADY ALICE LISLE;

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHEN we look upon the great picture of human events, as portrayed by the pencil of Fame, we see little else than the colossal outlines of those who occupied prominent places in the pageantry of courts, or acted distinguished parts on the theatre of public life. The Muse of History disdains to tread the lowly path of daily life: her buskined foot presses only the tapestried floor of kingly dwellings,—her sweeping garments rustle only in the halls of regal splendor. She calls up images of the past, but

Kings

Alone flit by us,—dim and shadowy things;

while the people—they who have borne the "heat and burden of the day,"—the humble "hewers of wood and drawers of water," are forgotten, or only remembered as

"The broken tools that tyrants cast away;"

Yet, how much of tragic interest may be found in the simple annals of those, "of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice;" and, as we pore over the chronicle of the gentle and right-minded student of olden time, how often do we pause upon some name which has been embalmed by virtuous deeds, and hallowed by unmerited sorrows!

The Lady Alice Lisle was wedded, at an early age, to one whom she regarded with respect and reverence, rather than earnest and passionate love; yet her life had been one of great happiness, unbroken by a single real sorrow, until the hour when civil discord in the nation extended its baleful influence within the sacred circle of domestic life. Lady Alice had been educated in the strictest principles of duty and allegiance, at a time when *loyalty* was but another word for blind and bigoted submission to an anointed monarch. "Fear God—honor the king,"—were the two great precepts which had been impressed on her youthful mind, and so deeply had they been inculcated, that she believed both duties to be equally sacred. Her husband, on the contrary, became one of the earliest advocates for freedom, in the struggle which was then commencing between Charles I., and his people. His strong mind and firm principles were enlisted on the side of the oppressed, and in resisting the tyranny of a king he was only obeying that instinct of nature, which has led him even in boyhood to defend the weak and defy the strong. In vain Lady Alice sought to change his opinions, and entreated his forbearance in the expression of his sentiments. Every fresh act of injustice on the part of the misguided monarch, only served to exasperate the stern temper of the severe republican, and the people numbered no sturdier champion of their rights than the rigid and inflexible John Lisle.

Lady Alice wept in secret over what she considered her husband's defection from duty, and, when the discontent of the nation had broken forth with open

rebellion, she retired with her children to her paternal inheritance at Moyles Court, where her daily prayers were offered up, alike for the success of the royal cause, and the safety of her rebel husband, who then had a command in the parliamentary army. In modern days, —when "the peoples are warring with the kings," until loyalty has become little more than an empty name for a forgotten principle,—it would be quite impossible to estimate the full amount of Lady Alice's sorrow, when she thus beheld her husband in arms against his sovereign. But her heaviest affliction was yet to come. King Charles was dethroned, betrayed, imprisoned; and the ambition of Cromwell led him to be satisfied with nothing less than the death of the unfortunate monarch. Blinded by excess of zeal, and duped by the semblance of stern republican virtue in their leader, men of strong minds and pure hearts, unwittingly lent themselves to the usurper's designs. It was decided that the king should be brought to trial, and while some of his self-created judges only sought to render justice, and others hoped to secure mercy, the many were predetermined that their verdict should be sealed in blood. Foremost among the honest and well-intentioned of that strange assemblage, appeared John Lisle; but his rigid sense of duty, and his almost vindictive hatred of tyranny, left no room in his heart for the impulses of pity. With the details and result of that unprecedented trial, every one is familiar. Charles Stuart was condemned to an ignominious death, and the errors of the monarch were expiated by the sufferings of the man.

From that hour Lady Alice regarded her husband as a murderer. In vain she tried to think him only a misguided but honest zealot; the stain of blood—the time-honored blood of royalty,—was upon his hands, and to his loyal wife John Lisle henceforth appeared but as a sacrilegious homicide. On the day of the king's death, she shut herself up in the solitude of her own apartment, where, by fasting and supplication, she sought to atone for the sin of him who was the father of her innocent children, and, when she again emerged from her self-imposed seclusion, she had donned the sable robe of mourning, which she never laid aside during the whole of her long life.

The sorrow which preyed on the heart of the unhappy wife during the years which succeeded this horrible tragedy, may be better imagined than described. She saw her husband sharing the counsels of the usurper, and winning high honors from the Commonwealth. Riches were bestowed on him, but they seemed to her only the wages of sin, and the rank which he held among the satellites of Cromwell she regarded as a badge of shame and guilt. In vain was she tempted by the pageantries of the Protector's court; in vain were all the blandishments of favor exerted to overcome her prejudices. She refused to leave Moyles Court to mingle with the myrmidons of the artful and ambitious man who now possessed all of royalty but the *title* and the *right*. Her sense of duty led her to avoid the recurrence of domestic differences; there was no semblance of discord within the circle of her household duties, but she well knew that heartfelt, homebred happiness was gone from her

forever. Occupied in the education of her children, and ardulously attentive to the welfare of her dependants, she sought for solace in the strict performance of her manifold duties; but not all the censure of her neighbors, the expostulations of her husband nor the threatened displeasure of the court, could induce her to lay aside her mourning garb or omit keeping a solemn fast on every returning anniversary of the king's martyrdom.

Time passed on, and the revolutions of the seasons were then, as now, but types of the revolutions in men's opinions. The yoke of republican tyranny began to press as heavily as that of royal power, and the people began to question whether the golden sceptre of a legitimate monarch would not be lighter than the iron rod of an usurper. But the matter was decided by an arbiter from whom is no appeal. Death came to conquer the untameable spirit of Cromwell, and the tempest which raged so fiercely throughout England on the night when he expired, was but a symbol of the conflict which was soon to be raised in the minds of the nation. Had the Protector's son possessed a spark of his father's energy or ambition, such conflict might have been quelled by the strong hand of power; but the quiet gentleness of his good mother was the prevailing characteristic of Richard Cromwell, and the Usurper, like most other great men, left no heir to his genius and his ambition.

Charles II., peaceably ascended the throne from which his father had been hurled with ignominy, and the nation who had murdered one monarch for errors of judgment rather than acts of evil, now bowed themselves at the footstool of a selfish and heartless sovereign, whose name has come down to us "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." The restoration, which brought back to their homes so many expatriated cavaliers, banished the most prominent of the republicans. Careless and good humored as was the "merry monarch," he yet could not, in common decency refuse to punish his father's murderers, and the regicides were compelled to seek safety in flight. A branded, and disappointed man, John Lisle went out from his quiet home, and sought a refuge from retributive justice amid the mountains of Switzerland. Willingly would the Lady Alice have borne him company, for though she had scorned to share the rewards of his treason, she would faithfully have aided him in the endurance of its punishment. But the welfare of her children, and a well-grounded fear lest the sequestration of their estates would be the consequence of such fidelity to a proscribed husband, compelled her to abide in England. She continued to dwell at Moyles Court, watching over the developing characters of her children, instilling loyal and noble principles in the mind of her only son, and so far happy in her seclusion that it preserved her from contact with a court which was fast becoming the most licentious and depraved in Europe.

But the sorrows of the Lady Alice were not yet at an end. There were those in the nation who could not forget past injuries with the same facility as the indolent and voluptuous king. Men were found who remembered private wrongs long after the fate of the martyred

Charles had ceased to excite the fierce anger of the re-established royalists, and to such persons loyalty became only a cloak for revenge. John Lisle had been a stern and inflexible republican. He had never stayed his hand when it was in his power to scotch the viper brood which the atmosphere of court favor ever engenders, and many a despoiled cavalier had treasured up a heavy account against the day of reckoning with him. The fugitive knew that his steps were dogged, and every movement watched by men who thirsted for his blood. For awhile he succeeded in eluding their vigilance; the love of life was strong within him, and by many a subterfuge he escaped their search. But the stealth-hounds of revenge were not always to be baffled. He was assassinated in open day, near the place of his retreat in Switzerland, and the unhappy wife who had so long wept over his dereliction from duty, now felt her early tenderness revive, when thus compelled to lament his untimely and cruel death.

When time had applied the balm of healing to the heart of the bereaved widow, it might have been hoped that the sorrows of the Lady Alice were now at end, and that her future life would be one of peace if not of happiness. She beheld her children growing up in beauty and virtue around her, and in their welfare she anticipated her sources of enjoyment in old age. But all her loyalty could not blind her to the fact that the torrent of vice which was fast overspreading the land, had its fountain head in the regal palace, and she therefore kept her family within the limits of her own fair domain, carefully avoiding all intercourse with courtly life. She watched the progress of events with eyes rendered keen by maternal affection, and a spirit endowed with almost prophetic powers, by past affliction. She dreaded the encroachments of that wickedness which was already undermining the bulwarks of virtue and religion throughout the land, and she resolved to guard her precious treasures from the wide desolation which she foresaw would soon sweep away all the landmarks of principle.

The death of the second Charles occasioned a new phase in political affairs. The reckless and dissolute king died as he had lived. "I can never forget," says the excellent Evelyn, in his diary, "the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'night I was witness of, the king setting and toying with the ladies of Portsmouth, Cleaveland and Mazarin, a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greates courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a largo table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflexions in astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust." What a picture is here presented of the rulers of a Christian nation!

From the feeble hand of the weak Charles, the sceptre passed into the grasp of his brother James, whose licentiousness, though little less notorious than that of his predecessor, was less offensive to the people than his bigotry. They had borne patiently with the vices of the good-natured Charles, but the Jesuitical

policy of James struck at the root of their religious and national liberty. Murmurs arose in various quarters, and the young and gifted Duke of Monmouth, son of the deceased king, and nephew of the reigning monarch, was induced by ambition, to become the leader of a rebel party. But the beauty of person and brilliancy of character which made him the idol of a courtly throng, were not sufficient to ensure him success in the new part he was called to fill. The foresight, energy and decision which are so requisite in one who would command the multitude, the firmness of purpose which can alone lead him in the path of safety, formed no part of the character of Monmouth. The result of his ill-arranged scheme is well known. He was defeated and fell into the hands of his ruthless uncle, who, notwithstanding the solicitations of friends, the abject supplications of the unhappy criminal and the claims of consanguinity, condemned him to the scaffold. He perished in the prime of life, and in the sympathy which his fate awakened may be found the first germ of that national hatred, which, when cherished into full growth by years of cruelty and wrong, forced the king to resign his sceptre to a daughter's hand.

Ever distinguished for devoted loyalty, Lady Alice had sent forth her only son to do battle for the king in the recent rebellion, and the unhappy Duke of Monmouth had numbered among his most successful opponents the heir of the Lisle family. Yet to this very rebellion, which her child had aided to subdue, may be attributed the last and most tragic scene in the life of the long suffering lady. Recent events had furnished the bigoted and cruel king with sufficient pretext for gratifying his natural propensity to bloodshed and intolerance. He found a worthy instrument in the vile and degraded Judge Jeffreys, who was justly said to have "possessed the spirit of a Caligula, with the morals of an alehouse." This man, whose furious temper and constant inebriety added to his ruthless cruelty, made him little else than the coadjutor of the hangman, was sent down to try the prisoners, and a record of the executions which took place under his orders, was daily sent to the king. His majesty jestingly styled this "Jeffreys' campaigns," and took great pleasure in reading its frightful details to the foreign ambassadors. Two hundred and fifty persons suffered death, and nearly a thousand were sentenced to transportation during that season of blood and horror; while the wretch who committed these judicial crimes, was afterwards rewarded by the chancellorship and elevated to the peerage!

It was while these dreadful scenes were enacting at Winchester, that a non-conformist minister named Ilickes, together with his friend Nelthorpe, sought refuge at Moyles Court. Of their participation in Monmouth's rebellion, Lady Alice Lisle was utterly ignorant. The persecutions, which all the too scrupulous clergy had undergone from the myrmidons of the bigoted monarch, were well known to her, and it was in their ecclesiastic character that she had received the jaded and wayworn men, without entertaining the slightest suspicion that they had been numbered in the

list of traitors. With the frank hospitality of her generous nature, she supplied their wants, and gave them an asylum in her house, using no attempt at concealment, except such as the safety of her guests required. But the unfortunate fugitives had been watched, and a military party was soon upon their track. They were traced to Moyles Court, and the Lady Alice not only saw her guests borne off to certain death, but also found herself a prisoner in the hands of the soldiers. The infamous Jeffreys was still holding what has been aptly termed, "The bloody Assize," and before him she was brought on a charge of having aided and abetted traitors.

On the 27th of August, 1685, the loyal and virtuous Lady Alice was confronted with her accusers, and never was there a more outrageous mockery of justice. Cloaking his violence and scurrility under a pretended zeal for truth, and mingling his vituperations with the most solemn appeals to Heaven, Jeffreys heaped every species of indignity on the grey head of the noble and excellent woman. Lady Lisle employed no counsel; she trusted to her own truthfulness and innocence, and her only defence was a simple, artless statement of facts. She calmly repelled the charge of treason, by pointing to the example of her son, whose loyalty, instilled in him from infancy, had led him to take up arms for the king in the recent revolt; while the dignified manner in which she proved the improbability of her risking the life of all most dear to her by harboring known traitors, won the admiration of all who listened to her defence. "I am not pleading for my life," said the noble woman; "I am not seeking to ward off the blow, which, even if now withheld, must soon fall upon my head, and lay me in the dust. Think you, that she who has counted three-score and ten years—years, marked by loneliness and sorrow—years, whose record has been traced upon my heart in characters far deeper than those upon my brow,—think you, she can find sufficient joy in life to make its continuance worth the words which have now been wasted upon it? No, my lord; the day when I shall be called to lay aside the burden of existence will be one of joyful hope, not of fearful anticipation. But let me not die the traitor's death. Let not her, whose whole life has been a sacrifice to loyalty, go down to the grave with a branded and a blighted name."

But Jeffreys was drunk with blood and fury. He charged the jury in so partial a manner, that no one could doubt his wishes, yet so convinced were all of the lady's innocence, that a unanimous verdict of acquittal was rendered. Enraged at this opposition to his will, Jeffreys compelled them to reconsider the matter, and, at length, intimidated by his ferocity, they returned a verdict of guilty. Then did the wretch riot in his legalized cruelty. On the following morning, he condemned the Lady Alice to be *burned alive*; allowing only six hours between the sentence and its execution.

The aged lady listened with calmness to her frightful doom, and however nature must have shrunk from the fiery trial, she gave no evidence of weakness in her placid deportment. But the clergy of Winchester inter-

ceded and remonstrated until the tiger-hearted judge was compelled to grant a few days' reprieve; while the royalists, who had so long found in her a firm friend, seized the opportunity to solicit from the king her pardon. The Earl of Feversham knelt to the obdurate monarch, and implored him, with tears, to spare the life of the venerable and excellent woman. He recounted the events of her blameless life, the sufferings which her husband's principles had cost her, her devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, her solemn commemoration of the anniversary of the martyr's death, and the loyal education she had bestowed upon her children. He pictured in moving terms the disgrace which would fall upon the court, if the grey hairs of so aged and noble a person were brought to unmerited dishonor; but the bigoted and cruel monarch coldly replied that "he had pledged his word to Jeffreys *not to pardon her.*" The only mercy extended in return for the earnest solicitations of her many friends, was the commutation of her sentence from burning to beheading.

On the 2d of September, the Lady Lisle, who had then just attained her *seventieth* year, was brought to the scaffold. Before she laid her head upon the fatal block, she handed to the sheriff a paper which contained the expression of her sentiments. She therein avowed herself a Protestant—deprecated the restoration of Popery as a judgment for national sins, vindicated herself from the charge for which she was about to die, and offered her hearty forgiveness to all her enemies: resigning her life, as she said, "in the expectation of pardon and acceptance with God, through the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ."

Thus perished, in her old age, one of the most virtuous and blameless of women. Surely the excess of loyalty which estranged her from the husband of her youth, and condemned her to a life of melancholy seclusion, was ill rewarded by the doom which sentenced her to a traitor's death.

Reader, I might have drawn upon my imagination for many an adornment of this plain, unvarnished tale. I might have sketched many accessories to the picture which has now been presented to you; but I could do nothing of all this, without detracting from its perfect truthfulness. The Lady Alice Lisle is no creature of fancy. In the church yard of Ellingham, in Hampshire, is still to be seen a head-stone inscribed with her name and the date of her death; while, until within the last twenty years, Moyles Court, the spot so long hallowed by her noble presence, was still standing in all its early quaintness. The Lisle family is now extinct,—the estate has passed into other hands, and of the stately pile of buildings which once echoed to the sounds of busy life in England's troublous times, nothing now remains save an humble farm house. The hand of man has anticipated the ravages of time, and most of the edifice has been pulled down, but a drawing of the fine old mansion as it existed in the days of the last lineal descendant, now lies before me, and, as I look upon it, the image of the Lady Alice rises before my fancy with a reality of outline, which no mere "*word-painting*," can convey to the mind of another.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

LOUISA GLYNDON;

OR, THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

Why comes he not? 'tis now

The hour to lovers sweet,

The moonbeam through the orange bough,

Falls struggling at my feet.

Soft eve has chased the noon,

The sultriness of day,

The zephyrs shakes the lemon bloom,

Then, why is he away?

Moorish Lady's Song.

"He will not come to-night," said Louisa Glyndon, as she looked out of the window, striving to catch a glimpse of him to whom her young heart with all its confiding tenderness was devoted. "It is now past his hour—what can keep him?" As she asked herself this startling question, she recollected the ambiguous manner in which his promise to meet her that evening was given; his look, which expressed no joy or gladness—and his early departure to meet a few of his convivial friends. How unlike the Charles Stanton of old!

Still there she sat, watching every person as they passed, fondly imagining in each one she could discover Charles. The rain poured down in torrents; the streets were deserted, every living thing had disappeared from their now silent walks;—still there sat that fond and devoted girl, happy in the expectation of meeting him, who, perhaps was now reveling with a few of his boon companions in the halls of luxury and dissipation, forgetting her whose fond heart was tortured with the effects of his broken promise.

Louisa remained up long after the family had retired, and stirred not until the time-piece warned her that the midnight hour had passed: she then retired, lonely and sorrowful to her chamber, there to weep, and pray, and hope in secret. Dreary and wretched to her were the long hours that intervened between her time of retiring and day-break. She called to mind every little event that had transpired long back. She thought of Stanton's vows of eternal constancy—of the marriage promise which had been given, and the period appointed for their marriage to take place; then the disordered and perplexed manner in which he stated his inability to act in conformity with his promise. But she had his sacred word—his solemn asseveration—that he would love none other; and she could not believe him faithless. No! Charles Stanton had pledged his word, and Louisa Glyndon would trust in that pledge; and she arose next morning comforted under the consoling influence of her night's thoughts.

"She still believed him faithful,
Though all the world said no."

A long and dreary week, which to her appeared a year, ensued, before Stanton visited

the house again; and O! how changed. No longer a glad smile lit up his countenance on beholding her; his manner was cold and even repulsive. No more did his fine voice, mingling with hers in sweet strains of music, attract the attention of the passer by. His visits became less and less frequent, until at length they totally ceased.

She now felt the bitterness of disappointed love. How often had she congratulated herself on retaining the affections of Charles; and to be thus cast off, was doubly severe. No longer did her fairy-like step and life-giving smile enliven her now desolate home; gradually she was wasting away; her fair cheeks had lost their rotundity, and her eyes looked sunken and hollow. She loved in the soft still evening, when all nature was hushed, and the laborer retired to his lowly cot, to wander forth and seat herself on the grassy mound, endeared to her by the recollection of the happy hours that had been passed there by herself and Charles. There she would sit and mourn over her blighted hopes, until warned by the chilly dews of night to return. Of him who had caused this ruin she heard nothing, except that he had long since left his native town to wander forth among the busy haunts of men.

Her friends viewed with uneasiness her rapidly declining health; and as her mother's relatives resided in England, they determined to send her there to try the effect of change of scene. The excitement of the voyage, and an ocean life, exercised a salutary influence on her declining constitution.

She arrived safely at her place of destination, and was received with marked kindness by her English relatives. On viewing the place which was to be her home while she remained in England, how was her gentle heart delighted on finding it so much like the one she had left. The winding stream, on whose banks Charles and her had so often wandered together, she fancied was there; and a seat, placed at the foot of a large old oak, she compared with the knoll of her own and Charles' making; and when seated there her mind was soothed by the quietness and harmony with which she was surrounded.

Here she might have remained in quiet, had she not accidentally, one morning on picking up the paper, been attracted by a paragraph, which on reading called up old recollections; it read thus—

"Married, yesterday morning, in Saint George's Church, Hanover Square, Charles Stanton, Esq., of ———, to Miss Clara Cecilia Conroy, daughter of the Hon. John Conroy, of London."

The paper dropped from her hand; and on

a servant entering the room about two hours after, he found her lying senseless on the floor: assistance was immediately procured, and our suffering heroine conveyed to her chamber. Her aunt, to whom had been given an account of her sickness, saw at a glance the injurious effects likely to result from this breaking in upon the repose of the mind of her niece.

Long, very long, was it before she had recovered sufficiently to travel. She was conveyed from watering place to watering place, in the flattering hope that she would thereby be benefitted; but all was of no avail; the fatal stroke was given—that which she more than dreaded had taken place, her peace of mind was destroyed forever.

She left the shores of England for her own beloved country, and arrived in her native town, the wreck of what she once was. None could recognise in that tall, pale, and attenuated girl, the once healthful and blooming Louisa Glyndon. Her parents received their child with sorrow, for they plainly perceived that the angel of death would soon deprive them of their loved one, and that her gentle spirit was about to be wafted to other realms, there to join, as is fondly hoped, in the cheerful song of those who had preceded her, and who were now pouring forth their praises at their Maker's throne.

She visited once more the scenes of her love. O! how fondly she lingered on that grassy mound, praying for forgiveness for him who had thus destroyed her youthful life.

She died; and a plain marble slab raised on one side of the mound records the place of her interment.

We shall now see whether Charles Stanton lived a happy life with his

ENGLISH BRIDE.

"And pray, Mr. Stanton, what are your reasons for wishing me to decline attending the ball at the Marchioness of D——'s to-morrow evening?" asked Mrs. Clara Cecelia Stanton of her husband.

"You know them, Clara, as well as myself," replied he; "Henry is very sickly and requires all a mother's love and care."

"It is no such thing, sir! Henry has nurses to attend him, and wants nothing. Your aim is only to keep me at home while you are attending your clubs; and as I see no reasonable motive for staying from the Marchioness's to-morrow, I am determined to go." So saying she left the room. O! how bitterly did Stanton feel the misery entailed upon him by a fashionable English bride.

The above was only one of the many contentions that took place between Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, when she found such pleasure

in attending parties and balls to which she was invited, when he judged she ought to be at home attending their child. What comfort could he expect from her, the heiress of a title, whose only aim was to shine in the wealthy and dissipated circle in which she moved, and who married him but to escape parental control?

In the evening the carriage of her sister, the Countess of Norlington, rolled to the door; and Mrs. Stanton, dressed in her velvets and satins of the latest fashion, left her husband and sick child, to while away the night in the pleasures of the ball room.

Sometime after his wife had departed, Mr. Stanton was moving toward the chamber which contained his son, when his steps were arrested by the conversation of the attendants within.

"For my part, I does not envy the children of the rich! Mrs. Martin; there is Mrs. Stanton, who ought to be here by the side of her son, dancing away in a ball room."

"Jist as I say, Mrs. Lynes; if the children of the poor, are poor, they have a mother's love and care." Further conversation was now ended by the noise of the sick child, who began to toss and moan, on his downy bed with its velvet curtains.

"Can it be possible! and has it come to this, that they who reap the fruits of Clara's dissipation, should declaim against it," murmured Stanton; "if he has not a *mother's*, he shall have a *father's* love."

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Martin, he is not awake," said Mrs. Lynes, "stir not, or you will certainly wake him."

"Not awake! I guess he is then," replied Mrs. Martin, not perceiving her master as he opened the door. Opening the curtains she looked into the bed, but started back as if bitten by a poisonous reptile.

"For mercy's sake, Mrs. Martin, what is the matter! what ails you?"

Mrs. Martin, who was standing at the bed side, said nothing, but pointed to the child.

"My child! my child!" exclaimed Stanton, rushing up to the bed; he stretched forth his hands to clasp his boy, but a cold and lifeless form met his touch—his child was dead.

* * * * *

On Mrs. Stanton's returning home, she noticed not the sorrowful looks of her maid as she disrobed her. Happy thoughts flitted through her brain; she had been the belle of the ball room: she had been told so, and she was happy. The absence of her husband excited no suspicion, she thought he was taking one of his early morning rides. She soon fell to sleep, but uneasy visions attended her slumbers; at one time she saw her child dressed in pure white, with a sorrowful countenance, pointing sadly to his father, who

was sitting in a chair weeping; then again she saw a funeral, but who was dead? She walked through a long hall to a room at its furthest extremity—she entered, but what a sight met her eye; there on a bier lay her child in the cold embrace of death!

She awoke with a shriek, and rang the bell with such violence, that the maid, followed by the whole household, rushed in.

"What is this?—Where is your master, Lucy?—Why have you not been in bed?" she asked, hurriedly, on seeing them all enter.

"O madam, my master is ——" and Lucy could say no more, but burst into tears.

"Speak, speak, John, where is your master?"

A sudden thought struck her. "My child! my child!" she frantically exclaimed, as jumping up she rushed into the chamber in which he was wont to lay. What a sight met her eye! there, extended on a couch, was her son, pale and motionless.

She fell senseless at the foot of the bed, and was carried back to her chamber by the affrighted servants. Stanton, who was seated in the room when his wife entered—but whom she did not perceive—followed, and strove by various means to restore her again to consciousness. All his efforts proved unavailing; the family physician was called in, who pronounced that a disorder of the brain had taken place, caused by sudden fright; a long fit of illness followed.

* * * * *

It was at the close of a beautiful day in spring; the setting sun threw his cheering beams in an apartment furnished with all the magnificence wealth could bestow. On a downy couch, hung with rich velvet curtains, reclined a pale and thin, but still beautiful woman. Her age might be about thirty; and on that marble brow lingered the traces of intense suffering. The crimson curtains looped over the windows shed a delicate tint over her wan features. Catching a small golden tassel suspended near the bed, she gave it a gentle pull; immediately a servant entered on tip-toe, whom she desired in a low, faint voice, to call Mr. Stanton.

The man had not been gone long, ere Mr. Stanton, attired in deep black, opened the door and drew a chair near the bedside. Mrs. Stanton's manner was calm and collected, while the features of her husband betrayed extraordinary agitation.

"Listen to me, Charles—for by that name I must call you once more," said the wife in a faint, husky voice. "I am dying, and the grave will soon cover one whom you can never more love. O, Charles! Charles! can you forgive me the misery and wretchedness

that I have caused you?" she would have said more, but further utterance was stopped. She looked wildly into his countenance, which was wrung with intense emotion.

"Cease, cease, Clara!" exclaimed he, "I do forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

A smile lit up her countenance, she raised her hands, and a convulsive throb and a murmured "Thank God," and all was over; and Stanton now looked upon the corpse of his wife. Hastily leaving the room, he gave a few orders to his attendants, and then withdrew into his own chamber.

The Countess of Sethingford—for Mrs. Stanton rose to the title in her sickness—was interred with all the magnificence due to her rank and station in life. A few days after her burial, Stanton started for the Continent; nothing was heard of him by his wife's relations, until about five months after his departure, when the Lady Norlington received a letter, sealed with black, in which it was stated, that he had met with his death by a fall from his horse.

He died far from his native land, and filled a foreign grave.

R. W. N.